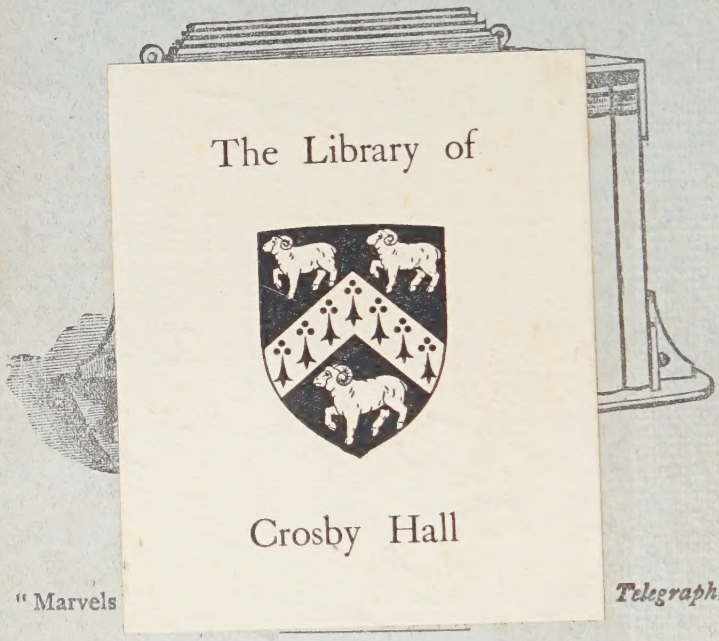
SEQUEL TO PANTAGRUEL

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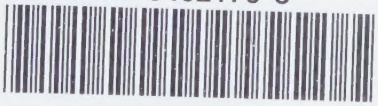
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THE SEQUEL TO

PANTAGRUEL

BEING BOOKS III. IV. AND V.

OF

RABELAIS'

GARGANTUA

AND THE HEROIC DEEDS OF PANTAGRUEL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HENRY MORLEY

LL.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

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INTRODUCTION.

THE first and second books of the history of Gargantua and Pantagruel have been given in a preceding volume, with some introductory account of Rabelais himself to the date of the appearance of Gargantua. In the year 1535, Rabelais was practising medicine at Lyons, where he had been, from November 1532 to the end of February 1534, physician to the Hôtel Dieu, and he had been putting his wide scholarship at the service of great printing houses; he had even edited almanacs in which he ridiculed the character of prophet, and made good use of the Bible. It was not until 1546, eleven years after the publication of his first two books, that Rabelais published the Third Book, with which this volume begins. The Fourth Book, though authorized three years earlier, did not appear until after another interval, of seven years, in 1553, which was, probably, the year of its writer's death. Rabelais is introduced among the shades as one who has been dead for some time, in a Latin satire published in 1555, and attributed to Henri Estienne. The Fifth and last Book was published in 1562, nine years after the death of Rabelais, as "L'Isle Sonnante," containing only sixteen chapters. But an edition printed at Lyons, with the date (which has been questioned) 1558, contains the whole Fifth Book. These are the three Books which are here given in the translation by Peter Motteux, which continued that of Sir Thomas Urquhart.

Sir Thomas Urquhart's two volumes of the translation of Books

I. and II. first appeared in 1653 and 1664; Motteux completed the translation in 1693 and 1694. I have, in this volume as in its predecessor, omitted the uncleanness that was in part an accident of comic writing in the days of Francis I. of France, and was used by Rabelais, no doubt, as a suggestion of the lower life through which he looked to a world better and wiser than this world of ours has even yet become. In no other respect can the coarser passages in Rabelais have any relation to the real life of the work. They drop away and leave us free to recognize the noble spirit of a Christian scholar who used wit, humour, and learning in suggestion of the vanity of much that men take for the essence of their lives. Rabelais saw through the false glory of war, put the spirit for the form of religion, charity in the place of bigotry. In the famous voyage among the follies and false idols of the world—the Papefigues, the persecuted heretics who suffered for crying, "A fig for the Pope," and the Papimanes who adored him; the greed of lawyers; the unspiritual life of men who broke religion into empty form; the vanity of triflers, and the unsubstantial shows of a life fed by fruits painted on satin; were passed on the way to the light that comes of the pure search for knowledge. Through Lantern-land the travellers passed to the source of truth and true delight. The wine of the Holy Bottle is the water of life that we thirst for, and the "Trincq" could be expanded into the cry of the prophet, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters .... yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" is a question that might serve as motto to every one of the three Books in this volume, and especially to the whole story of the voyage in search of the Oracle.

Of the personal life of Rabelais after the issue of his first two Books, a few facts remain to be told. His friend and patron, the Cardinal Jean du Bellay, went with the Bishop of Maillezais as ambassador from France to Rome in the beginning of the year 1534, and took Rabelais with him. He took him again to Rome

in 1536–37, and letters written by Rabelais from Italy show that he was employed confidentially in business of the mission. While in Rome he added Arabic to the number of his studies, and during the first mission he contributed to a "Topographia Urbis Romæ," published by Gryphius at Lyons, in September 1534. He obtained also from Pope Paul III. a bull in his own favour, giving absolution for his apostasy in quitting the cloister of the Cordeliers and occupying himself with practice of medicine in the outside world. The bull gave him permission to be a Benedictine free to practise medicine anywhere in the world, for charity and without hope of reward. He then completed his graduation as Doctor of Medicine at Montpellier, in May 1537, and interpreted there publicly the Greek text of the Prognostics of Hippocrates. Next year he taught Anatomy at Montpellier. A robe said to have been worn by Rabelais was used afterwards, like John Knox's cap at Edinburgh, in graduation ceremonies. In the summer of 1538 Rabelais left Montpellier and tended the sick in many towns of France, settling again at Lyons, where he gave public demonstration of Anatomy upon a body taken from the gallows. Then he wore the Benedictine dress and established himself in the canonry of St. Maur les Fossés, to which he had been presented by the Cardinal du Bellay, there living close by the great house of his friend the Cardinal, but still moving about in the world as a physician exercising his vocation for the good of man, without receiving pay. He seems to have been at the death-bed of the eldest of the four brothers du Bellay, Guillaume, Seigneur de Langey. He often visited Chinon, his birthplace, where he owned a house, had living relations, and among them a nephew, of his own name, who was an apothecary. His friends at Court were strong enough to obtain from Francis I. in 1545, at a time of bitter persecution of opinion, the privilege of publishing the third book of his Pantagruel, to which for the first time he put his own name instead of its anagram, Alcofribas Nasier. Neither the Sorbonne nor the Parliament could shake the king's

goodwill. But at the end of March in 1547 King Francis died.

The Cardinal du Bellay did not retain his influence at Court under Henri II. Rabelais was fiercely attacked by Gabriel de Puits-Herbault, and took refuge for a time with Cardinal du Bellay at Rome. After his return to France he secured the goodwill of Cardinal Lorraine, who had most influence over Henri II., and obtained a royal licence for the publication of his fourth book of Pantagruel. Cardinal Bellay was then in France, and he gave Rabelais the cure of the parish church of Saint Martin of Meudon, where at the close of his life he taught from the pulpit, and sought to heal sicknesses of body and of mind. Bitter hostility of the Sorbonne and of the Parliament deferred for three years the publication of the fourth part of Pantagruel. Publication was not authorized till the beginning of the year 1553, in which year Rabelais died, at the age of about fifty-eight.

In his endeavour to use wit and good-humour as instruments of war against formalism, ignorance, and bigotry, Rabelais never left the Church that he was really serving. He fought against all intolerance, had sympathy for all who were denied the right of free search after truth. He would not have the Pope put in the place of God; but he would not have Calvin put in the place of the Pope. Though the fountain in the temple served by the Priestess Bacbuc is the pure spring of Truth, it has the taste of the wine each votary imagines to himself. So let opinions differ while we all drink from the spring.

H. M.

May 1888.

The Sequel to Pantagruel.

BOOK III.

OF THE DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD

PANTAGRUEL,

AND THE QUESTION OF THE MARRIAGE OF PANURGE.

FRANCIS RABELAIS TO THE SOUL OF THE DECEASED QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

Abstracted soul, ravished with ecstasies,
Returned, and now familiar in the skies,
Leaving thy former host, thy body quite,
Which to obey thee always took delight,
Obsequious, ready,—now from motion free,
Senseless, and, as it were, in apathy:
Deign now to issue forth, for a short space,
From that divine, eternal heavenly place,
To see the third part, in this earthly cell,
Of the brave acts of good Pantagruel.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

Good people, most illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious gouty gentlemen: did you ever see Diogenes the cynic philosopher? If you have seen him, you then had your eyes in your head, or I am very much out of my understanding and logical sense. It is a gallant thing to see the clearness of (wine, gold) the sun. I'll be judged by the blind-born, so renowned in the sacred Scriptures, who having at his choice to ask whatever he would from him who is Almighty, and whose word in an instant is effectually performed, asked nothing else but that he might see.

If you have not seen him (as I am easily induced to believe that you have not) at least you have heard some talk of him. If you have not heard of him, I will presently tell you a story to make your wine relish. Drink then; and so to the purpose. Hearken now, whilst I give you notice (to the end that you may not, like infidels, be by your simplicity abused) that in his time he was a rare philosopher, and the cheerfullest of a thousand. If he had some imperfection, so have you, so have we; for there is nothing but God that is perfect. Yet so it was, that by Alexander the Great, although he had Aristotle for his instructor and domestic, was he held in such estimation, that he wished, if he had not been Alexander, to have been Diogenes the Sinopian.

When Philip, King of Macedon, enterprised the siege and ruin of Corinth, the Corinthians having received certain intelligence by their spies, that he with a numerous army in battle array was coming against them, were all of them, not without cause, most terribly afraid; and therefore were not neglective of their duty in doing their best endeavours to put themselves in a fit posture to resist his hostile approach and defend their own city.

Some from the fields brought into the fortified places their movables, cattle, corn, wine, fruit, victuals, and other necessary provision.

Others did fortify and rampire their walls, set up little fortresses, bastions, squared ravelins, digged trenches, cleansed countermines, fenced themselves with gabions, contrived platforms, emptied casemates, barricaded the false brays, erected the cavalliers, repaired the contrescarpes, plaistered the courtines, lengthened ravelins, stopped parapets, mortaised barbicans, new-pointed the portcullisses, fastened the herses, sarasinesks and cataracts, placed their sentries, and doubled their patrol. Every one did watch and ward, and none was exempted from carrying the basket. Some polished corselets, varnished backs and breasts, cleaned the headpieces, mail-coats, brigandines, salades, helmets, morions, jacks, gushets, gorgets, hoguines, brassars, and cuissards, corselets, haubergeons, shields, bucklers, targets, greves, gantlets and spurs. Others made ready bows, slings, cross-bows, pellets, catapults, migraines or fire-balls, firebrands, balists, scorpions, and other such warlike engines, expugnatory, and destructive to the helepolides. They sharpened and prepared spears, staves, pikes, brown bills, halberts, long hooks, lances, zagayes, quarterstaves, eel-spears, partisans, troutstaves, clubs, battle-axes, maces, darts, dartlets, glaves, javelins, javelots and truncheons. They set edges upon scimetars, cutlasses, badelaire, back swords, tucks, rapiers, bayonets, arrow-heads, dags, daggers, mandousians, poniards, whynyards, knives, skenes, sables, chippin knives, and raillons.

Every man exercised his weapon, every man scoured off the rust from his natural hanger: nor was there a woman amongst them, though never so reserved, or old, who made not her harness to be well furbished; as you know the Corinthian women of old were reputed very courageous combatants.

Diogenes seeing them all so warm at work, and himself

not employed by the magistrates in any business whatsoever, he did very seriously, for many days together, without speaking one word, consider, and contemplate the countenances of his fellow-citizens.

Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a martial spirit, he girded his cloak, scarf-wise, about his left arm, tucked up his sleeves to the elbow, trussed himself like a clown gathering apples, and giving to one of his old acquaintance his wallet, books, and opistographs, away went he out of town towards a little hill or promontory of Corinth, called Craneum, and there on the strand, a pretty level place, did he roll his jolly tub, which served him for a house to shelter him from the injuries of the weather; there, I say, in great vehemency of spirit, did he turn it, veer it, wheel it, frisk it, jumble it, shuffle it, huddle it, tumble it, hurry it, jolt it, justle it, overthrow it, evert it, invert it, subvert it, overturn it, beat it, thwack it, bump it, batter it, knock it, thrust it, push it, jerk it, shock it, shake it, toss it, throw it, overthrow it, upside down, topsiturvy, tread it, trample it, stamp it, tap it, ting it, ring it, tingle it, towl it, sound it, resound it, stop it, shut it, unbung it, close it, unstopple it. And then again in a mighty bustle he mounted it, broached it, nicked it, notched it, bespattered it, decked it, adorned it, trimmed it, garnished it, gaged it, furnished it, bored it, pierced it, trapped it, rumbled it, slid it down the hill, and precipitated it from the very height of the Craneum; then from the foot to the top (like another Sisyphus with his stone), bore it up again, and every way so banged it and belaboured it, that it was ten thousand to one he had not struck the bottom of it out.

Which, when one of his friends had seen, and asked him why he did so toil his body, perplex his spirit, and torment his tub? the philosopher's answer was, "That, not being employed in any other charge by the Republic, he thought it expedient to thunder and storm it so tempestuously upon

his tub, that, amongst a people so fervently busy, and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loitering slug and lazy fellow. To the same purpose may I say of myself,

> Though I be rid from fear,
> I am not void of care.

For perceiving no account to be made of me towards the discharge of a trust of any great concernment, and considering that through all the parts of this most noble kingdom of France, both on this and on the other side of the mountains, every one is most diligently exercised and busied, some in the fortifying of their own native country, for its defence, others in the repulsing of their enemies by an offensive war; and all this with a policy so excellent, and such admirable order, so manifestly profitable for the future, whereby France shall have its frontiers most magnifically enlarged, and the French assured of a long and well-grounded peace, that very little withholds me from the opinion of good Heraclitus, which affirmeth war to be the father of all good things; and therefore do I believe that war is in Latin called bellum, and not by antiphrasis, as some patchers of old rusty Latin would have us to think, because in war there is little beauty to be seen; but absolutely and simply, for that in war appeareth all that is good and graceful, and that by the wars is purged out all manner of wickedness and deformity. For proof whereof the wise and pacific Solomon could no better represent the unspeakable perfection of the Divine wisdom, than by comparing it to the due disposure and ranking of an army in battle array, well provided and ordered.

Therefore, by reason of my weakness and inability, being reputed by my compatriots unfit for the offensive part of warfare; and, on the other side, being no way employed in matter of the defensive, although it had been but to carry burdens, fill ditches, or break clods, either whereof had been to me indifferent, I held it not a little disgraceful to be only

an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent, and warlike persons, who in the view and sight of all Europe act this notable interlude or tragi-comedy, and not exert myself, and contribute thereto this nothing, my all, which remained for me to do. In my opinion, little honour is due to such as are mere lookers on, liberal of their eyes, and of their strength parsimonious, who conceal their crowns, and hide their silver. Having made this choice and election, it seemed to me that my exercise therein would be neither unprofitable nor troublesome to any, whilst I should thus set a-going my Diogenical tub, which is all that is left me safe from the shipwreck of my former misfortunes.

At this dingle dangle wagging of my tub, what would you have me to do? I know not as yet. Stay a little, till I suck up a draught of this bottle; it is my true and only Helicon; it is my Caballine Fountain; it is my sole enthusiasm. Drinking thus, I meditate, discourse, resolve, and conclude. After that the epilogue is made, I laugh, I write, I compose, and drink again. Ennius drinking wrote, and writing drank. Æschylus, if Plutarch in his Symposiacs merit any faith, drank composing, and drinking composed. Homer never wrote fasting, and Cato never wrote till after he had drunk. These passages I have brought before you, to the end you may not say that I live without the example of men well praised and better prized.

Since then my luck or destiny is such as you have heard —for it is not for everybody to go to Corinth—I am fully resolved to be so little idle and unprofitable, that I will set myself to serve the one and the other sort of people. Amongst the diggers, pioneers, and rampart-builders, I will do as did Neptune and Apollo at Troy, under Laomedon, or as did Renault of Montauban in his latter days: I will serve the masons; I will set on the pot to boil for the bricklayers; and, whilst the minced meat is making ready at the sound of my small pipe, I will measure the muzzle of the musing dotards. Thus did Amphion with the melody

of his harp found, build, and finish the great and renowned city of Thebes.

For the use of the warriors I am about to broach off a new barrel to give them a taste (which by two former volumes of mine, if by the deceitfulness and falsehood of printers they had not been jumbled, marred, and spoiled, you would have very well relished), and draw unto them a jolly cheerful quart of Pantagruelic sentences, which you may lawfully call, if you please, Diogenical; and shall have me, seeing I cannot be their fellow-soldier, for their faithful butler, refreshing and cheering, according to my little power, their return from the alarms of the enemy; as also for an indefatigable extoller of their martial exploits and glorious achievements.

I remember nevertheless to have read that Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, one day amongst the many spoils and booties which by his victories he had acquired, presenting to the Egyptians, in the open view of the people, a Bactrian camel all black, and a party-coloured slave, in such sort, as that the one half of his body was black, and the other white, not in partition of breadth by the diaphragm, as was that woman consecrated to the Indian Venus, whom the Tyanean philosopher did see between the River Hydaspes and Mount Caucasus, but in a perpendicular dimension of altitude; which were things never before that seen in Egypt. He expected by the show of these novelties to win the love of the people. But what happened thereupon? At the production of the camel they were all affrighted, and offended at the sight of the parti-coloured man—some scoffed at him as a detestable monster brought forth by the error of Nature—in a word, of the hope which he had to please these Egyptians, and by such means to increase the affection which they naturally bore him, he was altogether frustrated and disappointed; understanding fully by their deportments, that they took more pleasure and delight in things that were proper, handsome, and perfect, than in misshapen, mon-

strous, and ridiculous creatures. Since which time he had both the slave and the camel in such dislike, that very shortly thereafter, either through negligence or for want of ordinary sustenance, they both tipped over the perch.

This example putteth me in a suspense between hope and fear, misdoubting that, for the contentment which I aim at, I shall but reap what will be most distasteful to me: my cake will be dough; instead of serving them, I shall but vex them, and offend those whom I purpose to exhilarate; resembling, in this dubious adventure, Euclion's cock, so renowned by Plautus in his Pot, and by Ausonius in his Griphon, and by divers others; which cock, for having by his scraping discovered a treasure, had his hide well curried. Put the case I get no anger by it, though formerly such things fell out, and the like may occur again,—yet, by Hercules, it will not: for I perceive in them all, one and the same specifical form, and the like individual proprieties, which our ancestors called Pantagruelism; by virtue whereof they will bear with anything that floweth from a good, free, and loyal heart. I have seen them ordinarily take good will in part of payment, and remain satisfied therewith, when one was not able to do better. Having despatched this point, I return to my barrel.

Up, my lads, to this wine, spare it not! Drink, boys, and trowl it off at full bowls! If you do not think it good, let it alone. I am not like those officious and importunate sots, who by force, outrage, and violence, constrain an easy good-natured fellow to whiffle, quaff, carouse, and what is worse. All honest tipplers, all honest gouty men, all such as are a-dry, coming to this little barrel of mine, need not drink thereof, if it please them not; but if they have a mind to it, and that the wine prove agreeable to the tastes of their worshipful worships, let them drink, frankly, freely, and boldly, without paying anything and welcome. This is my decree, my statute, and ordinance. And let none fear there shall be any want of wine, for how much soever you shall

draw forth at the faucet, so much shall I tun in at the bung. Thus shall the barrel remain inexhaustible; it hath a lively spring and perpetual current. Such was the beverage contained within the cup of Tantalus, which was figuratively represented amongst the Brachman sages. Such was in Iberia the mountain of salt, so highly written of by Cato. Such was the branch of gold consecrated to the subterranean goddess, which Virgil treats of so sublimely. It is a true cornucopia of merriment and raillery. If at any time it seem to you to be emptied to the very lees, yet shall it not for all that be drawn wholly dry. Good hope remains there at the bottom, as in Pandora's box; and not despair, as in the leaky tubs of the Danaids. Remark well what I have said, and what manner of people they be whom I do invite; for, to the end that none be deceived, I, in imitation of Lucilius, who did protest that he wrote only to his own Tarentines and Consentines, have not pierced this vessel for any else but you, honest men, who are drinkers of the first edition, and gouty blades of the highest degree. The great dorophages, bribemongers, have on their hands occupation enough, and enough on the hooks for their venison. There may they follow their prey; here is no garbage for them. You pettifoggers, garblers, and masters of chicanery, speak not to me. Hence, mastiffs, dogs in a doublet, get you behind, aloof, villains, out of my sunshine; curs, to the devil! Do you jog hither, wagging your tails, to pant at my wine? Look, here is the cudgel which Diogenes, in his last will ordained to be set by him after his death, for beating away, crushing the reins, and breaking the backs of these bustuary hobgoblins, and Cerberian hell-hounds. Pack you hence, therefore, you hypocrites, to your sheep, dogs; get you gone, you dissemblers, to the devil! Eh! What! are you there yet? I renounce my part of Papimanie, if I snap you, Grr, Grrr, Grrrrrr. Avaunt, Avaunt! Will you not be gone?

CHAPTER I.

How Pantagruel transported a Colony of Utopians into Dipsodie.

PANTAGRUEL having wholly subdued the land of Dipsodie, transported thereunto a colony of Utopians to the number of 9,876,543,210 men, besides the women and little children, artificers of all trades, and professors of all sciences, to people, cultivate, and improve that country, which otherwise was ill inhabited, and in the greatest part thereof but a mere desert and wilderness; and he did transport them not so much for the excessive multitude of men and women, which were in Utopia multiplied, for number, like grasshoppers upon the face of the land. Nor yet was this transplantation made so much for the fertility of the soil, the wholesomeness of the air, or commodity of the country of Dipsodie, as to retain that rebellious people within the bounds of their duty and obedience, by this new transport of his ancient and most faithful subjects, who, from all time out of mind, never knew, acknowledged, owned, or served any other sovereign lord but him; and who likewise, from the very instant of their birth, as soon as they were entered into this world, had, with the milk of their mothers and nurses, sucked in the sweetness, humanity, and mildness of his government, to which they were all of them so nourished and habituated, that there was nothing surer than that they would sooner abandon their lives than swerve from this singular and primitive obedience naturally due to their prince, whithersoever they should be dispersed or removed.

And not only should they, and their children successively descending from their blood, be such, but also they would keep and maintain in this same fealty and obsequious observance, all the nations lately annexed to his empire; which so truly came to pass, that therein he was not disappointed of his intent. For if the Utopians were, before their transplan-

tation thither, dutiful and faithful subjects, the Dipsodes, after some few days conversing with them, were every whit as loyal, if not more loyal than they ; and that by virtue of I know not what natural fervency incident to all human creatures at the beginning of any labour wherein they take delight : solemnly attesting the heavens, and supreme intelligences, of their being only sorry, that no sooner unto their knowledge had arrived the great renown of the good Pantagruel.

Remark therefore here, honest drinkers, that the manner of preserving and retaining countries newly conquered in obedience, is not, as hath been the erroneous opinion of some tyrannical spirits to their own detriment and dishonour, to pillage, plunder, force, spoil, trouble, oppress, vex, disquiet, ruin, and destroy the people, ruling, governing, and keeping them in awe with rods of iron ; and, in a word, eating and devouring them, after the fashion that Homer calls an unjust and wicked king, Δημόβορον, that is to say, a devourer of his people.

I will not bring you to this purpose the testimony of ancient writers. It shall suffice to put you in mind of what your fathers have seen thereof, and yourselves too, if you be not very babes. New-born, they must be given suck to, rocked in a cradle, and dandled. Trees newly planted must be supported, underpropped, strengthened, and defended against all tempests, mischiefs, injuries, and calamities. And one lately saved from a long and dangerous sickness and new upon his recovery, must be forborne, spared, and cherished, in such sort that they may harbour in their own breasts this opinion, that there is not in the world a king or prince, who does not desire fewer enemies and more friends. Thus Osiris, the great king of the Egyptians, conquered almost the whole earth, not so much by force of arms, as by easing the people of their troubles, teaching them how to live well, and honestly giving them good laws, and using them with all possible affability, courtesy, gentle-

ness, and liberality. Therefore was he by all men deservedly entitled, "The Great King Euergetes," that is to say, "Benefactor," which style he obtained by virtue of the command of Jupiter to one Pamyla.

And in fact, Hesiod, in his Hierarchy, placed the good demons (call them angels if you will, or genii), as intercessors and mediators betwixt the gods and men, they being of a degree inferior to the gods, but superior to men. And for that through their hands the riches and benefits we get from heaven are dealt to us, and that they are continually doing us good, and still protecting us from evil, he saith that they exercise the offices of kings; because to do always good, and never ill, is an act most singularly royal.

Just such another was the emperor of the universe, Alexander the Macedonian. After this manner was Hercules sovereign possessor of the whole continent, relieving men from monstrous oppressions, exactions, and tyrannies; governing them with discretion, maintaining them in equity and justice, instructing them with seasonable policies and wholesome laws, convenient for and suitable to the soil, climate, and disposition of the country, supplying what was wanting, abating what was superfluous, and pardoning all that was past, with a sempiternal forgetfulness of all preceding offences; as was the amnesty of the Athenians, when by the prowess, valour, and industry of Thrasybulus the tyrants were exterminated; afterwards at Rome by Cicero set forth, and renewed under the emperor Aurelian. These are the philtres, allurements, inveiglements, baits, and enticements of love, by the means whereof that may be peaceably retained which was painfully acquired. Nor can a conqueror reign more happily, whether he be a monarch, emperor, king, prince, or philosopher, than by making his justice to second his valour. His valour shows itself in victory and conquest; his justice will appear in the good will and affection of the people, when he maketh laws, publisheth ordinances, establisheth religion, and doth what is

right to every one, as the noble poet Virgil writes of Octavian Augustus—

Victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura.

Therefore is it that Homer in his Iliads calleth a good prince and great king Κοσμήτορα λαῶν, that is, "The ornament of the people."

Such was the consideration of Numa Pompilius, the second king of the Romans, a just politician and wise philosopher, when he ordained that to the god Terminus, on the day of his festival called Terminales, nothing should be sacrificed that had died; teaching us thereby, that the bounds, limits, and frontiers of kingdoms should be guarded, and preserved in peace, amity, and meekness, without polluting our hands with blood and robbery. Who doth otherwise, shall not only lose what he hath gained, but also be loaded with this scandal and reproach, that he is an unjust and wicked purchaser, and his acquests perish with him; *Juxta illud, male parta, male dilabuntur.* And although during his whole lifetime he should have peaceable possession thereof, yet, if what hath been so acquired moulder away in the hands of his heirs, the same opprobry, scandal, and imputation will be charged upon the defunct, and his memory remain accursed for his unjust and unwarrantable conquest; *Juxta illud, de male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres.*

Remark, likewise, gentlemen, you gouty feoffees, in this main point worthy of your observation, how by these means Pantagruel of one angel made two, which was a contingency opposite to the council of Charlemaine, who made two devils of one, when he transplanted the Saxons into Flanders, and the Flemings into Saxony. For, not being able to keep in such subjection the Saxons, whose dominion he had joined to the empire, but that ever and anon they would break forth into open rebellion if he should casually be drawn into Spain, or other remote kingdoms, he caused them to

be brought unto his own country of Flanders, the inhabitants whereof did naturally obey him, and transported the Hainaults and Flemings, his ancient loving subjects, into Saxony, not mistrusting their loyalty, now that they were transplanted into a strange land. But it happened that the Saxons persisted in their rebellion and primitive obstinacy, and the Flemings dwelling in Saxony did imbibe the stubborn manners and conditions of the Saxons.

CHAPTER II.

How Panurge was made Laird of Salmygondin in Dipsodie, and did waste his Revenue before it came in.

WHILST Pantagruel was giving order for the government of all Dipsodie, he assigned to Panurge the Lairdship of Salmygondin, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 rials of certain rent, besides the uncertain revenue of the locusts and periwinkles, amounting, one year with another, to the value of 2,435,768, or 2,435,769 French crowns of Berry. Sometimes it did amount to 1,234,554,321 seraphs, when it was a good year, and that locusts and periwinkles were in request; but that was not every year.

Now his worship, the new laird, husbanded this his estate so providently well and prudently, that in less than fourteen days he wasted and dilapidated all the certain and uncertain revenue of his lairdship for three whole years. Yet did not he properly dilapidate it, as you might say, in founding of monasteries, building of churches, erecting of colleges, and setting up of hospitals, or casting his bacon flitches to the dogs; but spent it in a thousand little banquets and jolly collations, keeping open house for all comers and goers; felling timber, burning the great logs for the sale of the ashes, borrowing money beforehand, buying dear, selling

cheap, and eating his corn, as it were, whilst it was but grass.

Pantagruel, being advertised of this his lavishness, was in good sooth no way offended at the matter, angry nor sorry; for I once told you, and again tell it you, that he was the best, little, great goodman that ever girded a sword to his side. He took all things in good part, and interpreted every action to the best sense. He never vexed nor disquieted himself with the least pretence of dislike to anything, because he knew that he must have most grossly abandoned the divine mansion of reason, if he had permitted his mind to be never so little grieved, afflicted or altered at any occasion whatsoever. For all the goods that the heaven covereth, and that the earth containeth, in all their dimensions of height, depth, breadth, and length, are not of so much worth as that we should for them disturb or disorder our affections, trouble or perplex our senses or spirits.

He only drew Panurge aside, and then, making to him a sweet remonstrance and mild admonition, very gently represented before him in strong arguments, that, if he should continue in such an unthrifty course of living, and not become a better manager, it would prove altogether impossible for him, or at least hugely difficult, at any time to make him rich. "Rich!" answered Panurge; "have you fixed your thoughts there? Have you undertaken the task to enrich me in this world? Set your mind to live merrily in the name of God and good folks, let no other cark nor care be harboured within the sacro-sanctified domicile of your celestial brain. May the calmness and tranquillity thereof be never incommoded with or overshadowed by any frowning clouds of sullen imaginations and displeasing annoyance. For if you live joyful, merry, jocund, and glad, I cannot be but rich enough. Everybody cries up thrift, thrift, and good husbandry. But many speak of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow, and talk of that virtue

of housekeeping, who know not what belongs to it. It is by me that they must be advised. From me, therefore, take this advertisement and information, that what is imputed to me for a vice hath been done in imitation of the university and parliament of Paris, places in which is to be found the true spring and source of the lively idea of Pantheology, and all manner of justice. Let him be counted an heretic that doubteth thereof, and doth not firmly believe it. Yet they in one day eat up their bishop, or the revenue of the bishopric—is it not all one?—for a whole year; yea, sometimes for two. This is done on the day he makes his entry, and is installed. Nor is there any place for an excuse; for he cannot avoid it, unless he would be hooted at and stoned for his parsimony.

"It hath been also esteemed an act flowing from the habit of the four cardinal virtues. Of Prudence in borrowing money beforehand; for none knows what may fall out. Who is able to tell if the world shall last yet three years? But although it should continue longer, is there any man so foolish as to have the confidence to promise himself three years.

> What fool so confident to say,
> That he shall live one other day?

"Of commutative Justice, in buying dear, I say upon trust, and selling goods cheap, that is, for ready money. What says Cato in his Book of Husbandry to this purpose? The father of a family, says he, must be a perpetual seller; by which means it is impossible but that at last he shall become rich, if he have of vendible ware enough still ready for sale.

"Of distributive Justice it doth partake, in giving entertainment to good—remark, good—and gentle fellows, whom fortune had shipwrecked, like Ulysses, upon the rock of a hungry stomach with provision of sustenance. For according to the sentence of Hippocrates, youth is impatient of

hunger, chiefly if it be vigorous, lively, frolic, brisk, stirring, and bouncing.

"The virtue of Courage appears therein, by the cutting down and overthrowing of the great trees, like a second Milo making havoc of the dark forest, which did serve only to furnish dens, caves, and shelter to wolves, wild boars and foxes, and afford receptacles, withdrawing corners, and refuges to robbers, thieves, and murderers, lurking-holes and skulking-places for cut-throat assassinators, secret obscure shops for coiners of false money, and safe retreats for heretics; laying woods even and level with the plain champaign fields and pleasant healthy ground; at the sound of the hautboys and bag-pipes playing reeks with the high and stately timber, and preparing seats and benches for the eve of the dreadful day of judgment.

"I gave thereby proof of my Temperance in eating my corn whilst it was but grass, like a hermit feeding upon sallets and roots, that, so affranchising myself from the yoke of sensual appetites to the utter disclaiming of their sovereignty, I might the better reserve somewhat in store, for the relief of the lame, blind, cripple, maimed, needy, poor, and wanting wretches.

"In taking this course I save the expense of the weed-grubbers, who gain money; of the reapers in harvest-time, who drink lustily, and without water; of gleaners, who will expect their cakes and bannocks; of threshers, who leave no garlic, scallions, leeks, nor onions in our gardens, by the authority of Thestylis in Virgil; and of the millers, who are generally thieves; and of the bakers, who are little better. Is this small saving or frugality? Besides the mischief and damage of the field-mice, the decay of barns, and the destruction usually made by weasels and other vermin.

"Of corn in the blade you may make good green sauce, of a light concoction and easy digestion, which recreates the brain, and exhilarates the animal spirits, rejoiceth the sight,

openeth the appetite, delighteth the taste, comforteth the heart, tickleth the tongue, cheereth the countenance, striking a fresh and lively colour, strengthening the muscles, tempers the blood."

"I understand you very well," says Pantagruel; "you would thereby infer that those of a mean spirit and shallow capacity have not the skill to spend much in a short time. You are not the first in whose conceit that heresy hath entered. Nero maintained it, and above all mortals admired most his uncle Caius Caligula, for having, in a few days, by a most wonderfully pregnant invention, totally spent all the goods and patrimony which Tiberius had left him.

"But, instead of observing the sumptuous supper-curbing laws of the Romans, to wit, the Orchia, the Fannia, the Didia, the Licinia, the Cornelia, the Lepidiana, the Antia, and of the Corinthians, by the which they were inhibited, under pain of great punishment, not to spend more in one year than their annual revenue did amount to, you have offered up the oblation of Protervia, which was with the Romans such a sacrifice as the paschal lamb was amongst the Jews, wherein all that was eatable was to be eaten, and the remainder to be thrown into the fire, without reserving anything for the next day. I may very justly say of you, as Cato did of Albidius, who after that he had by a most extravagant expense wasted all the means and possessions he had to one only house, he fairly set it on fire, that he might the better say, *Consummatum est.* Even just as since his time St. Thomas Aquinas did, when he had eaten up the whole lamprey, although there was no necessity in it."

CHAPTER III.

How Panurge praiseth the Debtors and Borrowers.

"But," quoth Pantagruel, "when will you be out of debt?" "At the next ensuing term of the Greek kalends," answered Panurge, "when all the world shall be content, and it shall be your fate to become your own heir. The Lord forbid that I should be out of debt, as if, indeed, I could not be trusted. Who leaves not some leaven over-night, will hardly have paste the next morning.

"Be still indebted to somebody or other, that there may be somebody always to pray for you, that the Giver of all good things may grant unto you a blessed, long, and prosperous life; fearing, if fortune should deal crossly with you, that it might be his chance to come short of being paid by you, he will always speak good of you in every company, ever and anon purchase new creditors unto you; to the end, that through their means you may make a shift by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, and with other folk's earth fill up his ditch. When of old in the regions of the Gauls, by the institution of the Druids, the servants, slaves, and bondsmen were burned quick at the funerals and obsequies of their lords and masters, had not they fear enough, think you, that their lords and masters should die? For, perforce, they were to die with them for company. Did not they incessantly send up their supplications to their great god Mercury, as likewise unto Dis the Father of Wealth, to lengthen out their days, and preserve them long in health? Were not they very careful to entertain them well, punctually to look unto them, and to attend them faithfully and circumspectly? For, by those means, were they to live together at least until the hour of death. Believe me, your creditors, with a more fervent devotion, will beseech Almighty God to prolong your life, they being of nothing more afraid than

that you should die; for that they are more concerned for the sleeve than the arm, and love silver better than their own lives. As it evidently appeareth by the usurers of Landerousse, who not long since hanged themselves, because the price of corn and wines was fallen, by the return of a gracious season." To this Pantagruel answering nothing, Panurge went on with his discourse, saying, truly, and in good sooth, "Sir, when I ponder my destiny aright, and think well upon it, you put me shrewdly to my plunges, and have me at a bay in twitting me with the reproach of my debts and creditors. And yet did I, in this only respect and consideration of being a debtor, esteem myself worshipful, reverend, and formidable. For against the opinion of most philosophers, that, of nothing ariseth nothing, yet, without having bottomed on so much as that which is called the First Matter, did I out of nothing become such a maker and creator, that I have created—what?—a gay number of fair and jolly creditors. Nay, creditors, I will maintain it, even to the very fire itself exclusively, are fair and goodly creatures. Who lendeth nothing is an ugly and wicked creature, and an accursed imp of the infernal Old Nick. And there is made—what? Debts. A thing most precious and dainty, of great use and antiquity. Debts, I say, surmounting the number of syllables which may result from the combinations of all the consonants, with each of the vowels heretofore projected reckoned and calculated by the noble Xenocrates. To judge of the perfection of debtors by the numerosity of their creditors is the readiest way for entering into the mysteries of practical arithmetic.

"You can hardly imagine how glad I am, when every morning I perceive myself environed and surrounded with brigades of creditors, humble, fawning, and full of their reverences. And whilst I remark, that, as I look more favourably upon, and give a cheerfuller countenance to one than to another, the fellow thereupon buildeth a conceit that he shall be the first despatched, and the foremost in the date

of payment; and he valueth my smiles at the rate of ready money, it seemeth unto me, that I then act and personate the god of the Passion of Saumure, accompanied with his angels and cherubim.

"These are my flatterers, my soothers, my claw-backs, my smoothers, my parasites, my saluters, my givers of good morrows, and perpetual orators; which makes me verily think that the supremest height of heroic virtue, described by Hesiod, consisteth in being a debtor, wherein I held the first degree in my commencement. Which dignity, though all human creatures seem to aim at, and aspire thereto, few nevertheless, because of the difficulties in the way, and incumbrances of hard passages, are able to reach it; as is easily perceivable by the ardent desire and vehement longing harboured in the breast of every one, to be still creating more debts, and new creditors.

"Yet doth it not lie in the power of every one to be a debtor. To acquire creditors is not at the disposure of each man's arbitrament. You nevertheless would deprive me of this sublime felicity. You ask me when I will be out of debt. Well, to go yet further on, and possibly worse in your conceit, may Saint Bablin, the good saint, snatch me, if I have not all my lifetime held debt to be as a union or conjunction of the heavens with the earth, and the whole cement whereby the race of mankind is kept together; yea, of such virtue and efficacy, that I say the whole progeny of Adam would very suddenly perish without it. Therefore, perhaps, I do not think amiss, when I repute it to be the great soul of the universe, which, according to the opinion of the Academics, vivifyeth all manner of things. In confirmation whereof, that you may the better believe it to be so, represent unto yourself, without any prejudice of spirit, in a clear and serene fancy, the idea and form of some other world than this; take, if you please, and lay hold on the thirtieth of those which the philosopher Metrodorus did enumerate, wherein it is to be supposed

there is no debtor or creditor, that is to say, a world without debts.

"There amongst the planets will be no regular course; all will be in disorder. Jupiter, reckoning himself to be nothing indebted unto Saturn, will go near to detrude him out of his sphere, and with the Homeric chain will be like to hang up the Intelligences, Gods, Heavens, Demons, Heroes, Devils, Earth, and Sea, together with the other elements. Saturn, no doubt combining with Mars, will reduce that so disturbed world into a chaos of confusion.

"Mercury then would be no more subjected to the other planets; he would scorn to be any longer their Camillus, as he was of old termed in the Hetrurian tongue. For it is to be imagined that he is no way a debtor to them.

"Venus will be no more venerable, because she shall have lent nothing. The moon will remain bloody and obscure. For to what end should the sun impart unto her any of his light? He owed her nothing. Nor yet will the sun shine upon the earth, nor the stars send down any good influence, because the terrestrial globe hath desisted from sending up their wonted nourishment by vapours and exhalations, wherewith Heraclitus said, the Stoics proved, Cicero maintained, they were cherished and alimented. There would likewise be in such a world no manner of symbolization, alteration, nor transmutation amongst the elements; for the one will not esteem itself obliged to the other, as having borrowed nothing at all from it. Earth then will not become water, water will not be changed into air, of air will be made no fire, and fire will afford no heat unto the earth; the earth will produce nothing but monsters, Titans, giants; no rain will descend upon it, nor light shine thereon; no wind will blow there, nor will there be in it any summer or harvest. Lucifer will break loose, and issuing forth of the depth of hell, accompanied with his furies, fiends, and horned devils, will go about to unnestle and drive out of heaven all the gods, as well of the greater as of the lesser nations. Such a

world without lending will be no better than a dog-kennel, a place of contention and wrangling, more unruly and irregular than that of the rector of Paris. Men will not then salute one another; it will be but lost labour to expect aid or succour from any, or to cry fire, water, murder, for none will put to their helping hand. Why? He lent no money, there is nothing due to him. Nobody is concerned in his burning, in his shipwreck, in his ruin, or in his death; and that because he hitherto had lent nothing, and would never thereafter have lent anything. In short, Faith, Hope, and Charity would be quite banished from such a world, for men are born to relieve and assist one another; and in their stead should succeed and be introduced Defiance, Disdain, and Rancour, with the most execrable troop of all evils, all imprecations, and all miseries. Whereupon you will think, and that not amiss, that Pandora had there spilt her unlucky bottle. Men unto men will be wolves, hobthrushers, and goblins (as were Lycaon, Bellerophon, Nebuchodnosor), plunderers, highway robbers, cut-throats, rapparees, murderers, poisoners, assassinators, lewd, wicked, malevolent, pernicious haters, set against everybody, like to Ishmael, Metabus, or Timon the Athenian, who for that cause was named Misanthropos; in such sort, that it would prove much more easy in Nature to have fish entertained in the air, and bullocks fed in the bottom of the ocean, than to support or tolerate a rascally rabble of people that will not lend. These fellows, I vow, do I hate with a perfect hatred; and if, conform to the pattern of this grievous, peevish, and perverse world which lendeth nothing, you figure and liken the little world, which is man, you will find in him a terrible justling coil and clutter. The head will not lend the sight of his eyes to guide the feet and hands; the legs will refuse to bear up the body; the hands will leave off working any more for the rest of the members; the heart will be weary of its continual motion for the beating of the pulse, and will no longer lend his assistance; the lungs will withdraw the

use of their bellows; the liver will desist from convoying any more blood through the veins for the good of the whole. The brains, in the interim, considering this unnatural course, will fall into a raving dotage, and withhold all feeling from the sinews, and motion from the muscles. Briefly, in such a world without order and array, owing nothing, lending nothing, and borrowing nothing, you would see a more dangerous conspiration than that which Æsop exposed in his Apologue. Such a world will perish undoubtedly; and not only perish, but perish very quickly."

CHAPTER IV.

Panurge continues his Discourse in the Praise of Borrowers and Lenders.

"On the contrary, be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein every one lendeth, and every one oweth, all are debtors, and all creditors. O how great will that harmony be, which shall thereby result from the regular motions of the heavens! Methinks I hear it every whit as well as ever Plato did. What sympathy will there be amongst the elements! O how delectable then unto Nature will be her own works and productions! Whilst Ceres appeareth laden with corn, Bacchus with wines, Flora with flowers, Pomona with fruits, and Juno fair in a clear air, wholesome and pleasant. I lose myself in this high contemplation.

"Then will among the race of mankind peace, love, benevolence, fidelity, tranquillity, rest, banquets, feastings, joy, gladness, gold, silver, small money, chains, rings, with other ware, and chaffer of that nature, be found to trot from hand to hand. No suits at law, no wars, no strife, debate, nor wrangling; none will be there an usurer, none will be there

a pinch-penny, a scrape-good wretch, or churlish hard-hearted refuser. Good God! Will not this be the golden age in the reign of Saturn? the true idea of the Olympic regions, wherein, all other virtues ceasing, charity alone ruleth, governeth, domineereth, and triumpheth! All will be fair and goodly people there, all just and virtuous.

"O happy world! O people of that world most happy! Yea, thrice and four times blessed is that people! I think in very deed that I am amongst them, and swear to you, by my good forsooth, that if this glorious aforesaid world had a Pope, abounding with Cardinals, that so he might have the association of a sacred college, in the space of very few years you should be sure to see the sancts much thicker in the roll, more numerous, wonder-working and mirific, more services, more vows, more staves, and wax-candles than are all those in the nine bishoprics of Brittany, St. Yves only excepted. Consider, sir, I pray you, how the noble Patelin, having a mind to deify, and extol even to the third heavens the father of William Josseaume, said no more but this, 'and he did lend his goods to those who were desirous of them.'

"O the fine saying! Now let our microcosm be fancied conform to this model in all its members; lending, borrowing, and owing, that is to say, according to its own nature. For Nature hath not to any other end created man, but to owe, borrow, and lend; no greater is the harmony amongst the heavenly spheres, than that which shall be found in its well-ordered policy. The intention of the founder of this microcosm is, to have a soul therein to be entertained, which is lodged there, as a guest with its host, that it may live there for awhile. Life consisteth in blood; blood is the seat of the soul; therefore the chiefest work of the microcosm is, to be making blood continually.

"At this forge are exercised all the members of the body; none is exempted from labour, each operates apart, and doth its proper office. And such is their hierarchy, that

perpetually the one borrows from the other, the one lends the other, and the one is the other's debtor. The stuff and matter convenient, which Nature giveth to be turned into blood, is bread and wine. All kind of nourishing victuals is understood to be comprehended in these two, and from hence in the Gothish tongue is call companage. To find out this meat and drink, to prepare and boil it, the hands are put to work, the feet do walk and bear up the whole bulk of the corporal mass; the eyes guide and conduct all; the appetite in the orifice of the stomach, by means of a little sourish black humour, called melancholy, which is transmitted thereto from the milt, giveth warning to shut in the food. The tongue doth make the first essay, and tastes it; the teeth do chaw it, and the stomach doth receive, digest, and chylify it. The mesaraic veins suck out of it what is good and fit, leaving behind the excrements, which are through special conduits, for that purpose, voided by an expulsive faculty. Thereafter it is carried to the liver, where it being changed again, it by the virtue of that new transmutation becomes blood. What joy, conjecture you, will then be found amongst those officers, when they see this rivulet of gold, which is their sole restorative? No greater is the joy of alchymists, when, after long travail, toil, and expense, they see in their furnaces the transmutation. Then is it that every member doth prepare itself, and strive anew to purify and to refine this treasure. The kidneys, through the emulgent veins, draw that aquosity from thence, which you call urine, and there send it away through the ureters to be slipped downwards; where, in a lower receptacle, and proper for it, to wit, the bladder, it is kept, and stayeth there until an opportunity to void it out in his due time. The spleen draweth from the blood its terrestrial part, viz. the grounds, lees, or thick substance settled in the bottom thereof, which you term melancholy. The bottle of the gall subtracts from thence all the superfluous choler; whence it is brought to another shop or work-house to be

yet better purified and fined, that is, the heart, which by its agitation of diastolic and systolic motions so neatly subtilizeth and inflames it, that in the right side ventricle it is brought to perfection, and through the veins is sent to all the members. Each parcel of the body draws it then unto itself, and after its own fashion is cherished and alimented by it. Feet, hands, thighs, arms, eyes, ears, back, breasts, yea, all; and then it is, that who before were lenders, now become debtors. The heart doth in its left side ventricle so thinnify the blood, that it thereby obtains the name of spiritual; which being sent through the arteries to all the members of the body, serveth to warm and winnow the other blood which runneth through the veins. The lights never cease with lappets and bellows to cool and refresh it; in acknowledgment of which good the heart, through the arterial vein, imparts unto it the choicest of its blood. At last it is made so fine and subtle within the rete mirabile, that thereafter those animal spirits are framed and composed of it; by means whereof the imagination, discourse, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, and memory have their rise, actings, and operations.

"I sink, I drown, I perish, I wander astray, and quite fly out of myself, when I enter into the consideration of the profound abyss of this world, thus lending, thus owing. Believe me, it is a divine thing to lend; to owe, an heroic virtue."

CHAPTER V.

How Pantagruel altogether abhorreth the Debtors and Borrowers.

"I UNDERSTAND you very well," quoth Pantagruel, "and take you to be very good at topics, and thoroughly affectioned to your own cause. But preach it up, and patrocinate it, prattle on it, and defend it as much as you

will, even from hence to the next Whitsuntide, if you please so to do, yet in the end will you be astonished to find how you shall have gained no ground at all upon me, nor persuaded me by your fair speeches and smooth talk to enter never so little into the thraldom of debt. 'You shall owe to none,' saith the Holy Apostle, 'anything save love, friendship, and a mutual benevolence.'

"You serve me here, I confess, with fine graphides and diatyposes, descriptions and figures, which truly please me very well. But let me tell you, if you will represent unto your fancy an impudent blustering bully, and an importunate borrower, entering afresh and newly into a town already advertised of his manners, you shall find that at his ingress the citizens will be more hideously affrighted and amazed, and in a greater terror and fear, dread and trembling, than if the pest itself should step into it, in the very same garb and accoutrement wherein the Tyanean philosopher found it within the city of Ephesus. And I am fully confirmed in the opinion that the Persians erred not when they said that the second vice was to lie, the first being that of owing money. For, in very truth, debts and lying are ordinarily joined together. I will nevertheless not from hence infer, that none must owe anything, or lend anything. For who can be so rich, that sometimes may not owe? or who can be so poor, that sometimes may not lend?

"Let the occasion, notwithstanding, in that case, as Plato very wisely sayeth and ordaineth in his laws, be such, that none be permitted to draw any water out of his neighbour's well, until first they by continual digging and delving into their own proper ground shall have hit upon a kind of potter's earth, which is called Ceramite, and there had found no source or drop of water: for that sort of earth, by reason of its substance, which is fat, strong, firm, and close, so retaineth its humidity, that it doth not easily evaporate it by any outward excursion or evaporation.

"In good sooth, it is a great shame to choose rather to be

still borrowing in all places from every one, than to work and win. Then only in my judgment should one lend, when the diligent, toiling, and industrious person is no longer able by his labour to make any purchase unto himself; or otherwise, when by mischance he hath suddenly fallen into an unexpected loss of his goods.

"Howsoever, let us leave this discourse, and from henceforward do not hang upon creditors, nor tie yourself to them. I make account for the time past to rid you freely of them, and to deliver you from their bondage."

"The least I should do in this point," quoth Panurge, "is to thank you, though it be the most I can do. And if gratitude and thanksgiving be to be estimated and prized by the affection of the benefactor, that is to be done infinitely and sempiternally; for the love which you bear me of your own accord and free grace, without any merit of mine, goeth far beyond the reach of any price or value. It transcends all weight, all number, all measure: it is endless and everlasting; therefore, should I offer to commensurate and adjust it, either to the size and proportion of your own noble and gracious deeds, or yet to the contentment and delight of the obliged receivers, I would come off but very faintly and flaggingly. You have verily done me a great deal of good, and multiplied your favours on me more frequently than was fitting to one of my condition. You have been more bountiful towards me than I have deserved, and your courtesies have by far surpassed the extent of my merits; I must needs confess it. But it is not, as you suppose, in the proposed matter. For there it is not where I itch, it is not there where it fretteth, hurts or vexeth me; for, henceforth being quit and out of debt, what countenance shall I be able to keep? You may imagine that it will become me very ill for the first month, because I have never hitherto been brought up or accustomed to it. I am very much afraid of it. My life will be of very short continuance, I do foresee it.

"Therefore would I beseech you to leave me some few centuries of debts; as King Louis the Eleventh, exempting from suits in law the Reverend Miles d'Illiers, Bishop of Chartres, was by the said bishop most earnestly solicited to leave him some few for the exercise of his mind. I had rather give them all my revenue of the periwinkles, together with the other incomes of the locusts, albeit I should not thereby have any parcel abated from off the principal sums which I owe."

"Let us waive this matter," quoth Pantagruel. "I have told it you over again."

[Panurge next desires to marry and seeks counsel in all directions until]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How Pantagruel persuaded Panurge to take Counsel of a Fool.

WHEN Pantagruel had withdrawn himself, he, by a little sloping window in one of the galleries, perceived Panurge in a lobby not far from thence, walking alone, with the gesture, carriage, and garb of a fond dotard, raving, wagging, and shaking his hands, dandling, lolling, and nodding with his head, like a cow bellowing for her calf: and, having then called him nearer, spoke unto him thus: "You are at this present, as I think, not unlike to a mouse entangled in a snare, who the more that she goeth about to rid and unwind herself out of the gin wherein she is caught, by endeavouring to clear and deliver her feet from the pitch whereto they stick, the fouler she is bewrayed with it, and the more strongly pestered therein. Even so is it with you. For the more that you labour, strive, and enforce yourself to disencumber and extricate your thoughts out of the implicating involutions and fetterings of the grievous and lamentable gins and springs of anguish and perplexity, the greater diffi-

culty there is in the relieving of you, and you remain faster bound than ever. Nor do I know for the removal of this inconveniency any remedy but one.

"Take heed; I have often heard it said in a vulgar proverb, 'The wise may be instructed by a fool.' Seeing the answers and responses of sage and judicious men have in no manner of way satisfied you, take advice of some fool, and possibly by so doing you may come to get that counsel which will be agreeable to your own heart's desire and contentment. You know how, by the advice and counsel and prediction of fools, many kings, princes, states, and commonwealths have been preserved, several battles gained, and divers doubts of a most perplexed intricacy resolved. I am not so diffident of your memory, as to hold it needful to refresh it with a quotation of examples; nor do I so far undervalue your judgment, but that I think it will acquiesce in the reason of this my subsequent discourse. As he who narrowly takes heed to what concerns the dexterous management of his private affairs, domestic businesses, and those adoes which are confined within the strait-laced compass of one family, who is attentive, vigilant, and active in the economic rule of his own house—whose frugal spirit never strays from home—who loseth no occasion whereby he may purchase to himself more riches, and build up new heaps of treasure on his former wealth—and who knows warily how to prevent the inconveniences of poverty, is called a worldly wise man, though perhaps in the second judgment of the intelligences which are above, he be esteemed a fool; so, on the contrary, is he most like, even in the thoughts of celestial spirits, to be not only sage, but to presage events to come by divine inspiration, who, laying quite aside those cares which are conducible to his body or his fortunes, and as it were deputing from himself, rids all his senses of terrene affections, and clears his fancies of those plodding studies which harbour in the minds of thriving men. All which neglects of sublunary things are

vulgarly imputed folly. After this manner, the son of Picus, King of the Latins, the great soothsayer Faunus, was called Fatuus by the witless rabble of the common people. The like we daily see practised amongst the comic players, whose dramatic rolls, in distribution of the personages, appoint the acting of the fool to him who is the wisest of the troop. In approbation also of this fashion the mathematicians allow the very same horoscope to princes and to sots. Whereof a right pregnant instance by them is given in the nativities of Æneas and Chorœbus; the latter of which two is by Euphorion said to have been a fool; and yet had with the former the same aspects and heavenly genethliac influences.

"I shall not, I suppose, swerve much from the purpose in hand, if I relate unto you what John Andrew said upon the return of a papal writ, which was directed to the mayor and burgesses of Rochelle, and after him by Panorme, upon the same Pontifical canon; Barbatias on the Pandects, and recently by Jason, in his councils, concerning Seyny John, the noted fool of Paris, and Caillette's fore great-grandfather. The case is this.

"At Paris, in the roast-meat cookery of the Petit-Chastelet, before the cook-shop of one of the roast meat-sellers of that time, a certain hangry porter was eating his bread, after he had by parcels kept it a while above the reek and steam of a fat goose on the spit, turning at a great fire, and found it so besmoked with the vapour, to be savoury: which the cook observing, took no notice, till after having ravined his penny loaf, whereof no morsel had been unsmokified, he was about decamping and going away. But, by your leave, as the fellow thought to have departed thence shot-free, the master cook laid hold upon him by the gorget, and demanded payment for the smoke of his roast-meat. The porter answered, that he had sustained no loss at all,—that by what he had done there was no diminution made of the flesh,—that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was

not indebted to him in anything. As for the smoke in question that, although he had not been there, it would howsoever have been evaporated: besides, that before that time it had never been seen nor heard that roast-meat smoke was sold upon the streets of Paris. The cook hereto replied, that he was not obliged nor any way bound to feed and nourish for nought a porter whom he had never seen before, with the smoke of his roast-meat, and thereupon swore, that if he would not forthwith content and satisfy him with present payment for the repast which he had thereby got, that he would take his crooked staves from off his back; which, instead of having loads thereafter laid upon them, should serve for fuel to his kitchen fires. Whilst he was going about so to do, and to have pulled them to him by one of the bottom rungs, which he had caught in his hand, the sturdy porter got out of his gripe, drew forth the knotty cudgel, and stood to his own defence. The altercation waxed hot in words, which moved the gaping hoydens of the sottish Parisians to run from all parts thereabouts to see what the issue would be of that babbling strife and contention. In the interim of this dispute, to very good purpose Seyny John, the fool and citizen of Paris, happened to be there, whom the cook perceiving, said to the porter, 'Wilt thou refer and submit unto the noble Seyny John, the decision of the difference and controversy which is betwixt us?' 'Yes, by the blood of a goose,' answered the porter, 'I am content.' Seyny John the fool, finding that the cook and porter had compromised the determination of their variance and debate to the discretion of his award and arbitrement, after that the reasons on either side, whereupon was grounded the mutual fierceness of their brawling jar, had been to the full displayed and laid open before him, commanded the porter to draw out of the fob of his belt a piece of money, if he had it. Whereupon the porter immediately without delay, in reverence to the authority of such a judicious umpire, put the tenth part of a silver Philip into

his hand. This little Philip Seyny John took, then set it on his left shoulder, to try by feeling if it was of a sufficient weight. After that, laying it on the palm of his hand, he made it ring and tingle, to understand by the ear if it was of a good alloy in the metal whereof it was composed. Thereafter he put it to the ball or apple of his left eye, to explore by the sight, if it was well stamped and marked; all which being done, in a profound silence of the whole doltish people, who were there spectators of this pageantry, to the great hope of the cook's, and despair of the porter's prevalency in the suit that was in agitation, he finally caused the porter to make it sound several times upon the stall of the cook's shop. Then with a presidential majesty holding his bauble, sceptre-like, in his hand, muffling his head with a hood of marten skins, each side whereof had the resemblance of an ape's face sprucified up with ears of pasted paper, and having about his neck a bucked ruff, raised, furrowed, and ridged, with pointing sticks of the shape and fashion of small organ pipes, he first with all the force of his lungs coughed two or three times, and then with an audible voice pronounced this following sentence: 'The Court declareth, that the porter, who ate his bread at the smoke of the roast, hath civilly paid the cook with the sound of his money. And the said Court ordaineth, that every one return to his own home, and attend his proper business, without costs and charges, and for a cause.' This verdict, award, and arbitrement of the Parisian fool did appear so equitable, yea, so admirable to the aforesaid doctors, that they very much doubted, if the matter had been brought before the sessions for justice of the said place, or that the judges of the Rota at Rome had been umpires therein, or yet that the Areopagites themselves had been the deciders thereof, if by any one part, or all of them together, it had been so judicially sententiated and awarded. Therefore advise if you will be counselled by a fool."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How Triboulet is set forth and blazoned by Pantagruel and Panurge.

"By my soul," quoth Panurge, "that overture pleaseth me exceedingly well. I will therefore lay hold thereon, and embrace it. But as we have hitherto made choice of the purest and most refined cream of wisdom and sapience for our counsel, so would I now have to preside and bear the prime sway in our consultation as very a fool in the supreme degree."

"Triboulet," quoth Pantagruel, "is completely foolish, as I conceive."

"Yes, truly," answered Panurge, "he is properly and totally a fool."

PANTAGRUEL. "If there was any reason why at Rome the Quirinal holiday of old was called the Feast of Fools, I know not why we may not for the like cause institute in France the Tribouletic Festivals, to be celebrated and solemnized over all the land."

PANURGE. "If all fools paced, albeit he be somewhat wry-legged, he would overlay at least a fathom at every rake. Let us go toward him without any further lingering or delay; we shall have, no doubt, some fine resolution of him. I am ready to go, and long for the issue of our progress impatiently.

"I must needs," quoth Pantagruel, "according to my former resolution therein, be present at Bridlegoose's trial. Nevertheless, whilst I shall be upon my journey towards Myrelingues, which is on the other side of the river of Loire, I will despatch Carpalim to bring along with him from Blois the fool Triboulet."

Then was Carpalim instantly sent away, and Pantagruel at the same time, attended by his domestics, Panurge, Epistemon, Ponocrates, Friar John, Gymnast, Eudemon, and others, marched forward on the high road to Myrelingues.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How Pantagruel was present at the Trial of Judge Bridlegoose, who decided Causes and Controversies in Law by the Chance and Fortune of the Dice.

On the day following, precisely at the hour appointed, Pantagruel came to Myrelingues. At his arrival the presidents, senators, and counsellors prayed him to do them the honour to enter in with them, to hear the decision of all the causes, arguments, and reasons, which Bridlegoose in his own defence would produce, why he had pronounced a certain sentence against the subsidy accessor, Toucheronde, which did not seem very equitable to that centumviral court. Pantagruel very willingly condescended to their desire, and accordingly entering in, found Bridlegoose sitting within the middle of the enclosure of the said court of justice: who immediately upon the coming of Pantagruel, accompanied with the senatorian members of that worshipful judicatory, arose, went to the bar, had his indictment read, and for all his reasons, defences, and excuses, answered nothing else, but that he was become old, and that his sight of late was very much failed, and become dimmer than it was wont to be; instancing therewithal many miseries and calamities, which old age bringeth along with it, and are concomitant to wrinkled elders; which *not. per Archid. d. l. lxxxvi. c. Senta.* By reason of which infirmity he was not able so distinctly and clearly to discern the points and blots of the dice, as formerly he had been accustomed to do: "whence it might very well have happened," said he, "as old dim sighted Isaac took Jacob for Esau, that I, after the same manner, at the decision of causes and controversies in law, should have been mistaken in taking a quatre for a cinquet or trois for a deuce. This, I beseech your worships," quoth he, "to take into your serious consideration, and to have

the more favourable opinion of my uprightness (notwithstanding the prevarication whereof I am accused in the matter of Toucheronde's sentence), for that at the time of that decree's pronouncing I only had made use of my small dice; and your worships," said he, "knew very well, how by the most authentic rules of the law it is provided, that the imperfections of Nature should never be imputed unto any for crimes and transgressions; as appeareth, *ff. de re milit. l. qui cum uno. ff. de reg. Jur. l. fere. ff. de ædil. edict. per totum. ff. de term. mod. l. Divus Adrianus*, resolved by *Lud. Rom. in l. si. vero. ff. Sol. Matr.* And who would offer to do otherwise, should not thereby accuse the man, bu Nature, and the all-seeing providence of God, as is evident in *l. maximum vitium, c. de lib. prætor.*"

"What kind of dice," quoth Trinquamelle, grand president of the said court, "do you mean, my friend Bridlegoose?" "The dice," quoth Bridlegoose, "of sentences at law, decrees, and peremptory judgments, *Alea Judiciorum*, whereof is written *Per Doct. 26, qu. 2, cap. sort. l. nec emptio ff. de contrahend. empt. l. quod debetur. ff. de pecul. et ibi Bartol.*, and which your worships do, as well as I, use in this glorious sovereign court of yours. So do all other righteous judges in their decision of processes, and final determination of legal differences, observing that which hath been said thereof by D. Henri. Ferrandat, *et not. gl. in. c. fin. de sortil. et l. sed cum ambo. ff. de jud. Ubi. Docto.* Mark, that chance and fortune are good, honest, profitable, and necessary for ending of, and putting a final closure to, dissensions and debates in suits at law. The same hath more clearly been declared by Bald. Bartol. et Alex. *c. communia de leg. l. si duo.*" "But how is it that you do these things?" asked Trinquamelle. "I very briefly," quoth Bridlegoose, "shall answer you, according to the doctrine and instructions of *Leg. ampliorem § in refutatoriis. c. de appel.*; which is conformable to what is said in *Gloss. l. 1, ff. quod. met. causa. Gaudent brevitate moderni.* My practice is

therein the same with that of your other worships, and as the custom of the judicatory requires, unto which our law commandeth us to have regard, and by the rule thereof still to direct and regulate our actions and procedures; *ut not. extra. de consuet. c. ex literis et ibi innoc.* For having well and exactly seen, surveyed, overlooked, reviewed, recognized, read, and read over again, turned and tossed over, seriously perused and examined the bills of complaint, accusations, impeachments, indictments, warnings, citations, summonings, comparitions, appearances, mandates, commissions, delegations, instructions, informations, inquests, preparatories, productions, evidences, proofs, allegations, depositions, cross speeches, contradictions, supplications, requests, petitions, inquiries, instruments of the deposition of witnesses, rejoinders, replies, confirmations of former assertions, duplies, triplies, answers to rejoinders, writings, deeds, reproaches, disabling of exceptions taken, grievances, salvation-bills, re-examination of witnesses, confronting of them together, declarations, denunciations, libels, certificates, royal missives, letters of appeal, letters of attorney, instruments of compulsion, delinatories, anticipatories, evocations, messages, dimissions, issues, exceptions, dilatory pleas, demurs, compositions, injunctions, reliefs, reports, returns, confessions, acknowledgments, exploits, executions, and other such like confects and spiceries, both at the one and the other side, as a good judge ought to do, conform to what hath been noted thereupon. *Spec. de ordination. Paragr.* 3, *et Tit. de Offi. omn. jud. paragr. fin. et de rescriptis presentat. parag.* 1. I posit on the end of a table in my closet, all the pokes and bags of the defendant, and then allow unto him the first hazard of the dice, according to the usual manner of your other worships. And it is mentioned, *l. favorabiliores ff. de reg. jur. et in cap. cum sunt eod. tit. lib.* 6, which saith, 'Quum sunt partium jura obscura, reo potius favendum est quam auctori.' That being done, I thereafter lay down upon the other end of the same table the bags and

satchels of the plaintiff, as your other worships are accustomed to do, *visum visu*, just over against one another: for, *Opposita juxta se posita clarius elucescunt: ut not. in lib.* 1, *parag. Videamus. ff. de his qui sunt sui vel alieni juris, et in l. munerum § mixta ff. de mun. et hon.* Then do I likeways and semblably throw the dice for him, and forthwith liver him his chance." "But," quoth Trinquamelle, "my friend, how come you to know, understand, and resolve, the obscurity of these various and seeming contrary passages in law, which are laid claim to by the suitors and pleading parties?" "Even just," quoth Bridlegoose, "after the fashion of your other worships: to wit, when there are many bags on the one side and on the other, I then use my little small dice, after the customary manner of your other worships, in obedience to the law, *Semper in stipulationibus ff. de reg. jur.*, and the law *versale* verifieth that *Eod. tit. semper in obscuris quod minimum est sequimur:* canonized in *c. in obscuris. eod. tit. lib.* 6. I have other large great dice, fair, and goodly ones, which I employ in the fashion that your other worships use to do, when the matter is more plain, clear, and liquid, that is to say, when there are fewer bags." "But when you have done all these fine things," quoth Trinquamelle, "how do you, my friend, award your decrees, and pronounce judgment?" "Even as your other worships," answered Bridlegoose; "for I give out sentence in his favour unto whom hath befallen the best chance by dice, judiciary, tribunian, pretorial, what comes first. So our laws command, *ff. qui pot. in pign. l. creditor. c. de cousul.* 1. *Et de regul. jur. in* 6. *Qui prior est tempore potior est jure.*"

CHAPTER XL.

How Bridlegoose giveth Reason why he decided our Lawsuits by the Chance of the Dice.

"YEA, but," quoth Trinquamelle, "my friend, seeing it is by the lot, chance, and throw of the dice that you award your judgments and sentences, why do not you deliver up these fair throws and chances, the very same day and hour, without any further procrastination or delay, that the controverting party-pleaders appear before you? To what use can those writings serve you, those papers, and other procedures contained in the bags and pokes of the lawsuitors?" "To the very same use," quoth Bridlegoose, "that they serve your other worships. They are behooful unto me, and serve my turn in three things very exquisite, requisite, and authentic. First, for formality sake; the omission whereof, that it maketh all, whatever is done, to be of no force nor value, is excellently well proved, by *Spec.* 1, *tit. de instr. edit. et tit. de rescript. present.* Besides that, it is not unknown to you, who have had many more experiments thereof than I, how oftentimes, in judicial proceedings, the formalities utterly destroy the materialities and substances of the causes and matters agitated; for *Forma mutata, mutatur substantia. ff. ad exhib. l. Julianus ff. ad l. g. fals. l. si is qui quadraginta. Et extra. de decim. c. ad audientiam, et de celebrat miss. c. in quadam.*

"Secondly, They are useful and steadable to me, even as unto your other worships, in lieu of some other honest and healthful exercise. The late Master Othoman Vadat [Vadere], a prime physician, as you would say, *Cod. de Commit. et Archi. lib.* 12, hath frequently told me, that the lack and default of bodily exercise is the chief, if not the sole and only cause of the little health and short lives of all officers of justice, such as your worships and I am. Which

observation was singularly well, before him, noted and remarked by Bartholus *in lib.* 1, *c. de sent. quæ pro eo quod.* Therefore is it that the practice of such-like exercitations is appointed to be laid hold on by your other worships, and consequently not to be denied unto me, who am of the same profession; *Quia accessorium naturam sequitur principalis, de reg. jur. l.* 6, *et l. cum principalis, et l. nihil dolo. ff. eod. tit. ff. de fide-jus. l. fide-jus. et extra de officio deleg. cap.* 1. Let certain honest and recreative sports and plays of corporeal exercises be allowed and approved of; and so far, *ff. de allus. et aleat. l. solent. et authent. et omnes obed. in princ. coll.* 7, *et ff. de præscript. verb. l. si gratuitam et l.* 1, *cod. de spect. l.* 11. Such also is the opinion of D. Thomæ, *in secunda secundæ, Q.* I. 168. Quoted to very good purpose, by D. Albert de Rosa, who *fuit magnus practicus*, and a solemn doctor, as Barbatias attested in *principiis consil.* Wherefore the reason is evidently and clearly deduced and set down before us in *gloss. in proemio ff. par ne autem tertii.*

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.

"In very deed, once, in the year a thousand four hundred fourscore and nine, having a business concerning the portion and inheritance of a younger brother depending in the court and chamber of the four High Treasurers of France, whereinto as soon as ever I got leave to enter, by a pecuniary permission of the usher thereof—as your other worships know very well, that *Pecunia obediunt omnia*, and there, says Baldus, in *l. singularia ff. si cert. pet. et Salic. in l. receptitia. Cod. de constit. pecun. et Card. in Clem.* 1, *de baptism.* I found them all recreating and diverting themselves at the play called muss, either before or after dinner: to me, truly, it is a thing altogether indifferent, whether of the two it was, provided that *hic not.*, that the game of the muss is honest, healthful, ancient, and lawful, *a Musclo inventore, de quo cod. de petit. hæred. l. si post mortem, et Musarii.* Such as play and sport at the muss are excusable

in and by law, *lib.* 1. *c. de excus. artific. lib.* 10. And at the very same time was Master Tielman Piquet one of the players of that game of muss. There is nothing that I do better remember, for he laughed heartily, when his fellow-members of the aforesaid judicial chamber spoiled their caps in swingeing of his shoulders. Now, *resolutorie loquendo*, I should say, according to the style and phrase of your other worships, that there is no exercise, sport, game, play, nor recreation in all this palatine, palatial, or parliamentary world, more aromatizing and fragrant, than to empty and void bags and purses—turn over papers and writings—quote margins and backs of scrolls and rolls, fill panniers, and take inspection of causes, *Ex. Bart. et Joan. de Pra. in l. falsa de condit. et demonst. ff.*

"Thirdly, I consider, as your own worships used to do, that time ripeneth and bringeth all things to maturity—that by time everything cometh to be made manifest and patent—and that time is the father of truth and virtue. *Gloss. in l.* 1, *cod. de servit autdent. de restit. et ea quæ pa. et spec. tit. de requisit. cons.* Therefore is it that, after the manner and fashion of your other worships, I defer, protract, delay, prolong, intermit, surcease, pause, linger, suspend, prorogate, drive out, wire-draw, and shift off the time of giving a definitive sentence, to the end that the suit or process, being well fanned and winnowed, tossed and canvassed to and fro, narrowly, precisely, and nearly garbelled, sifted, searched, and examined, and on all hands exactly argued, disputed, and debated, may, by succession of time, come at last to its full ripeness and maturity. By means whereof, when the fatal hazard of the dice ensueth thereupon, the parties cast or condemned by the said aleatory chance will with much greater patience, and more mildly and gently, endure and bear up the disastrous load of their misfortune, than if they had been sentenced at their first arrival unto the court, as *not. gl. ff. de excus. tut. l. tria onera.*

Portatur leviter quod portat quisque libenter.

"On the other part, to pass a decree or sentence, when the action is raw, crude, green, unripe, and unprepared as at the beginning, a danger would ensue of a no less inconveniency than that which the physicians have been wont to say befalleth to him in whom an imposthume is pierced before it be ripe, or unto any other, whose body is purged of a strong predominating humour before its digestion. For as it is written, *in authent. hæc constit. in Innoc. de consist. princip.* —so is the same repeated *in gloss. in c. cæterum, extra de juram. calumn. Quod medicamenta morbis exhibent, hoc jura negotiis.* Nature furthermore admonisheth and teacheth us to gather and reap, eat and feed on fruits when they are ripe, and not before. *Instit. de rer. div. paragr. is ad quem. et ff. de action. empt. l. Julianus.* To marry likewise our daughters when they are ripe, and no sooner, *ff. de donation. inter vir. et uxor. l. cum. hic status. paragr. si quis sponsam et* 27 *qu.* 1, *c. sicut dicit. gloss.*

Jam matura thoro plenis adoleverat annis
Virginitas.

"And, in a word, she instructeth us to do nothing of any considerable importance, but in a full maturity and ripeness, 23 *q.* 1, § *ult. et* 23, *de c. ultimo.*"

CHAPTER XLI.

How Bridlegoose relateth the History of the Reconcilers of Parties at variance in matters of Law.

"I REMEMBER to the same purpose," quoth Bridlegoose, in continuing his discourse, "that in the time when at Poictiers I was a student of law under Brocadium Juris, there was at Semerve one Peter Dendin, a very honest man, careful labourer of the ground, fine singer in a church desk, of good repute and credit, and older than the most aged of all your

worships; who was wont to say, that he had seen the great and goodly good man, the Council of Lateran, with his wide and broad-brimmed red hat. As also, that he had beheld and looked upon the fair and beautiful Pragmatical Sanction, his wife, with her huge rosary or patenotrian chaplet of jet beads, hanging at a large sky-coloured riband. This honest man compounded, atoned, and agreed more differences, controversies, and variances at law, than had been determined, voided, and finished during his time in the whole palace of Poictiers, in the auditory of Montmorillon, and in the town-house of the old Partenay. This amicable disposition of his rendered him venerable, and of great estimation, sway, power, and authority throughout all the neighbouring places of Chauvigny, Nouaillé, Leguré, Vivonne, Mezeaux, Estables, and other bordering and circumjacent towns, villages, and hamlets. All their debates were pacified by him; he put an end to their brabling suits at law, and wrangling differences. By his advice and counsels were accords and reconcilements no less firmly made, than if the verdict of a sovereign judge had been interposed therein, although, in very deed, he was no judge at all, but a right honest man, as you may well conceive—*arg. in l. sed si unius ff. de jure jur. et de verbis obligationis l. continua.* There was not a hog killed within three parishes of him, whereof he had not some part of the haslet and puddings. He was almost every day invited either to a marriage banquet, christening feast, an uprising or women churching treatment, a birthday's anniversary, solemnity, a merry frolic gossiping, or otherwise to some delicious entertainment in a tavern, to make some accord and agreement between persons at odds, and in debate with one another. Remark what I say; for he never yet settled and compounded a difference betwixt any two at variance, but he straight made the parties agreed and pacified to drink together, as a sure and infallible token and symbol of a perfect and completely well cemented reconciliation, a sign of a sound and sincere

amity, and proper mark of a new joy and gladness to follow thereupon—*Ut not. per doct. ff. de peric. et com. rei vend. l.* 1. He had a son whose name was Thenot Dendin, a lusty, young, sturdy, frisking roister, who likewise, in imitation of his peace-making father, would have undertaken and meddled with the making up of variances and deciding of controversies between disagreeing and contentious party-pleaders: as you know,

> Sæpe solet similis filius esse patri,
> Et sequitur leviter filia matris iter.

"*Ut ait gloss.* 6, *quæst.* 1, *c. Si quis, gloss. de cons. dist.* 5, *c.* 2, *fin. et est. not. per Doct. cod. de impub. et aliis substit. l. ult. et l. legitime. ff. de stat. hom. gloss. in l. quod si nolit. ff. de edil. edict. l. quisquis c. ad leg. Jul. majest. excipio filios à meretrici susceptos ex Monacho. per gloss. in c. impudicas.* 27, *quæstione* 1. And such was his confidence to have no worse success than his father, that he assumed unto himself the title of Law-strife-settler. He was likewise in these pacificatory negotiations so active and vigilant—for, *Vigilantibus jura subveniunt. ex l pupillus. ff. quæ in fraud. cred. et ibid. l. non enim. et instit. in proœm.*—that when he had smelt, heard, and fully understood—*ut ff. si quando paup. fec. l. Agaso. gloss. in verb. olfecit, id est, nasum ad culum posuit*—and found that there was anywhere in the country a debateable matter at law, he would incontinently thrust in his advice, and so forwardly intrude his opinion in the business, that he made no bones of undertaking it; and taking upon him to decide it, how difficult soever it might happen to be, to the full contentment and satisfaction of both parties. It is written, *Qui non laborat non manducat;* and the said *gl. ff. de damn. infect. l. quamvis* and *Currere* plus que le pas *vetulam compellit egestas. gloss. ff. de lib. agnosc. l. si quis pro qua facit. l. si plures. c. de cond. incert.* But so hugely great was his misfortune in this his undertaking, that he never composed any difference, how little

soever you may imagine it might have been, but that, instead of reconciling the parties at odds, he did incense, irritate, and exasperate them to a higher point of dissension and enmity than ever they were at before. Your worships know, I doubt not that,

Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.

"*Gl. ff. de alien. jud. mut. caus. fa. lib.* 2. This administered unto the tavern-keepers, wine-drawers, and vintners of Semerve an occasion to say, that under him they had not in the space of a whole year so much reconciliation-wine, for so were they pleased to call the good wine of Leguré, as under his father they had sold in one half-hour's time. It happened a little while thereafter, that he made a most heavy regret thereof to his father, attributing the causes of his bad success in pacificatory enterprises to the perversity, stubbornness, froward, cross, and backward inclinations of the people of his time: roundly, boldly, and irreverently upbraiding, that if, but a score of years before the world had been so wayward, obstinate, pervicatious, implacable, and out of all square, frame, and order, as it was then, his father had never attained to and acquired the honour and title of Strife-appeaser, so irrefragably, inviolably, and irrevocably as he had done. In doing whereof Thenot did heinously transgress against the law which prohibiteth children to the actions of their parents: *per gl. et Bart. l.* 3, *paragr. si quis ff. de cond. ob caus. et authent. de nupt. par. sed quod sancitum. col.* 4. To this the honest old father answered thus: 'My son Dendin, when Don Oportet taketh place, this is the course which we must trace, *gl. c. de appell. l. cos etiam.* For the road that you went upon was not the way to the fuller's mill, nor in any part thereof was the form to be found wherein the hare did sit. Thou hast not the skill and dexterity of settling and composing differences. Why? Because thou takest them at the beginning, in the very infancy and bud as it were, when they are green, raw,

and indigestible. Yet I know, handsomely and featly, how to compose and settle them all. Why? Because I take them at their decadence, in their weaning, and when they are pretty well digested. So saith Gloss.

Dulcior est fructus post multa pericula ductus.

L. non morituras. c. de contrahend. et committ. stip. Didst thou ever hear the vulgar proverb, "Happy is the physician, whose coming is desired at the declension of a disease?": For the sickness being come to a crisis is then upon the decreasing hand, and drawing towards an end, although the physician should not repair thither for the cure thereof: whereby, though Nature wholly do the work, he bears away the palm and praise thereof. My pleaders, after the same manner, before I did interpose my judgment in the reconciling of them, were waxing faint in their contestations. Their altercation heat was much abated, and, in declining from their former strife, they of themselves inclined to a firm accommodation of their differences; because there wanted fuel to that fire of burning rancour and despightful wrangling, whereof the lower sort of lawyers were the kindlers. That is to say, their purses were emptied of coin, they had not a win in their fob, nor penny in their bag, wherewith to solicit and present their actions.

Deficiente pecu, deficit omne, nia.

"There wanted then nothing but some brother to supply the place of a paranymph, brawl-broker, proxenete, or mediator, who acting his part dexterously, should be the first broacher of the motion of an agreement, for saving both the one and the other party from that hurtful and pernicious shame, whereof he could not have avoided the imputation, when it should have been said, that he was the first who yielded and spoke of a reconcilement; and that, therefore, his cause not being good, and being sensible where his shoe did pinch him, he was willing to break the ice, and make

the greater haste to prepare the way for a condescendment to an amicable and friendly treaty. Then was it that I came in pudding time, Dendin, my son, nor is the fat of bacon more relishing to boiled peas, than was my verdict then agreeable to them. This was my luck, my profit, and good fortune. I tell thee, my jolly son Dendin, that by this rule and method I could settle a firm peace, or at least clap up a cessation of arms, and truce for many years to come betwixt the Great King and the Venetian State—the Emperor and the Cantons of Switzerland—the English and the Scots—and betwixt the Pope and the Ferrarians. Shall I go yet further? Yea, as I would have God to help me, betwixt the Turk and the Sophy, the Tartars and the Muscoviters. Remark well, what I am to say unto thee. I would take them at that very instant nick of time, when both those of the one and the other side should be weary and tired of making war, when they had voided and emptied their own cashes and coffers of all treasure and coin, drained and exhausted the purses and bags of their subjects, sold and mortgaged their domains and proper inheritances, and totally wasted, spent, and consumed the munition, furniture, provision, and victuals that were necessary for the continuance of a military expedition. There I am sure, that, would they, would they not, in spite of all teeth, they should be forced to take a little respite and breathing time to moderate the fury and cruel rage of their ambitious aims. This is the doctrine in *Gl.* 37, *d. c. si quando.*

'Odero, si potero; si non, invitus amabo.'"

CHAPTER XLII.

How Suits at Law are bred at first, and how they come afterwards to their perfect growth.

"For this cause," quoth Bridlegoose, going on in his discourse, "I temporize and apply myself to the times, as your other worships used to do, waiting patiently for the maturity of the process, the full growth and perfection thereof in all its members, to wit, the writings and the bags. *Arg. in l. si major. c. commun. divid. et de cons. di* 1, *c. solemnitatis, et ibi gl.* A suit in law at its production, birth, and first beginning, seemeth to me, as unto your other worships, shapeless, without form or fashion, incomplete, ugly, and imperfect, even as a bear, at his first coming into the world, hath neither hands, skin, hair, nor head, but is merely an inform, rude, and ill-favoured piece and lump of flesh, and would remain still so, if his dam, out of the abundance of her affection to her hopeful cub, did not with much licking put his members into that figure and shape which Nature had provided for those of an Arctic and ursinal kind; *ut not. Doct. ad. l. Aquil. l.* 2, *in fin.* Just so do I see, as your other worships do, processes and suits of law, at their first bringing forth, to be numberless, without shape, deformed, and disfigured, for that then they consist only of one or two writings, or copies of instruments, through which defect they appear unto me, as to your other worships, foul, loathsome, filthy, and misshapen beasts. But when there are heaps of these legiformal papers packed, piled, laid up together, impoked, insatcheled, and put up in bags, then is it that with a good reason we may term that suit, to which, as pieces, parcels, parts, portions, and members thereof, they do pertain and belong, well formed and fashioned, big limbed, strong set, and in all and each of its dimensions most completely membered. Because *forma dat esse rei. l. si is qui.*

ff. ad leg. Falcid. in c. cum dilecta de rescript. Bart. at. consil. 12, *lib.* 2, and before him, *Baldus, in c. ult. extra de consuet. et l. Julianus ad exhib. ff. et l. quæsitum ff. de leg.* 3. The manner is such as is set down in *gl. p. quæst.* 1, *c. Paulus.*

Debile principium melior fortuna sequetur.

Like your other worships also, the sergeants, catchpoles, pursuivants, messengers, summoners, apparitors, ushers, door-keepers, pettifoggers, attorneys, proctors, commissioners, justices of the peace, judge delegates, arbitrators, overseers, sequestrators, advocates, inquisitors, jurors, searchers, examiners, notaries, tabellions, scribes, scriveners, clerks, pronotaries, secondaries, and expedanean judges, *de quibus tit. est. l.* 3, *c.*, by sucking very much, and that exceeding forcibly, and licking at the purses of the pleading parties, they, to the suits already begot and engendered, form, fashion, and frame head, feet, claws, talons, beaks, bills, teeth, hands, veins, sinews, arteries, muscles, humours, and so forth, through all the similary and dissimilary parts of the whole: which parts, particles, pendicles, and appurtenances, are the law pokes and bags, *gl. de verb. d.* 4, *accepisti.*

Qualis vestis erit, talia corda gerit.

Hic notandum est, that in this respect the pleaders, litigants, and law-suitors are happier than the officers, ministers, and administrators of justice. For *melius est dare quam accipere. ff. commun. l.* 3, *extra. de celebr. Miss. c. cum Marthæ. et* 24, *quæst.* 1, *cap. Od. gl.*

Affectum dantis penset censura tonantis,

Thus becometh the action or process, by their care and industry to be of a complete and goodly bulk, well-shaped, framed, formed, and fashioned, according to the canonical gloss.

Accipe, sume, cape, sunt verba placentia Papæ.

Which speech hath been more clearly explained by Albert de Ros, *in verbo Roma.*

Roma manus rodit, quas rodere non valet, odit.
Dantes custodit, non dantes spernit et odit.

The reason whereof is thought to be this:

Ad præsens ova, cras pullis, sunt meliora;

ut est gl. in l. quum hi. ff. de transact. Nor is this all; for the inconvenience of the contrary is set down in *gloss. c. de aliu. fin.*

Quum labor in damno est, crescit mortalis egestas.

In confirmation whereof we find that the true etymology and exposition of the word *process* is *purchase;* viz., of good store of money to the lawyers, and of many pokes—*id est Prou Sacks,*—to the pleaders: upon which subject we have most celestial quips, gibes, and girds.

Ligitando jura crescunt, litigando jus acquiritur.

Item gl. in cap. illud extrem. de præsumpt. et c. de prob. l. instrum. l. non epistolis. l. non nudis.

Et si non prosunt singula, multa juvant."

"Yea, but," asked Trinquamelle, "how do you proceed, my friend, in criminal causes, the culpable and guilty party being taken and seized upon, *flagrante crimine?*"

"Even as your other worships use to do," answered Bridlegoose. "First, I permit the plaintiff to depart from the court, enjoining him not to presume to return thither till he preallably should have taken a good sound and profound sleep, which is to serve for the prime entry and introduction to the legal carrying on of the business. In the next place, a formal report is to be made to me of his having slept. Thirdly, I issue forth a warrant to convene him before me. Fourthly, he is to produce a sufficient and authentic attestation of his having throroughly and entirely slept, conform to the *Gloss.* 37, *Quest.* 7, *c. Sui quis cum.*

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

"Being thus far advanced in the formality of the process, I find that this consopiating act engendereth another act, whence ariseth the articulating of a member. That again produceth a third act, fashionative of another member; which third bringeth forth a fourth, procreative of another act. New members in a no fewer number are shapen and framed, one still breeding and begetting another—as link after link, the coat of mail at length is made—till thus piece after piece, by little and little, by information upon information, the process be completely well-formed and perfect in all his members. Finally, having proceeded this length, I have recourse to my dice, nor is it to be thought that this interruption, respite, or interpellation is by me occasioned without very good reason inducing me thereunto, and a notable experience of a most convincing and irrefragable force.

"I remember, on a time, that in the camp at Stockholm there was a certain Gascon named Gratianauld, native of the town of Saint Sever, who having lost all his money at play, and consecutively being very angry thereat—as you know, *Deputa est oleo sanguis, ut ait Arist. de Partib. in c. accedens. 2, extra ut lit. non contest. et Bald. in l. si tuis. c. de obt. leg. per c. si de cui. can. c. de odiosis, dic. jud. pecunia est vita hominis et optimus fide-jussor in necessitatibus*—did, at his coming forth of the gaming house, in the presence of the whole company that was there, with a very loud voice, speak in his own language these following words: 'Pao cap de bious, hillots, que mau de pippe bous tresbire: ares que de pergudes sont les mies bingt et quouatre baquettes, ta pla dommerien pics, trucs, et patactz; Sci degun de bous aulx, qui boille trupar aadse jou a bels embis.'* Finding that

* *Jou a bels embis.* Gascon: "Blessed, if I don't wish you'd a tun of wine about your ears. Here have I lost my four-and-twenty deniers; now I'll give as many blows and fisticuffs—ay, and more too—to any one who'd like to stand up; so come on, and the more the merrier."

none would make him any answer, he passed from thence to that part of the leaguer where the huff-snuff, honder-sponder, swash-buckling High Germans were, to whom he renewed these very terms, provoking them to fight with him; but all the return he had from them to his stout challenge was only, 'Der Gascongner * thut sich ausz mit eim jeden zu schlagen, aber er ist geneigter zu stehlen; darum, liebe frauwen, habt sorg zu euerm hauszrath.' Finding also, that none of that band of Teutonic soldiers offered himself to the combat, he passed to that quarter of the leaguer where the French freebooting adventurers were encamped, and, reiterating unto them what he had before repeated to the Dutch warriors, challenged them likewise to fight with him, and therewithal made some pretty little Gasconado frisking gambols, to oblige them the more cheerfully and gallantly to cope with him in the lists of a duellizing engagement; but no answer at all was made unto him. Whereupon the Gascon, despairing of meeting with any antagonists, departed from thence, and laying himself down, not far from the pavilions of the grand Christian cavalier Crissé, fell fast asleep. When he had thoroughly slept an hour or two, another adventurous and all-hazarding blade of the forlorn hope of the lavishingly-wasting gamesters, having also lost all his moneys, sallied forth with a sword in his hand, in a firm resolution to fight with the aforesaid Gascon, seeing he had lost as well as he.

Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris,

saith the *Gl. de pœnitent. distinct.* 3, *c. sunt plures.* To this effect, having made inquiry and search for him throughout the whole camp, and in sequel thereof found him asleep, he said unto him, 'Up, ho, good fellow, in the name of all the

* *Der Gasconner*, &c. The sense of this German sentence is, in English, "This Gasconing fellow here, who is quarrelling with everybody, is more likely to steal than to fight. So pray, good women, take care of your household goods."

devils, rise up, rise up, get up! I have lost my money as well as thou hast done, let us therefore go fight lustily together, grapple and scuffle it to some purpose. Thou mayest look and see that my tuck is no longer than thy rapier.' The Gascon, altogether astonished at his unexpected provocation, without altering his former dialect, spoke thus: 'Cap de Sanct Arnaud,* quau seys tu, qui me rebeilles? Que mau de taberne te gire. Ho San Siobé, cap de Gascoigne, ta pla dormie iou, quand aquoest taquain me bingut estée.' The venturous roister inviteth him again to the duel, but the Gascon, without condescending to his desire, said only this: 'Hé paovret† iou tesquinerie ares, que son pla reposat. Vayne un pauque te posar come iou, puesse truqueren.' Thus, in forgetting his loss, he forgot the eagerness which he had to fight. In conclusion, after that the other had likewise slept a little, they, instead of fighting, and possibly killing one another, went jointly to a sutler's tent, where they drank together very amicably, each upon the pawn of his sword. Thus by a little sleep was pacified the ardent fury of two warlike champions. There, gossip, comes the golden word of John Andr. *in cap. ult. de sent. et re judic. l. sexto.*

Sedendo et quiescendo fit anima prudens."

* By St. Arnaud, who are you that awake me? Ha! St. Sever—cap of Gascony, what a sleep I should have had, if this scoundrel had not disturbed me.

† *Hé paovret.* Ha! poor devil! Won't I batter your hide when I've had my nap. Here, come, lie down awhile, and then we'll set to't.

CHAPTER XLIII.

How Pantagruel excuseth Bridlegoose in the matter of sentencing Actions at Law by the Chance of the Dice.

With this Bridlegoose held his peace. Whereupon Trinquamelle bade him withdraw from the court, which accordingly was done, and then directed his discourse to Pantagruel after this manner: "It is fitting, most illustrious prince, not only by reason of the deep obligations wherein this present parliament, together with the whole Marquisate of Myrelingues, stand bound to your Royal Highness, for the innumerable benefits, which, as effects of mere grace, they have received from your incomparable bounty; but for that excellent wit also, prime judgment, and admirable learning wherewith Almighty God, the giver of all good things, hath most richly qualified and endowed you; that we tender and present unto you the decision of this new, strange, and paradoxical case of Bridlegoose; who, in your presence, to your both hearing and seeing, hath plainly confessed his final judging and determinating of suits of law by the mere chance and fortune of the dice. Therefore do we beseech you, that you may be pleased to give sentence therein, as unto you shall seem most just and equitable." To this Pantagruel answered: "Gentlemen, it is not unknown to you, how my condition is somewhat remote from the profession of deciding law controversies; yet, seeing you are pleased to do me the honour to put that task upon me, instead of undergoing the office of a judge, I will become your humble supplicant. I observe, gentlemen, in this Bridlegoose several things, which induce me to represent before you that it is my opinion he should be pardoned. In the first place, his old age; secondly, his simplicity; to both which qualities our statute and common laws, civil and municipal together, allow many excuses for any slips or

escapes, which, through the invincible imperfection of either, have been inconsiderably stumbled upon by a person so qualified. Thirdly, gentlemen, I must needs display before you another case, which in equity and justice maketh much for the advantage of Bridlegoose, to wit, that this one, sole, and single fault of his ought to be quite forgotten, abolished, and swallowed up by that immense and vast ocean of just dooms and sentences, which heretofore he hath given and pronounced; his demeanours, for these forty years and upwards that he hath been a judge, having been so evenly balanced in the scales of uprightness, that envy itself, till now, could not have been so impudent as to accuse and twit him with any act worthy of a check or reprehension: as, if a drop of the sea were thrown into the Loire, none could perceive, or say, that by this single drop the whole river should be salt and brackish.

"Truly, it seemeth unto me, that in the whole series of Bridlegoose's juridical decrees there hath been I know not what of extraordinary savouring of the unspeakable benignity of God, that all these his preceding sentences, awards, and judgments, have been confirmed and approved of by yourselves, in this your own venerable and sovereign court. For it is usual (as you know well) with Him whose ways are inscrutable, to manifest His own ineffable glory in blunting the perspicacity of the eyes of the wise, in weakening the strength of potent oppressors, in depressing the pride of rich extortioners, and in erecting, comforting, protecting, supporting, upholding, and shoring up the poor, feeble, humble, silly, and foolish ones of the earth. But, waiving all these matters, I shall only beseech you, not by the obligations which you pretend to owe to my family, for which I thank you, but for that constant and unfeigned love and affection which you have always found in me, both on this and on the other side of the Loire, for the maintenance and establishment of your places, offices, and dignities, that for this one time you would pardon and forgive him upon these two

conditions. First, that he satisfy, or posit sufficient surety for the satisfaction of the party wronged by the injustice of the sentence in question. For the fulfilment of this article, I will provide sufficiently. And, secondly, that for his subsidiary aid in the weighty charge of administrating justice, you would be pleased to appoint and assign unto him some virtuous counsellor, younger, learneder, and wiser than he, by the square and rule of whose advice he may regulate, guide, temper, and moderate in times coming all his judiciary procedures; or otherwise, if you intend totally to depose him from his office, and to deprive him altogether of the state and dignity of a judge, I shall cordially intreat you to make a present and free gift of him to me, who shall find in my kingdoms charges and employments enough wherewith to imbusy him, for the bettering of his own fortunes and furtherance of my service. In the meantime, I implore the Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier of all good things, in His grace, mercy, and kindness, to preserve you all, now and evermore, world without end."

These words thus spoken, Pantagruel, veiling his cap and making a leg with such a majestic grace as became a person of his paramount degree and eminency, farewelled Trinquamelle, the president and master speaker of that Myrelinguesian parliament, took his leave of the whole court, and went out of the chamber: at the door whereof finding Panurge, Epistemon, Friar John, and others, he forthwith, attended by them, walked to the outer gate, where all of them immediately took horse to return towards Gargantua. Pantagruel by the way related to them from point to point the manner of Bridlegoose's sentiating differences at law. Friar John said that he had seen Peter Dendin, and was acquainted with him at that time when he sojourned in the monastery of Fontaine le Comte, under the noble Abbot Ardillon. Gymnast likewise affirmed that he was in the tent of the grand Christian cavalier De Crissé, when the Gascon, after his sleep, made an answer to the adventurer.

Panurge was somewhat incredulous in the matter of believing that it was morally possible Bridlegoose should have been for such a long space of time so continually fortunate in that aleatory way of deciding law debates. Epistemon said to Pantagruel: "Such another story, not much unlike to that in all the circumstances thereof, is vulgarly reported of the provost of Montlehery. In good sooth, such a perpetuity of good luck is to be wondered at. To have hit right twice or thrice in a judgment so given by hap-hazard might have fallen out well enough, especially in controversies that were ambiguous, intricate, abstruse, perplexed, and obscure."

CHAPTER XLIV.

How Pantagruel related a strange History of the Perplexity of Human Judgment.

"SEEING you talk," quoth Pantagruel, "of dark, difficult, hard, and knotty debates, I will tell you of one controverted before Cneius Dolabella, Proconsul in Asia. The case was this.

"A wife in Smyrna had of her first husband a child named Abecé. He dying, she, after the expiring of a year and a day, married again, and to her second husband bore a boy called Effegé. A pretty long time thereafter it happened, as you know the affection of stepfathers and stepdames is very rare towards the children of the first fathers and mothers deceased, that this husband, with the help of his son Effegé, secretly, wittingly, willingly, and treacherously murdered Abecé. The woman came no sooner to get information of the fact, but, that it might not go unpunished, she caused kill them both, to revenge the death of her first son. She was apprehended and carried before Cneius

Dolabella, in whose presence, she, without dissembling anything, confessed all that was laid to her charge; yet alleged that she had both right and reason on her side for the killing of them. Thus was the state of the question. He found the business so dubious and intricate, that he knew not what to determine therein, nor which of the parties to incline to. On the one hand, it was an execrable crime to cut off at once both her second husband and her son. On the other hand, the cause of the murder seemed to be so natural, as to be grounded upon the law of nations, and the rational instinct of all the people of the world, seeing they two together had feloniously and murderously destroyed her first son; not that they had been in any manner of way wronged, outraged, or injured by him, but out of an avaricious intent to possess his inheritance. In this doubtful quandary and uncertainty what to pitch upon, he sent to the Areopagites, then sitting at Athens, to learn and obtain their advice and judgment. That judicious senate, very sagely perpending the reasons of his perplexity, sent him word to summon her personally to compeer before him a precise hundred years thereafter, to answer to some interrogatories touching certain points which were not contained in the verbal defence. Which resolution of theirs did import, that it was in their opinion so difficult and inextricable a matter that they knew not what to say or judge therein. Who had decided that plea by the chance and fortune of the dice, could not have erred nor awarded amiss, on which side soever he had passed his casting and condemnatory sentence. If against the woman, she deserved punishment for usurping sovereign authority, by taking that vengeance at her own hand, the inflicting whereof was only competent to the supreme power to administer justice in criminal cases. If for her, the just resentment of a so atrocious injury done unto her, in murdering her innocent son, did fully excuse and vindicate her of any trespass or offence about that particular committed by her. But this

continuation of Bridlegoose for so many years, still hitting the nail on the head, never missing the mark, and always judging aright, by the mere throwing of the dice, and the chance thereof, is that which most astonisheth and amazeth me."

"To answer," quoth Pantagruel, "categorically to that which you wonder at, I must ingenuously confess and avow that I cannot; yet, conjecturally to guess at the reason of it, I would refer the cause of that marvellously long-continued happy success in the judiciary results of his definitive sentences to the favourable aspect of the heavens and benignity of the intelligences, who, out of their love to goodness, after having contemplated the pure simplicity and sincere unfeignedness of Judge Bridlegoose in the acknowledgment of his inabilities, did regulate that for him by chance, which by the profoundest act of his maturest deliberation he was not able to reach unto. That, likewise, which possibly made him to diffide in his own skill and capacity, notwithstanding his being an expert and understanding lawyer, for anything that I know to the contrary, was the knowledge and experience which he had of the antinomies, contrarieties, antilogies, contradictions, traversings, and thwartings of laws, customs, edicts, statutes, orders, and ordinances, in which dangerous opposition, equity and justice being structured and founded on either of the opposite terms, and a gap being thereby opened for the ushering in of injustice and iniquity through the various interpretations of self-ended lawyers; being assuredly persuaded that the infernal calumniator, who frequently transformeth himself into the likeness of a messenger or angel of light, maketh use of these cross-glosses and expositions in the mouths and pens of his ministers and servants, the perverse advocates, bribing judges, law-monging attorneys, prevaricating counsellors, and such other like law-wresting members of a court of justice, to turn by those means black to white, green to grey, and what is straight to a crooked ply. For the more expe-

dient doing whereof, these diabolical ministers make both the pleading parties believe that their cause is just and righteous; for it is well known that there is no cause, how bad soever, which doth not find an advocate to patrocinate and defend it—else would there be no process in the world, no suits at law, nor pleadings at the bar. He did in these extremities, as I conceive, most humbly recommend the direction of his judicial proceedings to the upright judge of judges, God Almighty—did submit himself to the conduct and guideship of the blessed Spirit, in the hazard and perplexity of the definitive sentence—and, by this aleatory lot, did as it were implore and explore the divine decree of his goodwill and pleasure, instead of that which we call the Final Judgment of a Court. To this effect, to the better attaining to his purpose, which was to judge righteously, he did, in my opinion, throw and turn the dice, to the end that by the providence aforesaid, the best chance might fall to him whose action was uprightest, and backed with greatest reason. In doing whereof he did not stray from the sense of the Talmudists, who say that there is so little harm in that manner of searching the truth, that in the anxiety and perplexedness of human wits, God oftentimes manifesteth the secret pleasure of His Divine Will.

"Furthermore, I will neither think nor say, nor can I believe, that the unstraightness is so irregular, or the corruption so evident, of those of the Parliament of Myrelingois in Myrelingues, before whom Bridlegoose was arraigned for prevarication, that they will maintain it to be a worse practice to have the decision of a suit at law referred to the chance and hazard of a throw of the dice, hab-nab, or luck as it will, than to have it remitted to, and passed, by the determination of those whose hands are full of blood, and hearts of wry affections. Besides that, their principal direction in all law matters comes to their hands from one Tribonian, a wicked, miscreant, barbarous, faithless, and perfidious knave, so pernicious, unjust, avaricious, and perverse in his ways,

that it was his ordinary custom to sell laws, edicts, declarations, constitutions, and ordinances, as at an out-roup or put-sale, to him who offered most for them. Thus did he shape measures for the pleaders, and cut their morsels to them by and out of these little parcels, fragments, bits, scantlings, and shreds of the law now in use, altogether concealing, suppressing, disannulling, and abolishing the remainder, which did make for the total law; fearing that, if the whole law were made manifest and laid open to the knowledge of such as are interested in it, and the learned books of the ancient doctors of the law, upon the exposition of the Twelve Tables and Prætorian Edicts, his villanous pranks, naughtiness, and vile impiety should come to the public notice of the world. Therefore were it better, in my conceit, that is to say less inconvenient, that parties at variance in any juridical case should in the dark march upon caltrops, than submit the determination of what is their right to such unhallowed sentences and horrible decrees: as Cato in his time wished and advised, that every judiciary court should be paved with caltrops."

CHAPTER XLV.

How Panurge taketh Advice of Triboulet.

On the sixth day thereafter, Pentagruel was returned home at the very same hour that Triboulet was by water come from Blois. Panurge, at his arrival, gave him a hog's bladder, puffed up with wind, and resounding, because of the hard peas that were within it. Moreover, he did present him with a gilt wooden sword, a hollow budget made of a tortoise-hull, an osier wattled wicker bottle full of Breton wine, and five and-twenty apples of the orchard of Blandureau.

"If he be such a fool," quoth Carpalim, "as to be won with apples, there is no more wit in his pate than in the head of an ordinary cabbage." Triboulet girded the sword and scrip to his side, took the bladder in his hand, ate some few of the apples, and drank up all the wine. Panurge, very wistly and heedfully looking upon him, said, "I never yet saw a fool—and I have seen ten thousand franks worth of that kind of cattle—who did not love to drink heartily, and by good long draughts." When Triboulet had done with his drinking, Panurge laid out before him and exposed the sum of the business wherein he was to require his advice, in eloquent and choicely sorted terms, adorned with flourishes of rhetoric. But, before he had altogether done, Triboulet with his fist gave him a bouncing whirret between the shoulders, rendered back into his hand again the empty bottle, filipped and flirted him on the nose with the hog's bladder, and lastly, for a final resolution, shaking and wagging his head strongly and disorderly, he answered nothing else but this: "Hoo, hoo, mad fool, beware the monk, Buzançay hornpipe!" These words thus finished, he slipped himself out of the company, went aside, and rattling the bladder, took a huge delight in the melody of the rickling, crackling noise of the peas. After which time it lay not in the power of them all to draw out of his chaps the articulate sound of one syllable, insomuch that, when Panurge went about to interrogate him further, Triboulet drew his wooden sword, and would have stuck him therewith. "I have fished fair now," quoth Panurge, "and brought my pigs to a fine market. Have I not got a brave determination of all my doubts, and a response in all things agreeable to the oracle that gave it? He is a great fool, that is not to be denied, yet he is a greater fool who brought him hither to me but of the three I am the greatest fool, who did impart the secret of my thoughts to such an idiot ass and native ninny." "That bolt," quoth Carpalim, "levels point-blank at me."

"Without putting ourselves to any stir or trouble in the least," quoth Pantagruel, "let us maturely and seriously consider and perpend the gestures and speech which he hath made and uttered. In them, veritably," quoth he, "have I remarked and observed some excellent and notable mysteries, yea, of such important worth and weight, that I shall never henceforth be astonished, nor think strange, that the Turks, with a great deal of worship and reverence, honour and respect natural fools equally with their primest doctors, mufties, divines, and prophets. Did not you take heed," quoth he, "a little before he opened his mouth to speak, what a shogging, shaking, and wagging his head did keep? By the approved doctrine of the ancient philosophers, the customary ceremonies of the most expert magicians, and the received opinions of the most learned lawyers, such a brangling agitation and moving should by us all be judged to proceed from, and be quickened and suscitated by, the coming and inspiration of the prophetizing and fatidical spirit, which, entering briskly and on a sudden into a shallow receptacle of a debile substance (for, as you know, and as the proverb shows it, a little head containeth not much brains), was the cause of that commotion. This is conform to what is avouched by the most skilful physicians, when they affirm that shakings and tremblings fall upon the members of a human body, partly because of the heaviness and violent impetuosity of the burden and load that is carried, and other part, by reason of the weakness and imbecility that is in the virtue of the bearing organ. A manifest example whereof appeareth in those who, fasting, are not able to carry to their head a great goblet full of wine without a trembling and a shaking in the hand that holds it. This of old was accounted a prefiguration and mystical pointing out of the Pythian divineress, who used always, before the uttering of a response from the oracle, to shake a branch of her domestic laurel. Lampridius also testifieth, that the Emperor

Heliogabalus, to acquire unto himself the reputation of a soothsayer, did, on several holy days of prime solemnity, in the presence of the fanatic rabble, make the head of his idol, by some sleight within the body thereof, publicly to shake. Plautus, in his Asinaria, declareth likewise that Saurias, whithersoever he walked, like one quite distracted of his wits, kept such a furious lolling and mad-like shaking of his head, that he commonly affrighted those who casually met with him in their way. The said author in another place, showing a reason why Charmides shook and brangled his head, assevered that he was transported, and in an ecstasy. Catullus after the same manner maketh mention, in his Berecynthia and Atys, of the place wherein the Mænades, Bacchical women, she-priests of the Lyæan god, and demented prophetesses, carrying ivy boughs in their hands, did shake their heads. As in the like case, amongst the Galli, the gelded priests of Cybele were wont to do in the celebrating of their festivals. Whence, too, according to the sense of the ancient theologues, she herself has her denomination; for κυβιστᾶν signifieth, to turn round, whirl about, shake the head, and play the part of one that is wry-necked.

"Semblably Titus Livius writeth, that, in the solemnization time of the Bacchanalian holidays at Rome, both men and women seemed to prophetize and vaticinate, because of an affected kind of wagging of the head, shrugging of the shoulders, and jactigation of the whole body, which they used then most punctually. For the common voice of the philosophers, together with the opinion of the people, asserteth for an irrefragable truth, that vaticination is seldom by the heavens bestowed on any, without the concomitancy of a little frenzy and a head shaking, not only when the said presaging virtue is infused, but when the person also therewith inspired declareth and manifesteth it unto others. The learned lawyer Julian, being asked on a time, if that slave might be truly esteemed to be healthful and in a good

plight, who had not only conversed with some furious, maniac, and enraged people, but in their company had also prophesied, yet without a noddle-shaking concussion, answered that, seeing there was no head-wagging at the time of his predictions, he might be held for sound and competent enough. Is it not daily seen, how schoolmasters, teachers, tutors, and instructors of children, shake the heads of their disciples, as one would do a pot in holding it by the lugs, that by this erection, vellication, stretching and pulling their ears, which, according to the doctrine of the sage Egyptians, is a member consecrated to the memory, they may stir them up to recollect their scattered thoughts, bring home those fancies of theirs, which perhaps have been extravagantly roaming abroad upon strange and uncouth objects, and totally range their judgments, which possibly by disordinate affections have been made wild, to the rule and pattern of a wise, discreet, virtuous, and philosophical discipline. All which Virgil acknowledgeth to be true, in the branglement of Apollo Cynthius."

CHAPTER XLVI.

How Pantagruel and Panurge diversely interpret the Words of Triboulet.

"He says you are a fool. And what kind of fool? A mad fool, who in your old age would enslave yourself to the bondage of matrimony. He says furthermore, 'Beware of the monk.' Upon mine honour, it gives me in my mind, that you will be horned by a monk. Moreover, he says that you will be the hornpipe of Buzançay—that is to say, well horned, hornified and cornuted. And, as Triboulet's uncle asked from Louis the Twelfth, for a younger brother

of his own, who lived at Blois, the hornpipes of Buzançay, for the organ pipes, through the mistake of one word for another, even so, whilst you think to marry a wise, humble, calm, discreet, and honest wife, you shall unhappily stumble upon one, witless, proud, loud, obstreperous, bawling, clamorous, and more unpleasant than any Buzançay hornpipe. Consider withal, how he flirted you on the nose with the bladder, and gave you a sound thumping blow with his fist upon the ridge of the back. This denotes and presageth that you shall be banged, beaten, and filipped by her, and that also she will steal of your goods from you, as you stole the hog's bladder from the little boys of Vaubreton."

"Flat contrary," quoth Panurge; "not that I would impudently exempt myself from being a vassal in the territory of folly. I hold of that jurisdiction, and am subject thereto; I confess it. And why should I not? For the whole world is foolish. In the old Lorrain language, *fou* for *oou;* all and fool were the same thing. Besides, it is avouched by Solomon, that infinite is the number of fools. From an infinity nothing can be deducted or abated, nor yet, by the testimony of Aristotle, can anything thereto be added or subjoined. Therefore were I a mad fool, if, being a fool, I should not hold myself a fool. After the same manner of speaking, we may aver the number of the mad and enraged folks to be infinite. Avicenna maketh no bones to assert, that the several kinds of madness are infinite. Though this much of Triboulet's words tend little to my advantage, howbeit the prejudice which I sustain thereby be common with me to all other men, yet the rest of his talk and gesture maketh altogether for me. He said to my wife, 'Be weary of the monkey;' that is as much as if she should be cheery, and take as much delight in a monkey as ever did the Lesbia of Catullus in her sparrow; who will, for his recreation, pass this time no less joyfully at the exercise of snatching the

than heretofore did the merciless fly-catcher Domitian. Withal he meant, by another part of his discourse, that she should be of a jovial country-like humour, as gay and pleasing as a harmonious hornpipe of Saulieu or Buzançay. The veridical Triboulet did therein hint at what I liked well, as perfectly knowing the inclinations and propensities of my mind, my natural disposition, and the bias of my interior passions and affections. For you may be assured, that my humour is much better satisfied and contented with the pretty, frolic, rural, dishevelled shepherdesses, who smell of the clover-grass of the field, than with those great ladies in magnificent courts, with their flaunting top-knots and sultanas, their polvil, pastillos, and cosmetics. The homely sound, likewise, of a rustic hornpipe is more agreeable to my ears than the curious warbling and musical quivering of lutes, theorbos, viols, rebecs, and violins. He gave me a lusty rapping thwack on my back—what then? Let it pass, in the name and for the love of God, as an abatement of and deduction from so much of my future pains in purgatory. He did it not out of any evil intent. He thought, belike, to have hit some of the pages. He is an honest fool, and an innocent changeling. It is a sin to harbour in the heart any bad conceit of him. As for myself, I heartily pardon him. He flirted me on the nose. In that there is no harm; for it importeth nothing else but that betwixt my wife and me there will occur some toyish tricks, which usually happen to all new married folks."

CHAPTER XLVII.

How Pantagruel and Panurge resolved to make a Visit to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.

"THERE is as yet another point," quoth Panurge, "which you have not at all considered on, although it be the chief and principal head of the matter. He put the bottle in my hand and restored it me again. How interpret you that passage? What is the meaning of that?" "He possibly," quoth Pantagruel, "signifieth thereby, that your wife will be such a drunkard as shall daily take in her liquor kindly, and ply the pots and bottles apace." "Quite otherwise," quoth Panurge; "for the bottle was empty. I swear to you, by the prickling brambly thorn of St. Fiacre in Brie, that our unique Morosoph, whom I formerly termed the lunatic Triboulet, referreth me, for attaining to the final resolution of my scruple, to the response-giving bottle. Therefore do I renew afresh the first vow which I made, and here in your presence protest and make oath by Styx and Acheron, to carry still spectacles in my cap, until upon the enterprise in hand of my nuptial undertaking I shall have obtained an answer from the holy b ttle. I am acquainted with a prudent, understanding, and di creet gentleman, and, besides, a very good friend of mine, who knoweth the land, country, and place where its temple and oracle is built and posited. He will guide and conduct us thither sure and safely. Let us go thither, I beseech you. Deny me not, and say not nay; reject not the suit I make unto you, I entreat you. I will be to you an Achates, a Damis, and heartily accompany you all along in the whole voyage, both in your going forth and coming back. I have of a long time known you to be a great lover of peregrination, desirous still to learn new things, and still to see what you have never seen before."

"Very willingly," quoth Pantagruel, "I condescend to your request. But before we enter in upon our progress towards the accomplishment of so far a journey, replenished and fraught with imminent perils, full of innumerable hazards, and every way stored with evident and manifest dangers——" "What dangers?" quoth Panurge, interrupting him. "Dangers fly back, run from, and shun me whithersoever I go, seven leagues around—as in the presence of the sovereign a subordinate magistracy is eclipsed, or as clouds and darkness quite vanish at the bright coming of a radiant sun, or as all sores and sicknesses did suddenly depart at the approach of the body of St. Martin à Quande." "Nevertheless," quoth Pantagruel, "before we adventure to set forward on the road of our projected and intended voyage, some few points are to be discussed, expedited, and despatched. First, let us send back Triboulet to Blois." Which was instantly done, after that Pantagruel had given him a frieze coat. "Secondly, our design must be backed with the advice and counsel of the king my father. And, lastly, it is most needful and expedient for us that we search for and find out some sibyl, to serve us for a guide, truchman, and interpreter." To this Panurge made answer, that his friend Xenomanes would abundantly suffice for the plenary discharge and performance of the sibyl's office: and that, furthermore, in passing through the Lanternatory revelling country, they should take along with them a learned and profitable Lanternesse, who would be no less useful to them in their voyage than was the sibyl to Æneas in his descent to the Elysian fields. Carpalim, in the interim, as he was upon the conducting away of Triboulet, in his passing by, hearkened a little to the discourse they were upon, then spoke out, saying: "Ho, Panurge, master freeman, take my Lord Debitis at Calais, along with you, for he is goud fallot, a good fellow. He will not forget those who have been debtors; these are Lanternes. Thus shall you not lack for both fallot and

lanterne." "I may safely with the little skill I have," quoth Pantagruel, "prognosticate that by the way we shall engender no melancholy. I clearly perceive it already. The only thing that vexeth me is that I cannot speak the Lanternatory language." "I shall," answered Panurge, "speak for you all. I understand it every whit as well as I do mine own maternal tongue; I have been no less used to it than to the vulgar French.

> Brisz marg dalgotbric nubstzne zos,
> Isquebsz prusq albork crinqs zacbac.
> Misbe dilbarkz morp nipp stancz bos,
> Strombtz, Panurge, walmap quost gruszbac.*

"Now guess, friend Epistemon, what is this?" "They are," quoth Epistemon, "names of errant devils, passant devils, and rampant devils." "These words of thine, dear friend of mine, are true," quoth Panurge, "yet are they terms used in the language of the court of the Lanternish people. By the way, as we go upon our journey, I will make to thee a pretty little dictionary, which, notwithstanding, shall not last you much longer than a pair of new shoes. Thou shalt have learned it sooner than thou canst perceive the dawning of the next subsequent morning. What I have said in the foregoing tetrastic is thus translated out of the Lanternish tongue into our vulgar dialect:

> All miseries attended me, whilst I
> A lover was, and had no good thereby.
> Of better luck the married people tell;
> Panurge is one of those, and knows it well."

"There is little more, then," quoth Pantagruel, "to be done but that we understand what the will of the king my father will be therein, and purchase his consent."

* In these verses, which mostly consist of half words, Rabelais ridicules the frequent abbreviations of the Gothic characters, which had been made use of in printing a world of school-divinity books, barbarous in themselves, and difficult to read.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

How Gargantua showeth that the Children ought not to Marry without the special Knowledge and Advice of their Fathers and Mothers.

No sooner had Pantagruel entered in at the door of the great hall of the castle, than that he encountered full butt with the good honest Gargantua coming forth from the council board, unto whom he made a succinct and summary narrative of what had passed and occurred, worthy of his observation, in his travels abroad, since their last interview; then, acquainting him with the design he had in hand, besought him that it might stand with his goodwill and pleasure to grant him leave to prosecute and go thorough-stitch with the enterprise which he had undertaken. The good man Gargantua, having in one hand two great bundles of petitions, endorsed and answered, and in the other some remembrancing notes and bills, to put him in mind of such other requests of supplicants, which, albeit presented, had nevertheless been neither read nor heard, he gave both to Ulrich Gallet, his ancient and faithful Master of Requests; then drew aside Pantagruel, and, with a countenance more serene and jovial than customary, spoke to him thus:—"I praise God, and have great reason so to do, my most dear son, that he hath been pleased to entertain in you a constant inclination to virtuous actions. I am well content that the voyage which you have motioned to me be by you accomplished, but withal I could wish you would have a mind and desire to marry, for that I see you are of competent year." Panurge, in the meanwhile, was in a readiness of preparing and providing for remedies, salves, and cures against all such lets, obstacles, and impediments, as he could in the height of his fancy conceive might by Gargantua be cast in the way of their itinerary design. "Is it your pleasure, most dear father, that you speak?" answered

Pantagruel. "For my part, I have not yet thought upon it. In all this affair I wholly submit and rest in your good liking and paternal authority. For I shall rather pray unto God that He would throw me down stark dead at your feet, in your pleasure, than that against your pleasure I should be found married alive. I never heard that by any law, whether sacred or profane, yea, amongst the rudest and most barbarous nations in the world, it was allowed and approved of that children may be suffered and tolerated to marry at their own goodwill and pleasure, without the knowledge, advice, or consent, asked and had thereto, of their fathers, mothers, and nearest kindred. All legislators, everywhere upon the face of the whole earth, have taken away and removed this licentious liberty from children, and totally reserved it to the discretion of the parents."

"My dearly beloved son," quoth Gargantua, "I believe you, and from my heart thank God for having endowed you with the grace of having both a perfect notice of, and entire liking to, laudable and praiseworthy things; and that through the windows of your exterior senses He hath vouchsafed to transmit unto the interior faculties of your mind nothing but what is good and virtuous. Seeing, therefore, you have totally referred unto my discretion the disposure of you in marriage, I am fully of an opinion that I shall provide sufficiently well for you in that point. Make ready and prepare yourself for Panurge's voyage. Take along with you Epistemon, Friar John, and such others as you will choose. Do with my treasures what unto yourself shall seem most expedient. None of your actions, I promise you, can in any manner of way displease me. Take out of my arsenal Thalasse whatsoever equipage, furniture, or provision you please, together with such pilots, mariners, and truchmen, as you have a mind to, and with the first fair and favourable wind set sail and make out to sea, in the name of God our Saviour. In the meanwhile, during your absence, I shall not be neglective of providing a wife

for you, nor of those preparations which are requisite to be made for the more sumptuous solemnizing of your nuptials with a most splendid feast, if ever there was any in the world."

CHAPTER XLIX.

How Pantagruel did put himself in a readiness to go to Sea: and of the Herb named Pantagruelion.

WITHIN very few days after that Pantagruel had taken his leave of the good Gargantua, who devoutly prayed for his son's happy voyage, he arrived at the sea-port, near to Sammalo, accompanied with Panurge, Epistemon, Friar John of the Funnels, Abbot of Theleme, and others of the royal house, especially with Xenomanes the great traveller, and thwarter of dangerous ways, who was to come at the bidding and appointment of Panurge, of whose Castlewick of Salmigondin he did hold some petty inheritance by the tenure of a mesne fee. Pantagruel, being come thither, prepared and made ready for launching a fleet of ships, to the number of those which Ajax of Salamine had of old equipped in convoy of the Grecian soldiery against the Trojan state. He likewise picked out for his use so many mariners, pilots, sailors, interpreters, artificers, officers, and soldiers, as he thought fitting, and therewithal made provision of so much victuals of all sorts, artillery, munition of divers kinds, clothes, moneys, and other such luggage, stuff, baggage, chafer, and furniture, as he deemed needful for carrying on the design of a so tedious, long, and perilous voyage. Amongst other things it was observed, how he caused some of his vessels to be fraught and loaded with a great quantity of an herb of his called Pantagruelion, not only of the green and raw sort of it, but of the confected

also, and of that which was notably well befitted for present use, after the fashion of conserves. The herb Pantagruelion hath a little root, somewhat hard and rough, roundish, terminating in an obtuse and very blunt point, and having some of its veins, strings, or filaments coloured with some spots of white, never fixeth itself into the ground above the profoundness almost of a cubit, or foot and a half. From the root thereof proceedeth the only stalk, orbicular, cane-like, green without, whitish within, and hollow like the stem of smyrnium, olus atrum, beans, and gentian, full of long threads, straight, easy to be broken, jagged, snipped, nicked, and notched a little after the manner of pillars and columns, slightly furrowed, chamfered, guttered and channelled, and full of fibres, or hairs like strings, in which consisteth the chief value and dignity of the herb, especially in that part thereof which is termed mesa, as one would say the mean; and in that other, which had got the denomination of mylasea. Its height is commonly five or six feet. Yet sometimes it is of such a tall growth as doth surpass the length of a lance, but that is only when it meeteth with a sweet, easy, warm, wet, and well-soaked soil—as is the ground of the territory of Olone, and that of Rosea, near to Preneste in Sabinia—and that it want not for rain enough about the season of the fishers' holidays, and the æstival solstice. There are many trees whose height is by it very far exceeded, and you might call it dendromalache by the authority of Theophrastus. The plant every year perisheth—the tree neither in the trunk, root, bark, nor boughs being durable.

From the stalk of this Pantagruelion plant there issue forth several large and great branches, whose leaves have thrice as much length as breadth, always green, roughish, and rugged like the Orcanet, or Spanish bugloss, hardish, slit round about like unto a sickle, or as the saxifragum, as betony, and finally ending as it were in the points of a Macedonian spear, or of such a lancet as surgeons commonly

make use of in their phlebotomizing tiltings. The figure and shape of the leaves thereof is not much different from that of those of the ash-tree, or of agrimony; the herb itself being so like the Eupatorian plant, that many skilful herbalists have called it the domestic Eupator, and the Eupator the wild Pantagruelion. These leaves are in equal and parallel distances spread around the stalk, by the number in every rank either of five or seven. Nature having so highly favoured and cherished this plant, that she hath richly adorned it with these two odd, divine, and mysterious numbers. The smell thereof is somewhat strong, and not very pleasing to nice, tender, and delicate noses. The seed enclosed therein mounteth up to the very top of its stalk, and a little above it.

This is a numerous herb: for there is no less abundance of it than of any other whatsoever. Some of these plants are spherical, some rhomboid, and some of an oblong shape, and all of these either black, bright-coloured, or tawny, rude to the touch, and mantled with a quickly blasted away coat, yet such a one as is of a delicious taste and savour to all shrill and sweetly singing birds, such as linnets, goldfinches, larks, canary birds, yellowhammers, and others of that airy chirping choir: but it would quite extinguish the natural heat of any man, who would eat much and often of it. And although that of old amongst the Greeks there was certain kind of fritters and pancakes, buns and tarts, made thereof, which commonly for a liquorish daintiness were presented on the table after supper, to delight the palate and make the wine relish the better; yet is it of a difficult concoction, and offensive to the stomach. For it engendereth bad and unwholesome blood, and with its exorbitant heat woundeth them with grievous, hurtful, smart, and noisome vapours. And, as in divers plants and trees there are two sexes, male and female, which is perceptible in laurels, palms, cypresses, oaks, holms, the daffodil, mandrake, fern, the agaric, mushroom, birthwort,

turpentine, pennyroyal, peony, rose of the mount, and many other such like, even so in this herb there is a male which beareth no flower at all, yet it is very copious of and abundant in seed. There is likewise in it a female, which hath great store and plenty of whitish flowers, serviceable to little or no purpose, nor doth it carry in it seed of any worth at all, at least comparable to that of the male. It hath also a larger leaf, and much softer than that of the male, nor doth it altogether grow to so great a height. This Pantagruelion is to be sown at the first coming of the swallows, and is to be plucked out of the ground when the grasshoppers begin to be a little hoarse.

CHAPTER L.

How the famous Pantagruelion ought to be prepared and wrought.

THE herb Pantagruelion in September, under the autumnal equinox, is dressed and prepared several ways, according to the various fancies of the people and diversity of the climate wherein it groweth. The first instruction which Pantagruel gave concerning it was, to divest and despoil the stalk and stem thereof of all its flowers and seeds, to macerate and mortify it in stagnant, not running water, for five days together, if the season be dry and the water hot, or for full nine or twelve days, if the weather be cloudish and the water cold. Then must it be dried in the sun, till it be drained of its moisture. After this it is in the shadow, where the sun shines not, to be peeled, and its rind pulled off. Then are the fibres and strings thereof to be parted, wherein, as we have already said, consisteth its prime virtue, price, and efficacy, and severed from the woody part thereof, which is unprofitable, and serveth hardly to any other use than to make a clear and glistering blaze, to kindle the fire,

and for the play, pastime, and disport of little children, to blow up hogs' bladders, and make them rattle. Many times some use is made thereof by tippling sweet lipped bibbers, who out of it frame quills and pipes, through which they with their liquor attractive breath suck up the new dainty wine from the bung of the barrel. Some modern Pantagruelists, to shun and avoid that manual labour which such a separating and partitional work would of necessity require, employ certain cataractic instruments: and athwart those cataracts they break and bruise to very trash the woody parcels, thereby to preserve the better the fibres, which are the precious and excellent parts. In and with this sole operation do these acquiesce and are contented, who, contrary to the received opinion of the whole earth, and in a manner paradoxical to all philosophers, gain their livelihood backwards, and by retailing. But those that love to hold it at a higher rate, and prize it according to its value, for their own greater profit, do the very same which is told us of the recreation of the three fatal Sister Parcæ, or of the nocturnal exercise of the noble Circe, or yet of the excuse which Penelope made to her fond wooing youngsters and effeminate courtiers, during the long absence of her husband Ulysses.

By these means is this herb put into a way to display its inestimable virtues, wherein I will discover a part: for to relate all is a thing impossible to do. I have already interpreted and exposed before you the denomination thereof. I find that plants have their names given and bestowed upon them after several ways. Some got the name of him who first found them out, knew them, sowed them, improved them by culture, qualified them to a tractability, and appropriated them to the uses and subserviences they were fit for. As the Mercurialis from Mercury; Panacea from Panace, the daughter of Esculapius; Artemis from Artemis, who is Diana; Eupatoria from the King Eupator; Telephion from Telephus; Euphorbium from Euphorbus, king Juba's phy-

sician; Clymenos from Clymenus; Alcibiadium from Alcibiades; Gentian from Gentius, king of Sclavonia, and so forth, through a great many other herbs or plants. Truly, in ancient times this prerogative of imposing the inventor's name upon an herb found out by him was held in a so great account and estimation, that, as a controversy arose betwixt Neptune and Pallas from which of them two that land should receive its denomination, which had been equally found out by them both together, though thereafter it was called and had the appellation of Athens from Athene which is Minerva, just so would Lynceus king of Scythia have treacherously slain the young Triptolemus, whom Ceres had sent to show unto mankind the invention of corn, which until then had been utterly unknown, to the end that, after the murder of the messenger, whose death he made account to have kept secret, he might, by imposing, with the less suspicion of false dealing, his own name upon the said found-out seed, acquire unto himself an immortal honour and glory for having been the inventor of a grain so profitable and necessary to and for the use of human life. For the wickedness of which treasonable attempt he was by Ceres transformed into that wild beast which by some is called a lynx and by others an ounce. Such also was the ambition of others upon the like occasion, as appeareth, by that very sharp wars, and of a long continuance, have been made of old betwixt some residentiary kings in Cappadocia upon this only debate, of whose name a certain herb should have the appellation: by reason of which difference, so troublesome and expensive to them all, it was by them called Polemonion, and by us for the same cause termed Make-bate.

Other some there are which have obtained their names from the admirable qualities that are found to be in them; as Heliotropium, which is the mari-gold because it followeth the sun, so that at the sun rising it displayeth and spreads itself out, at his ascending it mounteth, at his declining it

waneth, and, when he is set, it is close shut: Adianton, because, although it grow near unto watery places, and albeit you should let it lie in water a long time, it will nevertheless retain no moisture nor humidity; Hierachia, Eringium, and so throughout a great many more. There are also a great many herbs and plants which have retained the very same names of the men and women who have been metamorphosed and transformed in them; as from Daphne, the laurel is called also Daphne; Myrrh from Myrrha, the daughter of Cinarus; Pythis from Pythis; Cinara, which is the artichoke, from one of that name: Narcissus, with Saffron, Smilax, and divers others.

Many herbs, likewise, have got their names of those things which they seem to have some resemblance to; as Hippuris, because it hath the likeness of a horse's tail; Alopecuris, because it representeth in similitude the tail of a fox; Psyllion, from a flea which it resembleth; Delphinium, for that it is like the dolphin fish; Bugloss is so called, because it is an herb like an ox's tongue; Iris, so called, because in its flowers it hath some resemblance of the rainbow; Myosota, because it is like the ear of a mouse; Coronopus, for that it is of the likeness of a crow's foot. A great many other such there are, which here to recite were needless. Furthermore, as there are herbs and plants which have had their names from those of men, so, by a reciprocal denomination, have the surnames of many families taken their origin from them; as the Fabii, *a fabis*, beans; the Pisons, *a pisis*, peas; the Lentuli, from lentils; the Ciceros, *a ciceribus*, *vel ciceris*, a sort of pulse called chickpeas, and so forth. In some plants and herbs, the resemblance or likeness hath been taken from a higher mark or object, as when we say Venus' navel, Venus' hair, Venus' tub, Jupiter's beard, Jupiter's eye, Mars' blood, the Hermodactyl or Mercury's fingers, which are all of them names of herbs, as there are a great many more of the like appellation. Others, again, have received their denomination from their forms; such as

the Trefoil, because it is three-leaved; Pentaphylon, for having five leaves; Serpolet, because it creepeth along the ground; Helzine, Petast, Myrobalon, which the Arabians called Been, as if you would say an acorn, for it hath a kind of resemblance thereto, and withal is very oily.

CHAPTER LI.

Why it is called Pantagruelion, and of the admirable Virtues thereof.

By such-like means of attaining to a denomination, the fabulous ways being only from thence excepted—for, the Lord forbid, that we should make use of any fables in this a so very veritable history—is this herb called Pantagruelion: for Pantagruel was the inventor thereof. I do not say of the plant itself, but of a certain use for which it serves, exceeding odious and hateful to thieves and robbers, unto whom it is more contrarious and hurtful than the strangle-weed and choke-fitch is to the flax, the cat's-tail to the brakes, the sheave-grass to the mowers of hay, the fitches to the chickney-peas, the darnel to barley, the hatchet-fitch to the lentil-pulse, the antramium to the beans, tares to wheat, ivy to walls, the water-lily to monks, the birchen rod to the scholars of the college of Navarre in Paris, colewort to the vine-tree, garlic to the loadstone, onions to the sight, fern-seed to women with child, willow grain to vicious nuns, the yew-tree shade to those that sleep under it, wolfsbane to wolves and libbards, the smell of fig-tree to mad bulls, hemlock to goslings, purslane to the teeth, or oil to trees. For we have seen many of those rogues, by virtue and right application of this herb, finish their lives short and long, after the manner of Phyllis, Queen of Thracia, of Bonosus,

Emperor of Rome, of Amata, King Latinus's wife, of Iphis, Autolia, Lycambes, Arachne, Phædra, Leda, Achius, king of Lydia, and many thousands more, who were chiefly angry and vexed at this disaster therein, that, without being otherwise sick or evil disposed in their bodies, by a touch only of the Pantagruelion, they came on a sudden to have the passage obstructed, and their pipes, through which were wont to bolt so many jolly sayings, and to enter so many luscious morsels, stopped, more cleverly, than ever could have done the squinancy.

Others have been heard most wofully to lament, at the very instant when Atropos was about to cut the thread of their life, that Pantagruel held them by the gorge. But, well-a-day, it was not Pantagruel; he never was an executioner. It was the Pantagruelion, manufactured and fashioned into a halter, and serving in the place and office of a cravat. In that, verily, they solecized and spoke improperly, unless you would excuse them by a trope, which alloweth us to posit the inventor in the place of the thing invented: as when Ceres is taken for bread, and Bacchus put instead of wine. I swear to you here, by the good and frolic words which are to issue out of that wine-bottle which is a-cooling below in the copper vessel full of fountain water, that the noble Pantagruel never snatched any man by the throat, unless it was such a one as was altogether careless and neglective of those obviating remedies, which were preventive of the thirst to come.

It is also termed Pantagruelion by a similitude. For Pantagruel, at the very first minute of his birth, was no less tall than this herb is long whereof I speak unto you,—his measure having been then taken the more easy, that he was born in the season of the great drought, when they were busiest in the gathering of the said herb, to wit, at that time when Icarus's dog, with his fiery bawling and barking at the sun, maketh the whole world Trogiodytic, and enforceth people everywhere to hide themselves in dens and subter-

ranean caves. It is likewise called Pantagruelion, because of the notable and singular qualities, virtues, and properties thereof. For as Pantagruel hath been the idea, pattern, prototype, and exemplary of all jovial perfection and accomplishment—in the truth whereof I believe there is none of you, gentlemen drinkers, that putteth any question—so in this Pantagruelion have I found so much efficacy and energy, so much completeness and excellency, so much exquisiteness and rarity, and so many admirable effects and operations of a transcendent nature, that, if the worth and virtue thereof had been known, when those trees, by the relation of the prophet, made election of a wooden king to rule and govern over them, it without doubt would have carried away from all the rest the plurality of votes and suffrages.

If you would speedily heal a burning, whether occasioned by water or fire, apply thereto a little raw Pantagruelion—that is to say, take it so as it cometh out of the ground, without bestowing any other preparation or composition upon it; but have a special care to change it for some fresher, in lieu thereof, as soon as you shall find it waxing dry upon the sore.

Without this herb kitchens would be detested, the tables of dining-rooms abhorred, although there were great plenty and variety of most dainty and sumptuous dishes of meat set down upon them—and the choicest beds also, how richly soever adorned with gold, silver, amber, ivory, porphyry, and the mixture of most precious metals, would without it yield no delight or pleasure to the reposers in them. Without it millers could neither carry wheat, nor any other kind of corn, to the mill, nor would they be able to bring back from thence flour, or any other sort of meal what soever. Without it, how could the papers and writs of lawyers' clients be brought to the bar? Seldom is the mortar, lime, or plaster brought to the workhouse without it. Without it, how should the water be got out of a drow well; in what

case would tabellions, notaries, copyists, makers of counterpanes, writers, clerks, secretaries, scriveners, and such-like persons be without it? Were it not for it, what would become of the toll-rates and rent-rolls? Would not the noble art of printing perish without it? Whereof could the chassis or paper windows be made? How should the bells be rung? The altars of Isis are adorned therewith, the Pastophorian priests are therewith clad and accoutred, and whole human nature covered and wrapped therein, at its first position and production in and into this world. All the lanific trees of Seres, the bombast and cotton bushes in the territories near the Persian Sea and Gulf of Bengala: the Arabian swans, together with the plants of Malta, do not all of them clothe, attire, and apparel so many persons as this one herb alone. Soldiers are nowadays much better sheltered under it than they were in former times, when they lay in tents covered with skins. It overshadows the theatres and amphitheatres from the heat of a scorching sun. It begirdeth and encompasseth forests, chases, parks, copses, and groves, for the pleasure of hunters. It descendeth into the salt and fresh of both sea and river waters, for the profit of fishers. By it are boots of all sizes, buskins, gamashes, brodkins, gambados, shoes, pumps, slippers, and every cobbled ware wrought and made steadable for the use of man. By it the butt and rover bows are strung, the cross bows bended, and the slings made fixed. And, as if it were an herb every whit as holy as the vervain, and reverenced by ghosts, spirits, hobgoblins, fiends, and phantoms, the bodies of deceased men are never buried without it.

I will proceed yet further. By the means of this fine herb, the invisible substances are visibly stopped, arrested, taken, detained, and prisoner like committed to their receptive gaols. Heavy and ponderous weights are by it heaved, lifted up, turned, veered, drawn, carried, and every way moved quickly, nimbly and easily, to the great profit and emolument of human kind. When I perpend with myself these and such-

like marvellous effects of this wonderful herb, it seemeth strange unto me, how the invention of so useful a practice did escape through so many by-past ages the knowledge of the ancient philosophers, considering the inestimable utility which from thence proceeded, and the immense labour, which, without it, they did undergo in their pristine lucubrations. By virtue thereof, through the retention of some aerial gusts, are the huge barges, mighty galleons, the large floats, the Chiliander, the Myriander ships launched from their stations, and set a-going at the pleasure and arbitrement of their rulers, conders, and steersman. By the help thereof those remote nations, whom Nature seemed so unwilling to have discovered to us, and so desirous to have kept them still *in absondito* and hidden from us, that the ways through which their countries were to be reached unto, were not only totally unknown, but judged also to be altogether impermeable and inaccessible, are now arrived to us, and we to them.

Those voyages outreached the flights of birds, and far surpassed the scope of feathered fowls, how swift soever they had been on the wing, and notwithstanding that advantage which they have of us in swimming through the air. Taproban hath seen the heaths of Lapland, and both the Javas, the Riphæan mountains; wide distant Phebol shall see Theleme, and the islanders drink of the flood of Euphrates. By it the chill-mouthed Boreas hath surveyed the parched mansions of the torrid Auster, and Eurus visited the regions which Zephyrus hath under his command; yea, in such sort have interviews been made, by the assistance of this stored herb, that, maugre longitudes and latitudes, and all the variations of the zones, the Peræcian people, and Antoecian, Amphiscian, Heteroscian, and Periscian have oft rendered and received mutual visits to and from other, upon all the climates. These strange exploits bred such astonishment to the celestial intelligences, to all the marine and terrestrial gods, that they were on a sudden all afraid. From which amaze-

ment, when they saw how, by means of this blest Pantagruelion, the Arctic people looked upon the Antarctic, scoured the Atlantic Ocean, passed the tropics, pushed through the torrid zone, measured all the zodiac, sported under the equinoctial, having both poles level with their horizon: they judged it high time to call a council for their own safety and preservation.

The Olympic gods, being all and each of them affrighted at the sight of such achievements, said: "Pantagruel hath shapen work enough for us, and put us more to a plunge, and nearer our wit's end, by this sole herb of his, than did of old the Aloidæ by overturning mountains. He very speedily is to be married, and shall have many children by his wife. It lies not in our power to oppose this destiny; for it hath passed through the hands and spindles of the Fatal Sisters, necessity's inexorable daughters. Who knows but by his sons may be found out an herb of such another virtue and prodigious energy, as that by the sift thereof, in using it aright according to their father's skill, they may contrive a way for human kind to pierce into the high aërian clouds, get up unto the spring-head of the hail, take an inspection of the snowy sources, and shut and open as they please the sluices from whence proceed the floodgates of the rain; then, prosecuting their ethereal voyage, they may step in unto the lightning workhouse and shop, where all the thunderbolts are forged, where, seizing on the magazine of heaven, and storehouse of our warlike fire munition, they may discharge a bounding peal or two of thundering ordnance, for joy of their arrival to these new supernal places; and, charging those tonitrual guns afresh, turn the whole force of that artillery wherein we most confided against ourselves. Then is it like, they will set forward to invade the territories of the Moon, whence, passing through both Mercury and Venus, the Sun will serve them for a torch, to show the way from Mars to Jupiter and Saturn. We shall not then be able to resist the impetuosity of their intrusion,

nor put a stoppage to their entering in at all, whatever regions, domiciles, or mansions of the spangled firmament they shall have any mind to see, to stay in, or to travel through for their recreation. All the celestial signs, together with the constellations of the fixed stars, will jointly be at their devotion then. Some will take up their lodging at the Ram, some at the Bull, and others at the Twins, some at the Crab, some at the Lion Inn, and others at the sign of the Virgin; some at the Balance, others at the Scorpion, and others will be quartered at the Archer; some will be harboured at the Goat, some at the Water-pourer's sign, some at the Fishes: some will lie at the Crown, some at the Harp, some at the Golden Eagle and the Dolphin; some at the Flying Horse, some at the Ship, some at the Great some at the Little Bear; and so throughout the glistening hostelries of the whole twinkling asteristic welkin. There will be sojourners come from the earth, who, longing after the taste of the sweet cream, of their own skimming off, from the best milk of all the dairy of the Galaxy, will set themselves at table down with us, drink of our nectar and ambrosia, and take for wives our fairest goddesses, the only means whereby they can be deified. A junto hereupon being convocated, the better to consult upon the manner of obviating so dreadful a danger, Jove, sitting in his presidential throne, asked the votes of all the other gods, which, after a profound deliberation amongst themselves on all contingencies, they freely gave at last, and then resolved unanimously to withstand the shocks of all whatsoever sublunary assaults.

CHAPTER LII.

How a certain kind of Pantagruelion is of that Nature that the Fire is not able to consume it.

I HAVE already related to you great and admirable things; but, if you might be induced to adventure upon the hazard of believing some other divinity of this sacred Pantagruelion, I very willingly would tell it you. Believe it, if you will, or, otherwise, believe it not, I care not which of them you do, they are both alike to me. It shall be sufficient for my purpose to have told you the truth, and the truth I will tell you. But to enter in thereat, because it is of a knaggy, difficult, and rugged access, this is the question which I ask of you. If I had put within this bottle two pints, the one of wine, and the other of water, thoroughly and exactly mingled together, how would you unmix them? After what manner would you go about to sever them, and separate the one liquor from the other, in such sort, that you render me the water apart, free from the wine, and the wine also pure, without the intermixture of one drop of water, and both of them in the same measure, quantity, and taste, that I had embottled them? Or, to state the question otherwise. If your carmen and mariners, entrusted for the provision of your houses with the bringing of a certain considerable number of tuns, puncheons, pipes, barrels, and hogsheads of Graves wine, or of the wine of Orleans, Beaune, and Mirevaux, should drink out the half, and afterwards with water fill up the other empty halves of the vessels as full as before, as the Limosins use to do, in their carriages by wains and carts of the wines of Arguenon and Sangaultier—after that, how would you part the water from the wine, and purify them both in such a case? I understand you well enough. Your meaning is, that I must do it with an ivy funnel. That is written, it is true, and the verity thereof explored by

a thousand experiments; you have learned to do this feat before, I see it. But those that have never known it, nor at any time have seen the like, would hardly believe that it were possible. Let us nevertheless proceed.

But put the case, we were now living in the age of Sylla, Marius, Cæsar, and other such Roman emperors, or that we were in the time of our ancient Druids, whose custom was to burn and calcine the dead bodies of their parents and lords, and that you had a mind to drink the ashes or cinders of your wives or fathers in the infused liquor of some good white-wine, as Artemisia drank the dust and ashes of her husband Mausolus, or, otherwise, that you did determine to have them reserved in some fine urn, or reliquary pot; how would you save the ashes apart, and separate them from those other cinders and ashes, into which the fuel of the funeral and bustuary fire hath been converted? Answer, if you can. I believe it will trouble you so to do.

Well, I will despatch, and tell you that, if you take of this celestial Pantagruelion so much as is needful to cover the body of the defunct, and after that you shall have enwrapped and bound therein, as hard and closely as you can, the corpse of the said deceased persons, and sewed up the folding-sheet with thread of the same stuff, throw it into the fire, how great or ardent soever it be, it matters not a straw, the fire through this Pantagruelion will burn the body and reduce to ashes the bones thereof, and the Pantagruelion shall be not only not consumed nor burnt, but also shall neither lose one atom of the ashes enclosed within it, nor receive one atom of the huge bustuary heap of ashes resulting from the blazing conflagration of things combustible laid round about it, but shall at last, when taken out of the fire, be fairer, whiter, and much cleaner than when you did put it in first. Therefore it is called Asbeston, which is as much as to say incombustible. Great plenty is to be found thereof in Carpasia, as likewise in the climate Dia Cyenes, at very easy rates. O how rare and admirable a thing it is, that the

fire, which devoureth, consumeth, and destroyeth all such things else, should cleanse, purge, and whiten this sole Pantagruelion Carpasian Asbeston! If you mistrust the verity of this relation, and demand for further confirmation of my assertion a visible sign, take a fresh egg, and orbicularly, or rather ovally, enfold it within this divine Pantagruelion. When it is so wrapped up, put it in the hot embers of a fire, how great or ardent soever it be, and, having left it there as long as you will, you shall at last, at your taking it out of the fire, find the egg roasted hard, and as it were burnt, without any alteration, change, mutation, or so much as a calefaction of the sacred Pantagruelion. For less than a million of pounds sterling, modified, taken down and amoderated to the twelth part of one fourpence halfpenny farthing, you are to put it to a trial, and make proof thereof.

Do not think to overmatch me here, by paragoning with it in the way of a more eminent comparison the Salamander. That is a fib; for, albeit a little ordinary fire, such as is used in dining-rooms and chambers, gladden, cheer up, exhilarate and quicken it, yet may I warrantably enough assure that in the flaming fire of a furnace it will, like any other animated creature, be quickly suffocated, choked, consumed, and destroyed. We have seen experiment thereof, and Galen many ages ago hath clearly demonstrated and confirmed it, lib. 3, *De Temperamentis*, and Dioscorides maintaineth the same doctrine, lib. 2. Do not here instance, in competition with this sacred herb, the feather allum, or the wooden tower of Pyræus, which Lucius Sylla was never able to get burnt, for that Archelaus, governor of the town for Mithridates, king of Pontus, had plastered it all over on the outside with the said allum. Nor would I have you to compare therewith the herb which Alexander Cornelius called Eonem, and said that it had some resemblance with that oak which bears the mistletoe, and that it could neither be consumed, nor receive any manner of prejudice by fire,

nor by water, no more than the mistletoe, of which was built, said he, the so renowned ship *Argos*. Search where you please for those that will believe it. I in that point desire to be excused. Neither would I wish you to parallel therewith—although I cannot deny but that it is of a very marvellous nature—that sort of tree which groweth along the mountains of Briançon and Ambrun, which produceth out of its root the good Agaric. From its body it yieldeth unto us a so excellent rosin, that Galen hath been bold to equal it unto the turpentine. Upon the delicate leaves thereof it retaineth for our use that sweet heavenly honey which is called the manna; and, although it be of a gummy, oily, fat, and greasy substance, it is notwithstanding unconsumable by any fire. It is in the Greek and Latin called Larix. The Alpinese name is Melze. The Anternorides and Venetians term it Larége; which gave occasion to that castle in Piedmont to receive the denomination of Larignum, by putting Julius Cæsar to a stand at his return from amongst the Gauls.

Julius Cæsar commanded all the yeomen, boors, hinds, and other inhabitants in, near unto, and about the Alps and Piedmont, to bring all manner of victuals and provision for an army to those places, which on the military road he had appointed to receive them for the use of his marching soldiery. To which ordinance all of them were obedient, save only those who were within the garrison of Larignum, and, trusting in the natural strength of the place, would not pay their contribution. The Emperor, purposing to chastise them for their refusal, caused his whole army to march straight towards that castle, before the gate whereof was erected a tower built of huge big spars and rafters of the larch-tree, fast bound together with pins and pegs of the same wood, and interchangeably laid on one another, after the fashion of a pile or stack of timber, set up in the fabric thereof to such an apt and convenient height that from the parapet above the portcullis they thought with stones and

levers to beat off and drive away such as should approach thereto.

When Cæsar had understood that the chief defence of those within the castle did consist in stones and clubs, and that it was not an easy matter to sling, hurl, dart, throw, or cast them so far as to hinder the approaches, he forthwith commanded his men to throw great store of bavins, faggots, and fascines round about the castle; and, when they had made the heap of a competent height, to put them all in a fair fire, which was thereupon incontinently done. The fire put amidst the faggots was so great and so high, that it covered the whole castle, that they might well imagine the tower would thereby be altogether burnt to dust and demolished. Nevertheless, contrary to all their hopes and expectations, when the flames ceased, and that the faggots were quite burnt and consumed, the tower appeared as whole, sound, and entire as ever. Cæsar, after a serious consideration had thereof, commanded a compass to be taken, without the distance of a stone cast from the castle, round about it; there, with ditches and entrenchments to form a blockade; which when the Larignans understood, they rendered themselves upon terms. And then, by a relation from them, it was that Cæsar learned the admirable nature and virtue of this wood, which of itself produceth neither fire, flame, nor coal, and would, therefore, in regard of that rare quality of incombustibility, have been admitted into this rank and degree of a true Pantagruelion plant: and that so much the rather, for that Pantagruel directed that all the gates, doors, angiports, windows, gutters, frettized and embowed ceilings, cans, and other whatsoever wooden furniture in the abbey of Theleme should be all materiated of this kind of timber. He likewise caused to cover therewith the sterns, stems, cook-rooms or laps, hatchets, decks, courses, bends and walls of his carracks, ships, galleons, galleys, brigantines, foysts, frigates, crears, barks, floyts, pinks, pinnaces, hoys, catches, capers, and other vessels of his Thalassian arsenal;

were it not that the wood or timber of the larch-tree being put within a large and ample furnace, full of huge vehemently flaming fire proceeding from the fuel of other sorts and kinds of wood, cometh at last to be corrupted, consumed, dissipated, and destroyed, as are stones in a lime-kiln. But this Pantagruelion Asbeston is rather by the fire renewed and cleansed, than by the flames thereof consumed or changed. Therefore,

Arabians, Indians, Sabæans,
Sing not, in hymns and Io pæans,
Your incense, myrrh, or ebony.
Come here, a nobler plant to see,
And carry home at any rate,
Some seed, that you may propagate.
If in your soil it takes, to Heaven
A thousand thousand thanks be given;
And say, with France, it goodly goes
Where the Pantagruelion grows.

BOOK IV.

OF THE DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL,

AND OF THE VOYAGE TO THE ORACLE.

CHAPTER I.

How Pantagruel went to Sea; his Arrival at Palmyra, and what he bought there.

In the month of June, on Vesta's Holiday, the very numerical day on which Brutus, conquering Spain, taught its strutting dons to truckle under him, and that niggardly miser Crassus was routed and knocked on the head by the Parthians, Pantagruel took his leave of the good Gargantua, his royal father. The old gentleman, according to the laudable custom of the primitive Christians, devoutly prayed for the happy voyage of his son and his whole company, and then they took shipping at the port of Thalassa. Pantagruel had with him Panurge, Friar John des Entomeures, alias of the funnels, Epistemon, Gymnast, Eusthenes, Rhizotomus, Carpalim, *cum reliquis aliis*, his ancient servants and domestics: also Xenomanes, the great traveller, who had crossed so many dangerous roads, dikes, ponds, seas, and so forth, and was come some time before, having been sent for by Panurge.

For certain good causes and considerations him thereunto

moving, he had left with Gargantua, and marked out, in his great and universal hydrographical chart, the course which they were to steer to visit the Oracle of the Holy Bottle Bacbuc. The number of ships were such as I described in the third book, convoyed by a like number of triremes, men of war, galleons, and feluccas, well-rigged, caulked, and stored with a good quantity of Pantagruelion.

All the officers, dragomen (interpreters), pilots, captains, mates, boatswains, midshipmen, quartermasters, and sailors, met in the *Thalemege*, Pantagruel's principal flag-ship, which had in her stern, for her ensign, a huge large bottle, half silver, well polished, the other half gold, enamelled with carnation; whereby it was easy to guess that white and red were the colours of the noble travellers, and that they went for the word of the Bottle.

On the stern of the second was a lantern, like those of the ancients, industriously made with diaphanous stone, implying that they were to pass by Lanternland. The third ship had for her device a fine deep China ewer. The fourth, a double-handed jar of gold, much like an ancient urn. The fifth, a famous can made of sperm of emerald. The sixth, a monk's mumping bottle made of the four metals together. The seventh, an ebony funnel, all embossed and wrought with gold after the tauchic manner. The eighth, an ivy goblet, very precious, inlaid with gold. The ninth, a cup of fine obriz gold. The tenth, a tumbler of aromatic agoloch (you call it lignum aloes), edged with Cyprian gold, after the Azemine make. The eleventh, a golden vine-tub of mosaic work. The twelfth, a runlet of unpolished gold, covered with a small vine of large Indian pearl of topiarian work. Insomuch that there was not a man, however in the dumps, musty, sour-looked, or melancholic he were, not even excepting that blubbering whiner Heraclitus, had he been there, but seeing this noble convoy of ships and their devices, must have been seized with present gladness of heart, and, smiling at the conceit, have said, that the travellers were all

honest topers, true pitcher men; and have judged by a most sure prognostication, that their voyage, both outward and homeward bound, would be performed in mirth and perfect health.

In the *Thalamege*, where was the general meeting, Pantagruel made a short but sweet exhortation, wholly backed with authorities from Scripture upon navigation; which being ended, with an audible voice prayers were said in the presence and hearing of all the burghers of Thalassa, who had flocked to the mole to see them take shipping. After the prayers was melodiously sung a psalm of the holy King David, which begins, "When Israel went out of Egypt;" and that being ended, tables were placed upon deck, and a feast speedily served up. The Thalassians, who had also borne a chorus in the psalm, caused store of belly timber and vinegar to be brought out of their houses. All drank to them: they drank to all: which was the cause that none of the whole company gave up what they had eaten, nor were sea-sick, with a pain at the head and stomach; which inconvenience they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some time before, salt water, either alone or mixed with wine, using quinces, citron peel, juice of pomegranates, sourish sweetmeats, fasting a long time, covering their stomachs with paper, or following such other idle remedies as foolish physicians prescribe to those that go to sea.

Having often renewed their tipplings, each retired on board his own ship, and they set sail all so fast with a merry gale at south-east; to which point of the compass the chief pilot, James Brayer by name, had shaped his course, and fixed all things accordingly. For, seeing that the Oracle of the Holy Bottle lay near Cathay, in the Upper India, his advice, and that of Xenomanes also, was not to steer the course which the Portuguese use, while sailing through the torrid zone, and Cape Bona Speranza, at the south point of Africa, beyond the equinoctial line, and

losing sight of the northern pole, their guide, they make a prodigious long voyage; but rather to keep as near the parallel of the said India as possible, and to tack to the westward of the said pole, so that, winding under the north, they might find themselves in the latitude of the port of Olone, without coming nearer it for fear of being shut up in the frozen sea; whereas, following this canonical turn, by the said parallel, they must have that on the right to the eastward which at their departure was on their left.

This proved a much shorter cut; for without shipwreck, danger, or loss of men, with uninterrupted good weather, except one day near the island of the Macreons, they performed in less than four months the voyage of Upper India, which the Portuguese, with a thousand inconveniences and innumerable dangers, can hardly complete in three years. And it is my opinion, with submission to better judgments, that this course was perhaps steered by those Indians who sailed to Germany, and were honourably received by the King of the Swedes, while Quintus Metellus Celer was proconsul of the Gauls, as Cornelius Nepos, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny after them tell us.

CHAPTER II.

How Pantagruel bought many Rarities in the Island of Medamothy.

THAT day and the two following, they neither discovered land nor anything new, for they had formerly sailed that way; but on the fourth they made an island called Medamothy, of a fine and delightful prospect, by reason of the vast number of lighthouses and high marble towers in its circuit, which is not less than that of Candia. Pantagruel,

inquiring who governed there, heard that it was King Philophanes, absent at that time upon account of the marriage of his brother Philotheamon with the infanta of the kingdom of Engys.

Hearing this, he went ashore in the harbour, and, while every ship's crew watered, passed his time in viewing divers pictures, pieces of tapestry, animals, fishes, birds, and other exotic and foreign merchandises, which were along the walks of the mole and in the markets of the port. For it was the third day of the great and famous fair of the place, to which the chief merchants of Africa and Asia resorted. Out of these Friar John bought him two rare pictures; in one of which, the face of a man that brings in an appeal (or that calls out to another) was drawn to the life; and in the other a servant that wants a master, with every needful particular, action, countenance, look, gait, feature, and deportment, being an original, by Master Charles Charmois, principal painter to King Megistus; and he paid for them in the court fashion, with congé and grimace. Panurge bought a large picture, copied and done from the needlework formerly wrought by Philomela. You may, if you please, see it at Theleme, on the left hand, as you go into the high gallery. Epistemon bought another, wherein were painted to the life the ideas of Plato and the atoms of Epicurus. Rhizotomus purchased another, wherein Echo was drawn to the life. Pantagruel caused to be bought, by Gymnast, the life and deeds of Achilles, in seventy-eight pieces of tapestry, four fathoms long, and three fathoms broad, all of Phrygian silk, embossed with gold and silver; the work beginning at the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, continuing to the birth of Achilles: his youth, described by Statius Papinius; his warlike achievements, celebrated by Homer; his death and obsequies, written by Ovid and Quintus Calaber; and ending at the appearance of his ghost, and Polyxena's sacrifice, rehearsed by Euripides.

He also caused to be bought three fine young unicorns;

one of them a male of a chestnut colour, and two grey dappled females; also a tarand, whom he bought of a Scythian of the Gelone's country.

A tarand is an animal as big as a bullock, having a head like a stag, or a little bigger, two stately horns with large branches, cloven feet, hair long like that of a furred Muscovite—I mean a bear—and a skin almost as hard as steel armour. The Scythian said that there are but few tarands to be found in Scythia, because it varieth its colour according to the diversity of the places where it grazes and abides, and represents the colour of the grass, plants, trees, shrubs, flowers, meadows, rocks, and generally of all things near which it comes. It hath this common with the sea-pulp, or polypus, with the thoes, with the wolves of India, and with the chameleon, which is a kind of a lizard so wonderful that Democritus hath written a whole book of its figure and anatomy, as, also of its virtue and property in magic. This I can affirm, that I have seen it change its colour, not only at the approach of things that have a colour, but by its own voluntary impulse, according to its fear or other affections: as, for example, upon a green carpet I have certainly seen it become green, but having remained there some time, it turned yellow, blue, tanned, and purple in course, in the same manner as you see a turkey-cock's comb change colour according to its passions. But what we find most surprising in this tarand is, that not only its face and skin, but also its hair could take whatever colour was about it. Near Panurge, with his kersey coat, its hair used to turn grey; near Pantagruel, with his scarlet mantle, its hair and skin grew red; near the pilot, dressed after the fashion of the Isiaci of Anubis, in Egypt, its hair seemed all white; which two last colours the chameleon cannot borrow.

When the creature was free from any fear or affection, the colour of its hair was just such as you see that of the asses of Meung.

CHAPTER III.

How Pantagruel received a Letter from his Father Gargantua, and of the strange Way to have speedy News from far distant Places.

WHILE Pantagruel was taken up with the purchase of those foreign animals, the noise of ten guns and culverins, together with a loud and joyful cheer of all the fleet, was heard from the mole. Pantagruel looked towards the haven, and perceived that this was occasioned by the arrival of one of his father Gargantua's celoces, or advice-boats, named the *Chelidonia*; because on the stern of it was carved in Corinthian brass a sea swallow, which is a fish as large as a dare-fish of Loire, all flesh, without scale, with cartilaginous wings (like a bat's) very long and broad, by the means of which I have seen them fly a fathom above water, about a bow-shot. At Marseilles this flying fish is called lendole. And indeed that ship was as light as a swallow; so that it rather seemed to fly on the sea than to sail. Malicorne, Gargantua's esquire carver, was come in her, being sent expressly by his master to have an account of his son's health and circumstances, and to bring him credentials. When Malicorne had saluted Pantagruel, and the prince had embraced him about the neck, and showed him a little of the cap-courtesy, before he opened the letters, the first thing he said to him, was, "Have you here the gozal, the heavenly messenger?" "Yes, sir," said he; "here it is, swaddled up in this basket." It was a grey pigeon, taken out of Gargantua's dove-house, whose young ones were just hatched when the advice-boat was going off.

If any ill fortune had befallen Pantagruel, he would have fastened some black riband to its feet; but because all things had succeeded happily hitherto, having caused it to be undressed, he tied to its feet a white riband, and, without any further delay, let it loose. The pigeon presently

flew away, cutting the air with an incredible speed; as you know that there is no flight like a pigeon's, especially when it hath eggs or young ones, through the extreme care which Nature hath fixed in it to relieve and be with its young; insomuch, that in less than two hours it compassed in the air the long tract which the advice-boat, with all her diligence, with oars and sails, and a fair wind, could not go through in less than three days and three nights, and was seen as it was going into the dove-house to its nest. Whereupon the worthy Gargantua, hearing that it had the white riband on, was joyful and secure of his son's welfare. This was the custom of the noble Gargantua and Pantagruel, when they would have speedy news of something of great concern: as the event of some battle, either by sea or land; the surrendering or holding out of some strong place; the determination of some difference of moment; the safe or unhappy delivery of some queen or great lady; the death or recovery of their sick friends or allies, and so forth. They used to take the gozal, and had it carried from one to another by the post, to the places whence they desired to have news. The gozal, bearing either a black or white riband, according to the occurrences and accidents, used to remove their doubts at its return, making, in the space of one hour, more way through the air than thirty post-boys could have done in one natural day. May not this be said to redeem and gain time with a vengeance, think you? For the like service, therefore, you may believe, as a most true thing, that, in the dove-houses of their farms, there were to be found, all the year long, store of pigeons hatching eggs, or rearing their young. Which may be easily done in aviaries and voleries, by the help of saltpetre and the sacred herb vervain.

The gozal being let fly, Pantagruel perused his father Gargantua's letter, the contents of which were as followeth:

"My dearest Son,—The affection that naturally a father bears to a beloved son, is so much increased in me, by

reflecting on the particular gifts which by the divine goodness have been heaped on thee, that since thy departure it hath often banished all other thoughts out of my mind, leaving my heart wholly possessed with fear lest some misfortune has attended thy voyage: for thou knowest that fear was ever the attendant of true and sincere love. Now because, as Hesiod sayeth, 'A good beginning of anything is the half of it,' or, 'Well begun is half done,' according to the old saying, to free my mind from this anxiety, I have expressly despatched Malicorne, that he may give me a true account of thy health at the beginning of thy voyage. For if it be good, and such as I wish it, I shall easily foresee the rest.

"I have met with some diverting books, which the bearer will deliver thee; thou mayest read them when thou wantest to unbend and ease thy mind from thy better studies. He will also give thee at large the news at court. The peace of the Lord be with thee. Remember me to Panurge, Friar John, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, and the other principal domestics, my good friends. Dated at our paternal seat, this 13th day of June.

"Thy father and friend,

"GARGANTUA."

CHAPTER IV.

How Pantagruel writ to his Father Gargantua, and sent him several Curiosities.

PANTAGRUEL, having perused the letter, had a long conference with the esquire Malicorne; insomuch, that Panurge, at last interrupting them, asked him, "Pray, sir, when do you design to drink? When shall we drink? When shall the worshipful esquire drink? Have you not talked long enough to drink?" "It is a good motion," answered Pantagruel;

"go, get us something ready at the next inn; I think it is the Satyr on Horseback." In the meantime he writ to Gargantua as followeth, to be sent by the aforesaid esquire:

"MOST GRACIOUS FATHER,—As our senses and animal faculties are more discomposed at the news of events unexpected though desired (even to an immediate dissolution of the soul from the body), than if those accidents had been foreseen; so the coming of Malicorne hath much surprised and disordered me. For I had no hopes to see any of your servants, or to hear from you, before I had finished our voyage; and contented myself with the dear remembrance of your august majesty, deeply impressed in the hindmost ventricle of my brain, often representing you to my mind.

"But since you have made me happy beyond expectation by the perusal of your gracious letter, and the faith I have in your esquire hath revived my spirits by the news of your welfare, I am, as it were, compelled to do what formerly I did freely, that is, first to praise the Blessed Redeemer, who by his divine goodness preserves you in this long enjoyment of perfect health, then to return you eternal thanks for the fervent affection which you have for me your most humble son and unprofitable servant.

"Formerly a Roman, named Furnius, said to Augustus, who had received his father into favour, and pardoned him after he had sided with Antony, that by that action the Emperor had reduced him to this extremity, that for want of power to be grateful, both while he lived and after it, he should be obliged to be taxed with ingratitude. So I may say that the excess of your fatherly affection drives me into such a strait, that I should be forced to live and die ungrateful, unless that crime be redressed by the sentence of the Stoics who say, that there are three parts in a benefit, the one of the giver, the other of the receiver, the third of the remunerator; and that the receiver rewards the giver,

when he freely receives the benefit, and always remembers it; as, on the contrary, that man is most ungrateful who despises and forgets a benefit. Therefore, being overwhelmed with infinite favours, all proceeding from your extreme goodness, and on the other side wholly incapable of making the smallest return, I hope, at least, to free myself from the imputation of ingratitude, since they can never be blotted out of my mind, and my tongue shall never cease to own that, to thank you as I ought, transcends my capacity.

"As for us, I have this assurance in the Lord's mercy and help, that the end of our voyage will be answerable to its beginning, and so it will be entirely performed in health and mirth. I will not fail to set down in a journal a full account of our navigation, that, at our return, you may have an exact relation of the whole.

"I have found here a Scythian tarand, an animal strange and wonderful for the variations of colour on its skin and hair, according to the distinction of neighbouring things: it is as tractable and easily kept as a lamb; be pleased to accept of it.

"I also send you three young unicorns, which are the tamest of creatures.

"I have conferred with the esquire, and taught him how they must be fed. These cannot graze on the ground, by reason of the long horn on their forehead, but are forced to browse on fruit trees, or on proper racks, or to be fed by hand, with herbs, sheaves, apples, pears, barley, rye, and other fruits and roots, being placed before them.

"I am amazed that ancient writers should report them to be so wild, furious, and dangerous, and never seen alive: far from it, you will find that they are the mildest things in the world, provided they are not maliciously offended. Likewise I send you the life and deeds of Achilles, in curious tapestry; assuring you whatever rarities of animals, plants, birds, or precious stones, and others, I shall be able to find

and purchase in our travels, shall be brought to you, God willing, whom I beseech, by His blessed grace, to preserve you.

"From Medamothy, this 15th of June. Panurge, Friar John, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, Eusthemes, Rhizotomus, and Carpalim, having most humbly kissed your hand, return your salute a thousand times.

"Your most dutiful son and servant,

"PANTAGRUEL."

While Pantagruel was writing this letter, Malicorne was made welcome with a thousand goodly good-morrows and how-d'ye's: they clung about him so, that I cannot tell you how much they made of him, how many humble services, how many from my love and to my love were sent with him. Pantagruel, having writ his letters, sat down at table with him, and afterwards presented him with a large chain of gold, weighing eight hundred crowns; between whose septenary links, some large diamonds, rubies, emeralds, turquoise stones, and unions were alternately set in. To each of his bark's crew, he ordered to be given five hundred crowns. To Gargantua, his father, he sent the tarand covered with a cloth of satin, brocaded with gold: and the tapestry containing the life and deeds of Achilles, with the three unicorns in friezed cloth of gold trappings: and so they left Medamothy—Malicorne, to return to Gargantua; and Pantagruel, to proceed in his voyage: during which, Epistemon read to him the books which the esquire had brought; and because he found them jovial and pleasant, I shall give you an account of them, if you earnestly desire it.

CHAPTER V.

How Pantagruel met a Ship with Passengers returning from Lanternland.

On the fifth day, beginning already to wind by little and little about the pole, going still farther from the equinoctial line, we discovered a merchantman to the windward of us. The joy for this was not small on both sides; we in hopes to hear news from sea, and those in the merchantman from land. So we bore upon them, and coming up with them we hailed them; and, finding them to be Frenchmen of Xaintonge, backed our sails and lay by to talk to them. Pantagruel heard that they came from Lanternland; which added to his joy, and that of the whole fleet. We inquired about the state of that country, and the way of living of the Lanterns: and were told, that about the latter end of the following July, was the time prefixed for the meeting of the general chapter of the Lanterns; and that if we arrived there at that time, as we might easily, we should see a handsome, honourable, and jolly company of Lanterns: and that great preparations were making, as if they intended to lanternize there to the purpose. We were told also, that if we touched at the great kingdom of Gebarim, we should be honourably received and treated by the sovereign of that country, King Ohabé, who, as well as all his subjects, speaks Touraine French.

[The next three chapters tell of Panurge's bargaining for a sheep of the flock of Dindenault, the drover, and of the drowning of the whole flock that followed the ram which Panurge threw into the sea.]

CHAPTER IX.

How Pantagruel arrived at the Island of Ennasin, and of the strange Ways of being akin in that Country.

We had still the wind at south-south-west, and had been a whole day without making land. On the third day at the flies uprising (which, you know, is some two or three hours after the sun's), we got sight of a triangular island, very much like Sicily for its form and situation. It was called the Island of Alliances.

The people there are much like your carrot-pated Poitevins, save only that all of them, men, women and children, have their noses shaped like an ace of clubs. For that reason the ancient name of the country was Ennasin. They were all akin, as the mayor of the place told us, at least they boasted so.

You people of the other world esteem it a wonderful thing that, out of the family of the Fabii at Rome, on a certain day, which was the 13th of February, at a certain gate, which was the Porta Carmentalis, since named Scelerata, formerly situated at the foot of the Capitol, between the Tarpeian rock and the Tiber, marched out against the Veientes of Etruria, three hundred and six men bearing arms, all related to each other, with five thousand other soldiers, every one of them their vassal, who were all slain near the river Cremera, that comes out of the lake of Baccano. Now from this same country of Ennasin, in case of need, above three hundred thousand, all relations, and of one family, might march out. Their degrees of consanguinity and alliance are very strange: for being thus akin and allied to one another, we found that none was either father or mother, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, nephew or niece, son-in-law or daughter-in-law, godfather or godmother.

to the other; unless, truly, a tall flat-nosed old fellow, who, as I perceived, called a little girl, of three or four years old, father, and the child called him daughter.

CHAPTER X.

How Pantagruel went ashore at the Island of Chely, where he saw King St. Panigon.

We sailed right before the wind, which we had at west, leaving those odd alliancers with their ace-of-clubs snouts, and having taken height by the sun, stood in for Chely, a large, fruitful, wealthy, and well-peopled island. King St. Panigon, first of the name, reigned there, and, attended by the princes, his sons, and the nobles of his court, came as far as the port to receive Pantagruel, and conducted him to his palace; near the gate of which, the queen, attended by the princesses her daughters, and the court ladies, received us. Panigon directed her and all her retinue to salute Pantagruel and his men with a kiss: for such was the civil custom of the country; and they were all fairly bussed accordingly, except Friar John, who stepped aside, and sneaked off among the king's officers. Panigon used all the entreaties imaginable to persuade Pantagruel to tarry here that day and the next: but he would needs be gone, and excused himself upon the opportunity of wind and weather, which being oftener desired than enjoyed, ought not to be neglected when it comes. Panigon, having heard these reasons, let us go, but first made us take off some five-and-twenty or thirty bumpers each.

Pantagruel, returning to the port, missed Friar John, and asked why he was not with the rest of the company? Panurge could not tell how to excuse him, and would have

gone back to the palace to call him, when Friar John overtook them, and merrily cried, "Long live the noble Panigon! He minds good eating, and keeps a noble house and a dainty kitchen. I have been there, boys. Everything goes about by dozens. I was in good hopes to have stuffed there like a monk." "What! always in a kitchen, friend?" said Pantagruel." "By the belly of St. Crampacon," quoth the Friar, "I understand the customs and ceremonies which are used there, much better than all the formal stuff, antic postures, and nonsensical fiddle-faddle that must be used with those women, cringes, grimaces, scrapes, bows, and congés; double honours this way, triple salutes that way, the embrace, the grasp, the squeeze, the hug, the leer, the smack, *baso las manos de vostra merce, de vostra maestá.* Why all this ado? You talk of kissing ladies; by the worthy and sacred frock I wear, I seldom venture upon it, lest I be served as was the Lord of Guyercharois." "What was it?" said Pantagruel; "I know him; he is one of the best friends I have."

"He was invited to a sumptuous feast," said Friar John, "by a relation and neighbour of his, together with all the gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood. Now some of the ladies expecting his coming, dressed the pages in women's clothes, and finified them like any babies; then ordered them to meet my lord at his coming near the drawbridge; so the complimenting monsieur came, and there kissed the petticoated lads with great formality. At last the ladies, who minded passages in the gallery, burst out with laughing, and made signs to the pages to take off their dress; which the good lord having observed, the devil a bit he durst make up to the true ladies to kiss them, but said, that since they had disguised the pages, by his great-grandfather's helmet, these were certainly the very footmen and grooms still more cunningly disguised. Why do not we rather remove our humanities into some good, warm, holy kitchen, that noble laboratory; and there admire the turning of the spits, the harmonious rattling of the jacks and

fenders, criticize on the position of the lard, the temperature of the potages, the preparation for the dessert, and the order of the wine service? *Beati immaculati in via.* Matter of breviary, my masters."

CHAPTER XI.

Why Monks love to be in Kitchens.

"THIS," said Epistemon, "is spoken like a true monk: I mean like a right monking monk, not a bemonked monastical monkling. Truly you put me in mind of some passages that happened at Florence, some twenty years ago, in a company of studious travellers, fond of visiting the learned, and seeing the antiquities of Italy, among whom I was. As we viewed the situation and beauty of Florence, the structure of the dome, the magnificence of the churches and palaces, we strove to outdo one another in giving them their due; when a certain monk of Amiens, Bernard Lardon by name, quite angry, scandalized, and out of all patience, told us, 'I do not know what you can find in this same town, that is so much cried up: for my part I have looked and pored and stared as well as the best of you: I think my eyesight is as clear as another body's: and what can one see after all? There are fine houses, indeed, and that is all. But the cage does not feed the birds. God and Monsieur St. Bernard, our good patron, be with us! in all this same town I have not seen one poor lane of roasting cooks; and yet I have not a little looked about, and sought for so necessary a part of a commonwealth: ay, and I dare assure you that I have pried up and down with the exactness of an informer; as ready to number both to the right and left, how many, and on what side, we might find most roasting cooks, as a spy would be to reckon the bastions of

a town. Now at Amiens, in four, nay, five times less ground than we have trod in our contemplations, I could have shown you above fourteen streets of roasting cooks, most ancient, savoury, and aromatic. I cannot imagine what kind of pleasure you can have taken in gazing on the lions and Africans (so methinks you call their tigers) near the belfry; or in ogling the porcupines and ostriches in the Lord Philip Strozzi's palace. Faith and truth, I had rather see a good fat goose at the spit. This porphyry, those marbles are fine; I say nothing to the contrary: but our cheesecakes at Amiens are far better in my mind.'"

"What is the reason," asked Friar John, "that monks are always to be found in kitchens; and kings, emperors, and popes are never there?" "Is there not," said Rhizotomus, "some latent virtue and specific property hid in the kettles and pans, which, as the loadstone attracts iron, draws the monk there, and cannot attract emperors, popes or kings? Or is it a natural induction and inclination, fixed in the frocks and cowls, which of itself leads and forces those good religious men into kitchens, whether they will or no?" "He means, forms following matter, as Averroës calls them," said Epistemon. "Right," said Friar John.

"I will not offer to solve this problem," said Pantagruel; "for it is somewhat ticklish, and you can hardly handle it without coming off scurvily: but I will tell you what I have heard.

"Antigonus, King of Macedon, one day coming to one of his tents, where his cooks used to dress his meat, and finding there poet Antagoras frying a conger, and holding the pan himself, merrily asked him, 'Pray, Mr. Poet, was Homer frying congers when he wrote the deeds of Agamemnon?' Antagoras readily answered: 'But do you think, sir, that when Agamemnon did them, he made it his business to know if any in his camp were frying congers?' The king thought it an indecency that a poet should be thus a-frying in a kitchen; and the poet let the king know,

that it was a more indecent thing for a king to be found in such a place." "I will clap another story upon the neck of this," quoth Panurge, "and will tell you what Breton Villandry answered one day to the Duke of Guise.

"They were saying that at a certain battle of King Francis, against the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, Breton, armed cap-a-pé to the teeth, and mounted like St. George; yet sneaked off, and played least in sight during the engagement. 'Pooh, pooh,' answered Breton, 'I was there, and can prove it easily; nay, even where you, my lord, dared not have been.' The duke began to resent this as too rash and saucy: but Breton easily appeased him, and set them all a-laughing. 'In faith, my lord,' quoth he, 'I kept out of harm's way; I was all the while with your page Jack, skulking in a certain place where you had not dared hide your head, as I did.'" Thus discoursing, they got to their ships, and left the island of Chely.

CHAPTER XII.

How Pantagruel passed through the land of Pettifogging, and of the strange Way of Living among the Catchpoles.

STEERING our course forwards the next day, we passed through Pettifogging, a country all blurred and blotted, so that I could hardly tell what to make of it. There we saw some pettifoggers and catchpoles, rogues that will hang their father for a groat. They invited us neither to eat nor drink; but, with a multiplied train of scrapes and cringes, said they were all at our service, for a consideration.

One of our interpreters related to Pantagruel their strange way of living, diametrically opposite to that of our modern Romans; for at Rome a world of folks get an

honest livelihood by poisoning, drubbing, lambasting, stabbing, and murdering; but the catchpoles earn theirs by being thrashed; so that if they were long without a tight lambasting, the poor dogs with their wives and children would be starved. "This is just," quoth Panurge, "like those who, as Galen tells us, cannot erect the cavernous nerve towards the equinoctial circle unless they are soundly flogged. By St. Patrick's slipper, whoever should jerk me so, would soon, instead of setting me right, throw me off the saddle, in the devil's name."

"The way is this," said the interpreter. "When a monk, levite, close-fisted usurer, or lawyer, owes a grudge to some neighbouring gentleman, he sends to him one of those catchpoles, or apparitors, who nabs, or at least cites him, serves a writ or warrant upon him, thumps, abuses, and affronts him impudently by natural instinct, and according to his pious instructions: insomuch, that if the gentleman hath not the dead palsy, and is not more stupid than a gyrin frog, he will find himself obliged either to apply a faggot-stick or his sword to the rascal's jobbernol, give him the gentle lash, or make him cut a caper out at the window, by way of correction. This done, catchpole is rich for four months at least, as if bastinadoes were his real harvest: for the monk, levite, usurer, or lawyer, will reward him roundly; and my gentleman must pay him such swingeing damages, that his acres must bleed for it, and he be in danger of miserably rotting within a stone doublet, as if he had struck the king."

Quoth Panurge, "I know an excellent remedy against this, used by the Lord of Basché." "What is it?" said Pantagruel. "The Lord of Basché," said Panurge, "was a brave, honest, noble-spirited gentleman, who, at his return from the long war, in which the Duke of Ferrara, with the help of the French, bravely defended himself against the fury of Pope Julius the Second, was every day cited, warned, and prosecuted at the suit, and for the sport and fancy of, the fat prior of St. Louant.

"One morning, as he was at breakfast with some of his domestics (for he loved to be sometimes among them), he sent for one Loire, his baker, and his spouse, and for one Oudart, the vicar of his parish, who was also his butler, as the custom was then in France; then said to them before his gentleman and other servants: 'You all see how I am daily plagued with these rascally catchpoles: truly if you do not lend me your helping hand, I am finally resolved to leave the country, and go fight for the sultan rather than be thus eternally teased. Therefore, to be rid of their visits, hereafter, when any of them come here, be ready, you baker and your wife, to make your personal appearance in my great hall, in your wedding clothes, as if you were going to be affianced. Here, take these ducats, which I give you to keep you in a fitting garb. As for you, Sir Oudart, be sure you make your personal appearance there in your fair surplice and stole, not forgetting your holy water, as if you were to wed them. Be you there also, Trudon,' said he to his drummer, 'with your pipe and tabor. The form of matrimony must be read, and the bride kissed at the beat of the tabor; then all of you, as the witnesses used do in this country, shall give one another the remembrance of the wedding—which you know is to be a blow with your fist, bidding the party struck remember the nuptials by that token. This will but make you have the better stomach to your supper; but when you come to the catchpole's turn, thrash him thrice and threefold, as you would a sheaf of green corn; do not spare him; maul him, drub him, swinge him off, I pray you. Here, take these steel gauntlets, covered with kid. Head, back, and sides, give him blows innumerable: be that gives him most, shall be my best friend. Fear not to be called to an account about it; I will stand by you: for the blows must seem to be given in jest, as it is customary among us at all weddings."

"'Ay, but how shall we know the catchpole,' said the man of God? 'All sorts of people daily resort to this castle.' 'I

have taken care of that,' replied the lord. 'When some fellow, either on foot, or on a scurvy jade, with a large broad silver ring on his thumb, comes to the door, he is certainly a catchpole: the porter, having civilly let him in, shall ring the bell: then be all ready, and come into the hall, to act the tragi-comedy, whose plot I have now laid for you.'

"That numerical day, as chance would have it, came an old fat ruddy catchpole. Having knocked at the gate, the porter soon found him out, by his large greasy spatterdashes, his jaded hollow-flanked mare, his bag full of writs and informations dangling at his girdle, but, above all, by the large silver hoop on his left thumb.

"The porter was civil to him, admitted him kindly, and rung the bell briskly. As soon as the baker and his wife heard it, they clapped on their best clothes, and made their personal appearance in the hall, keeping their gravities like a new-made judge. The dominie put on his surplice and stole, and as he came out of his office, met the catchpole, had him in there, and made him suck his face a good while, while the gauntlets were drawing on all hands: and then told him, 'You are come just in pudding-time: my lord is in his right cue: we shall feast like kings anon, here is to be swingeing doings: we have a wedding in the house; here, drink and cheer up; pull away.'

"While these two were at hand-to-fist, Basché, seeing all his people in the hall in their proper equipages, sends for the vicar. Oudart comes with the holy water pot, followed by the catchpole, who, as he came into the hall, did not forget to make good store of awkward cringes, and then served Basché with a writ. Basché gave him grimace for grimace, slipped an angel into his mutton fist, and prayed him to assist at the contract and ceremony: which he did. When it was ended, thumps and fisticuffs began to fly about among the assistants; but when it came to the catchpole's turn, they all laid on him so unmercifully with their gauntlets, that they at last settled him, all stunned and battered, bruised and mor

tified, with one of his eyes black and blue, eight ribs bruised, his brisket sunk in, his omoplates in four quarters, his under jawbone in three pieces; and all this in jest, and no harm done. God wot how the levite belaboured him, hiding within the long sleeve of his canonical shirt his huge steel gauntlet lined with ermine: for he was a strong built ball, and an old dog at fisticuffs. The catchpole, all of a bloody tiger-like stripe, with much ado, crawled home to L'Isle Bouchart, well pleased and edified, however, with Basché's kind reception; and, with the help of the good surgeons of the place, lived as long as you would have him. From that time to this, not a word of the business; the memory of it was lost with the sound of the bells that rung with joy at his funeral."

[The next four chapters contain other tales of the drubbing of catchpoles.]

CHAPTER XVII.

How Pantagruel came to the Islands of Tohu and Bohu; and of the strange Death of Widenostrils, the Swallower of Windmills.

THAT day Pantagruel came to the two islands of Tohu and Bohu, where there was nothing to fry with. For one Widenostrils, a huge giant, had swallowed every individual pan, skillet, kettle, frying pan, dripping-pan, and brass and iron pot in the land, for want of windmills, which were his daily food. Whence it happened, that somewhat before day, about the hour of his digestion, the greedy churl was taken very ill, with a kind of a surfeit, or crudity of stomach, occasioned, as the physicians said, by the weakness of the concocting faculty of his stomach, naturally disposed to digest whole windmills at a gust, yet unable to consume

perfectly the pans and skillets; though it had indeed pretty well digested the kettles and pots. They made use of divers remedies, according to art, to give him ease: but all would not do; the distemper prevailed over the remedies, insomuch that the famous Widenostrils died that morning, of so strange a death, that I think you ought no longer to wonder at that of the poet Æschylus. It had been foretold him by the soothsayers, that he would die on a certain day by the ruin of something that should fall on him. That fatal day being come in its turn, he removed himself out of town, far from all houses, trees, rocks, or any other things that can fall, and endanger by their ruin; and strayed in a large field, trusting himself to the open sky; there, very secure, as he thought, unless, indeed, the sky should happen to fall, which he held to be impossible. Yet, they say, that the larks are much afraid of it; for if it should fall, they must all be taken.

The Celts that once lived near the Rhine—they are our noble valiant French—in ancient times were also afraid of the sky's falling; for being asked by Alexander the Great what they feared most in this world, hoping well they would say that they feared none but him, considering his great achievements, they made answer, that they feared nothing but the sky's falling: however, not refusing to enter into a confederacy with so brave a king; if you believe Strabo, lib. 7, and Arrian, lib. 1.

Plutarch also, in his book of the face that appears on the body of the moon, speaks of one Pharnaces, who very much feared the moon should fall on the earth, and pitied those that live under that planet, as the Æthiopians and Taprobanians, if so heavy a mass ever happened to fall on them; and would have feared the like of heaven and earth, had they not been duly propped up and borne by the Atlantic Pillars as the ancients believed, according to Aristotle's testimony, lib. 5. *Metaphys.* Notwithstanding all this, poor Æschylus was killed by the fall of the shell of a tortoise,

which falling from betwixt the claws of an eagle high in the air, just on his head, dashed out his brains.

Neither ought you to wonder at the death of another poet, I mean old jolly Anacreon, who was choked with a grape-stone. Nor at that of Fabius the Roman prætor, who was choked with a single goat's hair, as he was supping up a porringer of milk. Nor at that of the Italian, buried on the Via Flaminia at Rome, who in his epitaph complains that the bite of a she puss on his little finger was the cause of his death. Nor of that of Q. Lecanius Bassus, who died suddenly of so small a prick with a needle on his left thumb that it could hardly be discerned. Nor of Quenelault, a Norman physician, who died suddenly at Montpellier, merely for having sideways took a worm out of his hand with a penknife. Nor of Philomenes, whose servant having got him some new figs for the first course of his dinner, whilst he went to fetch wine, a straggling well-hung ass got got into the house, and seeing the figs on the table, without further invitation soberly fell too. Philomenes coming into the room, and nicely observing with what gravity the ass ate its dinner, said to his man, who was come back, "Since thou hast set figs here for this reverend guest of ours to eat, methinks it is but reason thou also give him some of this wine to drink." He had no sooner said this, but he was so excessively pleased, and fell into so exorbitant a fit of laughter, that the use of his spleen took that of his breath utterly away, and he immediately died. Nor of Spurius Saufeius, who died supping up a soft boiled egg as he came out of a bath. Nor of him who, as Boccaccio tells us, died suddenly by picking his grinders with a sage stalk. Nor of Phillipot Placut, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which causes, perhaps, many not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident. Nor of the painter Zeuxis, who killed himself with laughing at the sight of the antic jobbernol of an old hag drawn by him. Nor, in short, of a thousand more of which authors write; as Varrius,

Pliny, Valerius, J. Baptista Fulgosus, and Bacabery the elder. In short, Gaffer Widenostrils choked himself with eating a huge lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven, by the advice of physicians.

They likewise told us there, that the King of Cullan in Bohu had routed the grandees of King Mecloth, and made sad work with the fortresses of Belima.

After this, we sailed by the islands of Nargues and Zargues, also by the islands of Teleniabin and Geleniabin; and then by the islands of Einig and Ewig, on whose account formerly the Landgrave of Hesse was swinged off with a vengeance.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

How Pantagruel met with a great Storm at Sea.

THE next day we espied nine sail that came spooning before the wind: they were full of Dominicans, Jesuits, Capuchins, Hermits, Austins, Bernardins, Egnatins, Celestins, Theatins, Amadeans, Cordeliers, Carmelites, Minims, and other holy monks and friars, who were going to the Council of Chesil, to sift and garble some new articles of faith against the new heretics. Panurge was overjoyed to see them, being most certain of good luck for that day, and a long train of others. So having courteously saluted the blessed fathers, and recommended the salvation of his precious soul to their devout prayers and private ejaculations, he caused seventy-eight dozen of Westphalia hams, units of pots of caviare, tens of Bologna sausages, hundreds of botargoes, and

* The Landgrave of Hesse agreed in a treaty to remain at the Court of Charles V. on condition that it should be without any (*ainig*) imprisonment. In the treaty he signed *ainig* was written *ewig* (perpetual), and Charles held him prisoner.

thousands of fine angels, for the souls of the dead, to be thrown on board their ships. Pantagruel seemed metagrabolized, dozing, out of sorts, and as melancholic as a cat. Friar John, who soon perceived it, was inquiring of him whence should come this unusual sadness? when the master, whose watch it was, observing the fluttering of the ancient above the poop, and seeing that it began to overcast, judged that we should have wind; therefore he bid the boatswain call all hands upon deck, officers, sailors, foremast-men, swabbers, and cabin-boys, and even the passengers; made them first settle their top-sails, take in their sprit-sails; then he cried, "In with your top-sails, lower the fore-sail, tallow under the parrels, brade up close all them sails, strike your top-masts to the cap, make all sure with your sheepsfeet, lash your guns fast." All this was nimbly done. Immediately it blew a storm; the sea began to roar, and swell mountain high: the rut of the sea was great, the waves breaking upon our ship's quarter; the north-west wind blustered and over-blew; boisterous gusts, dreadful clashing and deadly scuds of wind whistled through our yards, and made our shrouds rattle again. The thunder grumbled so horribly, that you would have thought heaven had been tumbling about our ears; at the same time it lightened, rained, hailed: the sky lost its transparent hue, grew dusky, thick, and gloomy, so that we had no other light than that of the flashes of lightning and rending of the clouds: the hurricanes, flaws, and sudden whirlwinds began to make a flame about us, by the lightnings, fiery vapours, and other aerial ejaculations. Oh, how our looks were full of amazement and trouble, while the saucy winds did rudely lift up above us the mountainous waves of the main! Believe me, it seemed to us a lively image of the chaos, where fire, air, sea, land, and all the elements were in a refractory confusion. Poor Panurge having, with the full contents of the inside of his doublet, plentifully fed the fish, greedy enough of such odious fare, sat on the deck all

in a heap; invoked and called to his assistance all the blessed he and she saints he could muster up; swore and vowed to confess in time and place convenient, and then bawled out frightfully: "Steward, maître d'hôtel, see hoe! my friend, my father, my uncle, prithee let us have a piece of powdered beef or pork; we shall drink but too much anon, for aught I see. 'Eat little and drink the more,' will hereafter be my motto, I fear. Would to our dear Lord, and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred Lady, I were now, I say, this very minute of an hour, well on shore, on *terra firma*, hale and easy. O twice and thrice happy those that plant cabbages! O Destinies, why did you not spin me for a cabbage-planter? O how few are there to whom Jupiter hath been so favourable, as to predestinate them to plant cabbages! They have always one foot on the ground, and the other not far from it. Dispute who will of felicity, and *summum bonum*, for my part, whosoever plants cabbages, is now, by my decree, proclaimed most happy; for as good a reason as the philosopher Pyrrho, being in the same danger, and seeing a hog near the shore, eating some scattered oats, declared it happy in two respects; first, because it had plenty of oats, and besides that, was on shore. Ha, for a divine and princely habitation, commend me to the cow's floor.

"Murder! This wave will sweep us away! O my friends! a little vinegar. I sweat again with mere agony. Alas, the mizen sail is split, the gallery is washed away, the masts are sprung, the maintop-masthead dives into the sea; the keel is up to the sun; our shrouds are almost all broke, and blown away. Alas! alas! where is our main course? *Al is verlooren;* our topmast is run adrift. Alas! who shall have this wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these whales. Your lantern is fallen, my lads. Alas! do not let go the main tack nor the bowlin. I hear the block crack, is it broke? For the Lord's sake, let us have the hull, and let all the rigging go. Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous.

Look to the needle of your compass, I beseech you, good Sir Astrophil, and tell us, if you can, whence comes this storm. My heart's sunk down below my midriff. By my troth, I am in a sad fright, bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, I am lost for ever. Bou, bou, bou, bou, Otto to to to to ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bous. I sink, I am drowned, I am gone, good people. I am drowned."

CHAPTER XIX.

What Countenance Panurge and Friar John kept during the Storm.

PANTAGRUEL, having first implored the help of the great and Almighty Deliverer, and prayed publicly with fervent devotion, by the pilot's advice held tightly the mast of the ship. Friar John had stripped himself to his waistcoat to help the the seamen. Epistemon, Ponocrates, and the rest did as much. Panurge alone sat upon deck, weeping and howling. Friar John espied him going on the quarter-deck, and said to him, "Panurge the calf, Panurge the whiner, Panurge the brayer, would it not become thee much better to lend us here a helping hand, than to lie lowing like a cow, as thou dost?" "Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous," returned Panurge; "Friar John, my friend, my good father, I am drowning, my dear friend! I drown! I am a dead man, my dear father in God, I am a dead man, my friend: your cutting hanger cannot save me from this: alas! alas! we are above cla. Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges. Be, be, be, bou, bous. Alas! we are now above *gravrent*. I sink, I sink, ha, my father, my uncle, my all! The water is got into my shoes by the collar; bous, bous, bous, paish, hu, hu, hu, he, he, he, ha, ha, I drown. Alas! alas! Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be, be, bous, bous, bobous,

bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, alas! alas! Now I am like your tumblers, my feet stand higher than my head. Would to heaven I were now with those good holy fathers bound for the council, whom we met this morning, so godly, so fat, so merry, so plump, and comely. Holos, bolos, holas, holas, alas! This devilish wave (*mea culpa, Deus*), I mean this wave of God, will sink our vessel. Alas, Friar John, my father, my friend, confession. Here I am down on my knees; *confiteor;* your holy blessing." "Come hither, thou pitiful devil, and help us," said Friar—who fell a-swearing and cursing like a tinker—"in the name of thirty legions of black devils, come; will you come?" "Do not let us swear at this time," said Panurge; "holy father, my friend, do not swear, I beseech you; to morrow as much as you please. Holos, holos, alas! our ship leaks. I drown, alas! alas! I will give eighteen hundred thousand crowns to any one that will set me on shore. *Confiteor*, alas! a word or two of testament or codicil at least." "A thousand devils seize the cow-hearted mongrel," cried Friar John. "Art thou talking here of making thy will, now we are in danger, and it behoveth us to bestir our stumps lustily, or never? Wilt thou come, ho devil? Midshipman, my friend; O the rare lieutenant; here, Gymnast, here on the poop." "Alas, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas, alas, alas, alas," said Panurge; "was it here we were born to perish? Oh! ho! good people, I drown, I die. *Consummatum est.* I am sped." "*Magna, gna, gna,*" said Friar John. "Fie upon him, how ugly the howler looks! Boy, younker, see hoyh. Mind the pumps. Hast thou hurt thyself? Here, fasten it to one of these blocks. On this side, in the devil's name, cheso, my boy." "Ah, Friar John," said Panurge, "good ghostly, father, dear friend, do not let us swear, you sin. Oh ho, oh ho, be, be, be, bous, bous, bhous, I sink, I die, my friends. I die in charity with all the world. Farewell, *in manus.* Bohus bohous, bhousow auswaus. St. Michael of Aure! St. Nicholas! now, now or never, I here make you

a solemn vow, and to our Saviour, that if you stand by me this time, I mean if you set me ashore out of this danger, I will build you a fine large little chapel or two, between Candé and Monsoreau, where neither cow nor calf shall feed. Oh ho, oh ho. Above eighteen pailfuls or two of it are got down my gullet; bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how bitter and salt it is!" "By the virtue," said Friar John, "of the blood, the flesh, the head, if I hear thee again howling, I will maul thee worse than any sea wolf. Why do not we take him up by the lugs and throw him overboard to the bottom of the sea? Here, sailor, ho honest fellow! Thus, thus, my friend, hold fast above. In truth, here is a sad lightning and thundering; I think that all the devils are got loose; it is holiday with them: all the devils dance a morrice."

CHAPTER XX.

How the Ilets were forsaking their Ships in the greatest Stress of Weather.

"Oh," said Panurge, "you sin, Friar John, my former crony! former, I say, for at this time I am no more, you are no more. It goes against my heart to tell it you: for I believe this swearing doth your spleen a great deal of good; as it is a great ease to a wood cleaver to cry hem at every blow; and as one who plays at nine-pins is wonderfully helped, if, when he hath not thrown his bowl right, and is like to make a bad cast, some ingenious stander by leans and screws his body half way about, on that side which the bowl should have took to hit the pin. Nevertheless, you offend, my sweet friend. But what do you think of eating some kind of cabirotadoes? Would not this secure us from this

storm? I have read, that in a storm at sea no harm ever befell the ministers of the gods Cabiri, so much celebrated by Orpheus, Apollonius, Pherecides, Strabo, Pausanias, and Herodotus." "He doats, he raves, the poor devil! A thousand, a million, nay, a hundred million of devils seize the doddipole. Lend us a hand here, hoh, tiger, wouldst thou? Here, on the starboard side. That devil of a sea-calf is the cause of all this storm, and is the only man who doth not lend a helping hand. Here, mate, my lad, hold fast, till I have made a double knot. O brave boy! Would to heaven thou wert abbot of Talemouze, and that he that is were guardian of Croullay. Hold, brother Ponocrates, you will hurt yourself, man. Epistemon, pray thee stand off out of the hatchway. Methinks I saw the thunder fall there but just now. Con the ship, so ho—mind your steerage. Well said, thus, thus, steady, keep her thus, get the long boat clear—steady. The beak-head is staved to pieces. A little more would have washed me clear away into the current. I think all the legions of devils hold here their provincial chapter, or are polling, canvassing, and wrangling for the election of a new rector. Starboard; well said. Take heed; have a care of your noddle, lad. So ho, starboard, starboard." "Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous," cried Panurge, "bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am lost. I see neither heaven nor earth; of the four elements we have here only fire and water left. Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the pleasure of the worthy divine bounty, that I were at this present hour in the close at Seville, or at Innocent's, the pastry-cook, over against the painted wine vault at Chinon, though I were to strip to my doublet, and bake the petti-pasties myself.

"Honest man, could not you throw me ashore? You can do a world of good things, they say. I give you all Salmigondinois, and my large shore full of whelks, cockles, and periwinkles, if, by your industry, I ever set foot on firm ground. Alas, alas, I drown! Harkee, my friends, since

we cannot get safe into port, let us come to an anchor into some road, no matter whither. Drop all your anchors; let us be out of danger, I beseech you. Here, honest tar, get you into the chains, and heave the lead, if it please you. Let us know how many fathoms water we are in. Sound, friend, in the Lord Harry's name. Let us know whether a man might here drink easily without stooping. I am apt to believe one might." "Helm a-lee, hoh," cried the pilot. "Helm a-lee; a hand or two at the helm: about ships with her; helm a-lee, helm a-lee. Stand off from the leech of the sail. Hoh! belay, here make fast below: hoh, helm a-lee, lash sure the helm a-lee, and let her drive." "Is it come to that?" said Pantagruel: "our good Saviour then help us." "Let her lie under the sea," cried James Brahier, our chief mate, "let her drive." "To prayers, to prayers, let all think on their souls, and fall to prayers: nor hope to escape but by a miracle." "Let us," said Panurge, "make some good pious kind of vow: alas, alas, alas! bou, bou, be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, oho, oho, oho, oho, let us make a pilgrim: come, come, let every man club his penny towards it, come on." "Here, here, on this side," said Friar John, "in the devil's name. Let her drive, for the Lord's sake, unhang the rudder: hoh, let her drive, let her drive, and let us drink, I say, of the best and most cheering: do you hear, steward, produce, exhibit; for, do you see this, and all the rest will as well go to the devil out of hand. Sirrah, page, bring me here my drawer (for so he called his breviary); stay a little here, haul, friend, thus. Here is a deal of hail and thunder to no purpose! Hold fast above, I pray you. When have we All-saints day? I believe it is the unholy holiday of all the devil's crew." "Alas," said Panurge, "Friar John damns himself here as black as buttermilk for the nonce. Oh, what a good friend I lose in him. Alas, alas, this is another gates bout than last year's. We are falling out of Scylla into Charybdis. Oho! I drown. *Confiteor*, one poor word or two by way of testament, Friar

John, my ghostly father; good Mr. Abstractor, my crony, my Achates, Xenomanes, my all. Alas! I drown; two words of testament here upon this ladder."

CHAPTER XXI.

A Continuation of the Storm, with a short Discours on the Subject of making Testaments at Sea.

"To make one's last will," said Epistemon, "at this time that we ought to bestir ourselves and help our seamen, on the penalty of being drowned, seems to me as idle and ridiculous a maggot as that of some of Cæsar's men, who, at their coming into the Gauls, were mightily busied in making wills and codicils; bemoaned their fortune, and the absence of their spouses and friends at Rome; when it was absolutely necessary for them to run to their arms, and use their utmost strength against Ariovistus their enemy.

"This also is to be as silly as that jolt-headed loblolly of a carter, who, having laid his waggon fast in a slough, down on his marrow-bones, was calling on the strong backed deity, Hercules, might and main, to help him at a dead lift, but all the while forgot to goad on his oxen, and lay his shoulder to the wheels, as it behoved him: as if a Lord have mercy upon us, alone, would have got his cart out of the mire.

"What will it signify to make your will now? for either we shall come off or drown for it. If we escape, it will not signify a straw to us; for testaments are of no value or authority but by the death of the testators. If we are drowned, will it not be drowned too? Prithee, who will transmit it to the executors?" "Some kind wave will throw it ashore, like Ulysses," replied Panurge; "and some king's daughter, going to fetch a walk in the fresco, on the evening, will find

it, and take care to have it proved and fulfilled; nay, and have some stately cenotaph erected to my memory, as Dido had to that of her good man Sichæus; Æneas to Deiphobus upon the Trojan shore, near Rhœte; Andromache to Hector, in the city of Buthrotus; Aristotle to Hermias and Eubulus; the Athenians to the poet Euripides; the Romans to Drusus in Germany, and to Alexander Severus, their emperor, in the Gauls; Argentier to Callaischre; Xenocrates to Lysidices; Timares to his son Teleutagoras; Eupolis and Aristodice to their son Theotimus; Onestus to Timocles; Callimachus to Sopolis, the son of Dioclides; Catullus to his brother; Statius to his father: Germain of Brie to Hervé, the Breton tarpaulin." "Art thou mad," said Friar John, "to run on at this rate? Help, here, in the name of five hundred thousand millions of cartloads of devils, help! Our ship is almost overset. How shall we clear her? it is well if she do not founder. What a devilish sea there runs! She will neither try nor hull; the sea will overtake her, so we shall never escape: the devil escape me." Then Pantagruel was heard to make a sad exclamation, saying, with a loud voice, "Lord save us, we perish; yet not as we would have it, but Thy holy will be done." "The Lord and the blessed Virgin be with us," said Panurge. "Holos, alas, I drown: be, be, be, bous, be bous, bous: *in manus*. Good heavens, send me some dolphin to carry me safe on shore, like a pretty little Arion. I shall make shift to sound the harp, if it be not unstrung." "Let nineteen legions of black devils seize me," said Friar John ("the Lord be with us," whispered Panurge, between his chattering teeth). "If I come down to thee, I will show thee to some purpose, that the badge of thy humanity dangles at a calf's tail; mgna, mgnan, mgnan: come hither and help us, thou great weeping calf, or may thirty millions of devils leap on thee. Wilt thou come, sea-calf? Fie! how ugly the howling whelp looks. What, always the same ditty? Come on now, my bonny drawer." This he said, opening his

breviary. "Come forward, thou and I must be somewhat serious for a while; let me peruse thee stiffly. *Beatus vir qui non abiit.* Pshaw, I know all this by heart; let us see the legend of Mons. St. Nicholas:

Horrida tempestas montem turbavit acutum.

"Tempeste was a mighty flogger of lads at Montaigu College. If pedants be damned for whipping poor little innocent wretches their scholars, he is, upon my honour, by this time fixed within Ixion's wheel, lashing the crop-eared, bob-tailed cur that gives it motion. If they are saved for having whipped innocent lads, he ought to be above the——"

CHAPTER XXII.

An End of the Storm.

"SHORE, shore!" cried Pantagruel. "Land to, my friends, I see land! Pluck up a good spirit, boys, it is within a kenning." "So! we are not far from a port." "I see the sky clearing up to the northwards." "Look to the south-east! Courage, my hearts," said the pilot; "now she will bear the hullock of a sail: the sea is much smoother; some hands aloft to the maintop. Put the helm a weather. Steady! steady! Haul your after-mizen bowlines. Haul, haul, haul! Thus, thus, and no near. Mind your steerage; bring your main tack aboard. Clear your sheets; clear your bowlines; port, port. Helm a lee. Now to the sheet on the starboard side, thou son of a seacook." "Thou art mightily pleased, honest fellow," quoth Friar John, "with hearing make mention of thy mother." "Luff, luff," cried the quartermaster that conned the ship, "keep her full, luff

the helm." "Luff it is," answered the steersman. "Keep her thus. Get the bonnets fixed. Steady, steady."

"That is well said," said Friar John: "now, this is something like a tansey. Come, come, come, children, be nimble. Good. Luff, luff, thus. Helm a-weather. That is well said and thought on. Methinks the storm is almost over. It was high time, faith: however, the Lord be thanked. Our devils begin to scamper." "Out with all your sails. Hoist your sails. Hoist." "That is spoke like a man, hoist, hoist. Here, a God's name, honest Ponocrates; thou art a lusty fellow. Eusthenes, thou art notable. Run up to the fore-top sail." "Thus, thus." "Well said, i'faith; thus, thus. I dare not fear anything all this while, for it is holiday." Vea, vea, vea! huzza!" "This shout of the seaman is not amiss, and pleases me, for it is holiday." "Keep her full thus. Good." "Cheer up, my merry mates all," cried out Epistemon: "I see already Castor on the right." "Be, be, bous, bous, bous," said Panurge, "I am much afraid it is Helen." "It is truly Mixarchagenas," returned Epistemon, "if thou likest better that denomination, which the Argives give him. Ho, ho! I see land too: let her bear in with the harbour: I see a good many people on the beach: I see a light on an obeliscolychny." "Shorten your sails," said the pilot: "fetch the sounding line; we must double that point of land, and mind the sands." "We are clear of them," said the sailors. Soon after, "Away she goes," quoth the pilot, "and so doth the rest of our fleet: help came in good season."

"By St. John," said Panurge, "this is spoke somewhat like: O the sweet word! there is the soul of music in it." "Mgna, mgna, mgna," said Friar John: "if ever thou taste a drop of it, let the devil's dam taste me. Here, honest soul, here is a full sneaker of the very best. Bring the flagons: dost hear, Gymnast? and that same large pasty jambic, or gammonic, even as you will have it. Take heed you pilot her in right."

"Cheer up," cried out Pantagruel; "cheer up, my boys: let us be ourselves again. Do you see yonder, close by our ship, two barks, three sloops, five ships, eight pinks, four yawls, and six frigates, making towards us, sent by the good people of the neighbouring island to our relief? But who is this Ucalegon below, that cried, and makes such a sad moan? Were it not that I hold the mast firmly with both my hands, and keep it straighter than two hundred tacklings—I would——" "It is," said Friar John, "that poor devil, Panurge, who is troubled with a calf's ague; he quakes for fear when his belly is full." "If," said Pantagruel, "he hath been afraid during this dreadful hurricane and dangerous storm, provided he hath done his part like a man, I do not value him a jot the less for it. For as, to fear in all encounters, is the mark of a heavy and cowardly heart; as Agamemnon did, who for that reason is ignominiously taxed by Achilles with having dog's eyes and a stag's heart; so, not to fear when the case is evidently dreadful, is a sign of want or smallness of judgment. Now, if anything ought to be feared in this life, next to offending God, I will not say it is death. I will not meddle with the disputes of Socrates and the academics, that death of itself is neither bad nor to be feared; but I will affirm that this kind of shipwreck is to be feared, or nothing is. For, as Homer saith, it is a grievous, dreadful, and unnatural thing to perish at sea. And, indeed, Æneas, in the storm that took his fleet near Sicily, was grieved that he had not died by the hand of the brave Diomedes; and said that those were three, nay four times happy, who perished in the conflagration at Troy. No man here hath lost his life, the Lord our Saviour be eternally praised for it: but in truth here is a ship sadly out of order. Well, we must take care to have the damage repaired. Take heed we do not run aground and bulge her."

CHAPTER XXIII.

How Panurge played the Good Fellow when the Storm was over.

"WHAT cheer, ho! fore and aft?" quoth Panurge. "Oh ho! all is well, the storm is over. I beseech ye, be so kind as to let me be the first that is sent on shore. Shall I help you still? Here, let me see. I will coil this rope: I have plenty of courage, and of fear as little as may be. Give it me yonder, honest tar. No, no, I have not a bit of fear. Indeed, that same decumane wave, that took us fore and aft, somewhat altered my pulse. Down with your sails: well said. How now, Friar John? you do nothing. Is it time for us to drink now? Who can tell but St. Martin's running footman may still be hatching us some further mischief? Shall I come and help you again? Pork and peas choke me, but I do heartily repent, though too late, not having followed the doctrine of the good philosopher, who tells us that to walk by the sea, and to navigate by the shore, are very safe and pleasant things: just as it is to go on foot, when we hold our horse by the bridle. Ha! ha! ha! all goes well. Shall I help you here too? Let me see, I will do this as it should be, or the devil is in it."

Epistemon, who had the inside of one of his hands all flayed and bloody, having held a tackling with might and main, hearing what Pantagruel had said, told him: "You may believe, my lord, I had my share of fear as well as Panurge; yet I spared no pains in lending my helping hand. I considered, that since by fatal and unavoidable necessity, we must all die, it is the blessed will of God that we die this or that hour, and this or that kind of death: nevertheless we ought to implore, invoke, pray, beseech, and supplicate Him: but we must not stop there; it behoveth us also to use our endeavours on our side, and, as the Holy Writ saith, to co-operate with Him.

"You know what C. Flaminius, the consul said, when by Hannibal's policy he was penned up near the Lake of Peruse, alias Thrasymene. 'Friends,' said he to his soldiers, 'you must not hope to get out of this place barely by vows or prayers to the gods; no, it is by fortitude and strength we must escape and cut ourselves a way with the edge of our swords through the midst of our enemies.'

"Sallust likewise makes M. Portius Cato say this: 'The help of the gods is not obtained by idle vows and womanish complaints; it is by vigilance, labour, and repeated endeavours, that all things succeed according to our wishes and designs. If a man, in time of need and danger, is negligent, heartless, and lazy, in vain he implores the gods; they are then justly angry and incensed against him.'"

"The devil take me," said Friar John ("I'll go his halves," quoth Panurge), "if the close of Sevillé had not been all gathered, vintaged, gleaned, and destroyed, if I had only sung *contra hostium insidias* (matter of breviary), and had not bestirred myself to save the vineyard as I did, despatching the truant picaroons of Lerné with the staff of the cross."

"Let her sink or swim a God's name," said Panurge, "all's one to Friar John; he doth nothing; his name is Friar John Do-little; for all he sees me here sweating and puffing to help with all my might this honest tar, first of the name."

CHAPTER XXIV.

How Panurge was said to have been Afraid without Reason during the Storm.

"Good morrow, gentlemen," said Panurge, "good morrow to you all: you are in very good health, thanks to heaven and yourselves: you are all heartily welcome, and in good

time. Let us go on shore. Here, coxswain, get the ladder over the gunnel; man the sides: man the pinnace, and get her by the ship's side. Shall I lend you a hand here? I am stark mad for want of business, and would work like any two yokes of oxen. Truly this is a fine place, and these look like a very good people. Children, do you want me still in anything? do not spare the sweat of my body, for God's sake. Adam—that is man—was made to labour and work, as the birds were made to fly. Our Lord's will is, that we get our bread with the sweat of our brows, not idling and doing nothing, like this tatterdamalion of a monk here, this Friar Jack, who is fain to drink to hearten himself up, and dies for fear. Rare weather. I now find the answer of Anacharsis, the noble philosopher, very proper: being asked what ship he reckoned the safest, he replied, 'That which is in the harbour.'" "He made yet a better repartee," said Pantagruel, "when somebody inquiring which is greater, the number of the living or that of the dead, he asked them, amongst which of the two they reckoned those that are at sea? ingeniously implying that they are continually in danger of death, dying alive, and living die. Portius Cato also said, that there were but three things of which he would repent: if ever he had trusted his wife with his secret, if he had idled away a day, and if he had ever gone by sea to a place which he could visit by land." "By this dignified frock of mine," said Friar John to Panurge, "friend, thou hast been afraid during the storm, without cause or reason: for thou wert not born to be drowned, but rather to be hanged, and exalted in the air, or to be roasted in the midst of a jolly bonfire. My lord, would you have a good cloak for the rain; leave me off your wolf and badger skin mantle: let Panurge but be flayed, and cover yourself with his hide. But do not come near the fire, nor near your blacksmith's forges, a God's name: for in a moment you will see it in ashes. Yet be as long as you please in the rain, snow, hail, nay, by the devil's maker, throw yourself, or dive down to the very bottom of

the water, I'll engage you'll not be wet at all. Have some winter boots made of it, they'll never take in a drop of water: make bladders of it to lay under boys, to teach them to swim, instead of corks, and they will learn without the least danger." "His skin, then," said Pantagruel, "should be like the herb called true maiden's-hair, which never takes wet nor moistness, but stills keeps dry, though you lay it at the bottom of the water as long as you please; and for that reason is called Adiantos."

"Friend Panurge," said Friar John, "I pray thee never be afraid of water: thy life for mine thou art threatened with a contrary element." "Ay, ay," replied Panurge, "but the devil's cooks dote sometimes, and are apt to make horrid blunders as well as others: often putting to boil in water what was designed to be roasted on the fire: like the head cooks of our kitchen, who often lard partridges, queests, and stock-doves, with intent to roast them, one would think; but it happens sometimes that they even turn the partridges into the pot, to be boiled with cabbages, the queests with leek pottage, and the stock-doves with turnips. But, hark you me, good friends, I protest before this noble company, that as for the chapel which I vowed to Mons. St. Nicholas, between Candé and Monsoreau, I honestly mean that it shall be a chapel of rose-water, which shall be where neither cow nor calf shall be fed: for between you and I, I intend to throw it to the bottom of the water." "Here is a rare rogue for you," said Eusthenes: "here is a pure rogue, a rogue in grain, a rogue enough, a rogue and a half. He is resolved to make good the proverb:

> The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
> The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

CHAPTER XXV.

How, after the Storm, Pantagruel went on shore in the Islands of the Macreons.

IMMEDIATELY after, he went ashore at the port of an island which they called the island of the Macreons. The good people of the place received us very honourably. An old Macrobius (so they called their eldest alderman) desired Pantagruel to come to the town-house to refresh himself, and eat something: but he would not budge a foot from the mole till all his men were landed. After he had seen them, he gave order that they should all change clothes, and that some of all the stores in the fleet should be brought on shore, that every ship's crew might live well: which was accordingly done, and God wot how well they all toped and caroused. The people of the place brought them provisions in abundance. The Pantagruelists returned them more; as the truth is theirs were somewhat damaged by the late storm. When they had well stuffed the insides of their doublets, Pantagruel desired every one to lend his help to repair the damage; which they readily did. It was easy enough to refit there: for all the inhabitants of the island were carpenters, and all such handicrafts as are seen in the arsenal at Venice. None but the largest island was inhabited, having three ports and ten parishes; the rest being overrun with wood and desert, much like the forest of Arden. We entreated the old Macrobius to show us what was worth seeing in the island, which he did; and in the desert and dark forest we discovered several old ruined temples, obelisks, pyramids, monuments, and ancient tombs with divers inscriptions and epitaphs; some of them in hieroglyphic characters; others in the Ionic dialect; some in the Arabic, Agarenian, Sclavonian, and other tongues; of which Epistemon took an exact account. In the interim,

Panurge said to Friar John, "Is this the island of the Macreons? Macreon signifies in Greek an old man, or one much stricken in years." "What is that to me," said Friar John, "how can I help it? I was not in the country when they christened it." Old Macrobius asked, in the Ionic tongue, how, and by what industry and labour, Pantagruel got to their port that day, there having been such blustering weather, and such a dreadful storm at sea. Pantagruel told him that the Almighty Preserver of mankind had regarded the simplicity and sincere affection of his servants, who did not travel for gain or sordid profit; the sole design of their voyage being a studious desire to know, see, and visit the Oracle of Bacbuc, and take the word of the bottle upon some difficulties offered by one of the company; nevertheless this had not been without great affliction, and evident danger of shipwreck. After that, he asked him what he judged to be the cause of that terrible tempest, and if the adjacent seas were thus frequently subject to storms; as in the ocean are the Ratz of Sammaieu, Maumusson, and in the Mediterranean sea the Gulf of Sataly, Montargentan, Piombino, Capo Melio in Laconia, the Straits of Gibraltar, Faro di Messina, and others.

CHAPTER XXVI.

How the good Macrobius gave us an account of the Mansion and Decease of the Heroes.

THE good Macrobius then answered: "Friendly strangers, this island is one of the Sporades; not of your Sporades that lie in the Carpathian sea, but one of the Sporades of the ocean; in former times rich, frequented, wealthy, populous, full of traffic, and in the dominions of the rulers of Britain,

but now, by course of time, and in these latter ages of the world, poor and desolate, as you see. In this dark forest, above seventy-eight thousand Persian leagues in compass, is the dwelling-place of the demons and heroes that are grown old, and we believed that some one of them died yesterday; since the comet, which we saw for three days before together, shines no more: and now it is likely that at his death there arose this horrible storm; for while they are alive all happiness attends both this and the adjacent islands, and a settled calm and serenity. At the death of every one of them, we commonly hear in the forest loud and mournful groans, and the whole land is infested with pestilence, earthquakes, inundations, and other calamities; the air with fogs and obscurity, and the sea with storms and hurricanes." "What you tell us, seems to be likely enough," said Pantagruel. "For, as a torch or candle, as long as it hath life enough and is lighted, shines round about, disperses its light, delights those that are near it, yields them its service and clearness, and never causes any pain or displeasure; but as soon as it is extinguished, its smoke and evaporation infect the air, offend the bystanders, and are noisome to all: so, as long as those noble and renowned souls inhabit their bodies, peace, profit, pleasure, and honour never leave the places where they abide: but as soon as they leave them, both the continent and adjacent islands are annoyed with great commotions: in the air fogs, darkness, thunder, hail; tremblings, pulsations, agitations of the earth; storms and hurricanes at sea; together with sad complaints amongst the people, broaching of religions, changes in governments, and ruins of commonwealths."

"We had a sad instance of this lately," said Eustemon, "at the death of that valiant and learned knight, William du Bellay: during whose life France enjoyed so much happiness, that all the rest of the world looked upon it with envy, sought friendship with it, and stood in awe of its power; but

now, after his decease, it hath for a considerable time been the scorn of the rest of the world."

"Thus," said Pantagruel, "Anchises being dead at Drepani, in Sicily, Æneas was dreadfully tossed and endangered by a storm; and perhaps for the same reason, Herod, that tyrant and cruel king of Judea, finding himself near the passage of a horrid kind of death—for he died of a phthiriasis, devoured by vermin and lice; as before him died L. Sylla, Pherecydes the Syrian, the preceptor of Pythagoras, the Greek poet Alcmæon, and others—and foreseeing that the Jews would make bonfires at his death, caused all the nobles and magistrates to be summoned to his seraglio, out of all the cities, towns and castles of Judea, fraudulently pretending that he had some things of moment to impart to them. They made their personal appearance; whereupon he caused them all to be shut up in the hippodrome of the seraglio; then said to his sister Salome, and Alexander her husband: 'I am certain that the Jews will rejoice at my death; but if you will observe and perform what I tell you, my funeral shall be honourable, and there will be a general mourning. As soon as you see me dead, let my guards, to whom I have already given strict commission to that purpose, kill all the noblemen and magistrates that are secured in the hippodrome. By these means, all Jewry shall, in spite of themselves, be obliged to mourn and lament, and foreigners will imagine it to be for my death, as if some heroic soul had left her body.' A desperate tyrant wished as much when he said, 'When I die, let earth and fire be mixed together;' which was as good as to say, 'Let the whole world perish.' Which saying the tyrant Nero altered, saying, 'While I live,' as Suetonius affirms it. This detestable saying, of which Cicero, lib. *De Finib.*, and Seneca, lib. 2, *De Clementia*, make mention, is ascribed to the Emperor Tiberius, by Dion Nicæus and Suidas."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Pantagruel's Discourse of the Decease of heroic Souls: and of the dreadful Prodigies that happened before the Death of the late Lord de Langey.

"I WOULD not," continued Pantagruel, "have missed the storm that hath thus disordered us, were I also to have missed the relation of these things told us by this good Macrobius. Neither am I unwilling to believe what he said of a comet that appears in the sky some days before such a decease. For some of those souls are so noble, so precious, and so heroic that heaven gives us notice of their departing some days before it happens. And as a prudent physician, seeing by some symptoms that his patient draws towards his end, some days before gives notice of it to his wife, children, kindred, and friends, that, in that little time he hath yet to live, they may admonish him to settle all things in his family, to tutor and instruct his children as much as he can, recommend his relict to his friends in her widowhood, and declare what he knows to be necessary about a provision for the orphans; that he may not be surprised by death without making his will, and may take care of his soul and family: in the same manner the heavens, as it were, joyful for the approaching reception of those blessed souls, seem to make bonfires by those comets and blazing meteors, which they at the same time kindly design should prognosticate to us here that in a few days one of those venerable souls is to leave her body and this terrestrial globe. Not altogether unlike this was what was formerly done at Athens by the judges of the Areopagus. For when they gave their verdict to cast or clear the culprits that were tried before them, they used certain notes according to the substance of the sentences; by O, signifying sentence to death; by T, absolution; by A, ampliation or a demur, when the case was

not sufficiently examined. Thus having publicly set up those letters, they eased the relations and friends of the prisoners, and such others as desired to know their doom, of their doubts. Likewise by these comets, as in ethereal characters, the heavens silently say to us, 'Make haste, mortals, if you would know or learn of the blessed souls anything concerning the public good, or your private interest; for their catastrophe is near, which being past, you will vainly wish for them afterwards.'

"The good-natured heavens still do more: and that mankind may be declared unworthy of the enjoyment of those renowned souls, they fright and astonish us with prodigies, monsters, and other foreboding signs, that thwart the order of Nature.

"Of this we had an instance several days before the decease of the heroic soul of the learned and valiant Chevalier de Langey, of whom you have already spoken." "I remember it," said Epistemon; "and my heart still trembles within me, when I think on the many dreadful prodigies that we saw five or six days before he died. For the Lords D'Assier, Chemant, one-eyed Mailly, St. Ayl, Villeneufue-la-Guyart, Master Gabriel, physician of Savillan, Rabelais, Cohuau, Massuau, Majorici, Bullou, Cercu, alias Bourgmaistre, Francis Proust, Ferron, Charles Girard, Francis Bourré, and many other friends and servants to the deceased, all dismayed, gazed on each other without uttering one word; yet not without foreseeing that France would in a short time be deprived of a knight so accomplished, and necessary for its glory and protection, and that heaven claimed him again as its due." "By the tufted tip of my cowl," cried Friar John, "I am even resolved to become a scholar before I die. I have a pretty good head piece of my own, you must confess. Now pray give me leave to ask you a civil question. Can these same heroes or demigods you talk of, die? May I never be saved, if I was not so much a lobcock as to believe they had been immortal,

like so many fine angels. Heaven forgive me! but this most reverend father, Macrobius, tells us they die at last." "Not all," returned Pantagruel.

"The Stoics held them all to be mortal, except one, who alone is immortal, impassable, invisible. Pindar plainly saith, that there is no more thread, that is to say, no more life, spun from the distaff and flax of the hard-hearted fates for the goddesses Hamadryades, than there is for those trees that are preserved by them, which are good, sturdy, downright oaks; whence they derived their original, according to the opinion of Callimachus and Pausanias, in Phoci: with whom concurs Martianus Capella. As for the demigods, fauns, satyrs, sylvans, hobgoblins, ægipanes, nymphs, heroes, and demons, several men have, from the total sum, which is the result of the divers ages calculated by Hesiod, reckoned their life to be 9720 years: that sum consisting of four special numbers orderly arising from one, the same added together, and multiplied by four every way, amounts to forty; these forties, being reduced into triangles by five times, make up the total of the aforesaid number. See Plutarch, in his book about the Cessation of Oracles."

"This," said Friar John, "is not matter of breviary: I may believe as little or as much of it as you and I please." "I believe," said Pantagruel, "that all intellectual souls are exempted from Atropos's scissors. They are all immortal, whether they be of angels, of demons, or human; yet I will tell you a story concerning this that is very strange, but is written and affirmed by several learned historians."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How Pantagruel related a very sad Story of the Death of the Heros.

"EPITHERSES, the father of Æmilian the rhetorician, sailing from Greece to Italy, in a ship freighted with divers goods and passengers, at night the wind failed them near the Echinades, some islands that lie between the Morea and Tunis, and the vessel was driven near Paxos. When they got thither, some of the passengers being asleep, others awake, the rest eating and drinking, a voice was heard that called aloud, 'Thamous!' which cry surprised them all. This same Thamous was their pilot, an Egyptian by birth, but known by name only to some few travellers. The voice was heard a second time, calling Thamous, in a frightful tone; and none making answer, but trembling, and remaining silent, the voice was heard a third time, more dreadful than before.

"This caused Thamous to answer; 'Here am I; what dost thou call me for? What wilt thou have me do?' Then the voice, louder than before, bid him publish, when he should come to Palodes, that the great god Pan was dead.

"Epitherses related that all the mariners and passengers, having heard this, were extremely amazed and frighted; and that consulting among themselves, whether they had best conceal or divulge what the voice had enjoined; Thamous said his advice was, that if they happened to have a fair wind they should proceed without mentioning a word of it, but if they chanced to be becalmed, he would publish what he had heard. Now when they were near Palodes, they had no wind, neither were they in any current. Thamous then getting up on the top of the ship's forecastle, and casting his eyes on the shore, said that he had been commanded to proclaim that the great god Pan was dead. The words were

hardly out of his mouth, when deep groans, great lamentations, and doleful shrieks, not of one person, but of many together, were heard from the land.

"The news of this—many being present—was soon spread at Rome; insomuch that Tiberius, who was then emperor, sent for this Thamous, and having heard him, gave credit to his words. And inquiring of the learned in his court, and at Rome, who was that Pan, he found by their relation that he was the son of Mercury and Penelope, as Herodotus, and Cicero in his third book of the Nature of the Gods, had written before.

"For my part, I understand it of that great Saviour of the faithful, who was shamefully put to death at Jerusalem, by the envy and wickedness of the doctors, priests, and monks of the Mosaic law. And methinks, my interpretation is not improper; for he may lawfully be said in the Greek tongue to be *Pan*, since he is our *all*. For all that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is by him, from him, and in him. He is the god Pan, the great shepherd, who, as the loving shepherd Corydon affirms, hath not only a tender love and affection for his sheep, but also for their shepherds. At his death, complaints, sighs, fears, and lamentations were spread through the whole fabric of the universe, whether heaven, earth, sea or hell.

"The time also concurs with this interpretation of mine: for this most good, most mighty Pan, our only Saviour, died near Jesuralem, during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar."

Pantagruel, having ended this discourse, remained silent, and full of contemplation. A little while after, we saw the tears flow out of his eyes as big as ostrich's eggs.

CHAPTER XXIX.

How Pantagruel sailed by the Sneaking Island, where Shrovetide reigned.

THE jovial fleet being refitted and repaired, new stores taken in, the Macreons over and above satisfied and pleased with the money spent there by Pantagruel, our men in better humour than they used to be, if possible, we merrily put to sea the next day, near sunset, with a delicious fresh gale.

Xenomanes showed us afar off the Sneaking Island, where reigned Shrovetide, of whom Pantagruel had heard much talk formerly: for that reason he would gladly have seen him in person, had not Xenomanes advised him to the contrary: first, because this would have been much out of our way; and then for the lean cheer (*manger maigre*) which he told us was to be found at that prince's court, and indeed all over the island.

"You can see nothing there for your money," said he, "but a mossy-chinned demi-giant, with a double shaven crown, of lantern breed; a very great loitering noddy-peaked youngster, banner-bearer to the fish-eating tribe, dictator of mustard land, flogger of little children, calciner of ashes, father and foster-father to physicians; swarming with pardons, indulgences, and stations; a very honest man; a good Catholic, and as brimful of devotion as ever he can hold."

"He weeps the three-fourth parts of the day, and never assists at any weddings, but he is the most industrious larding-stick and skewer-maker in forty kingdoms."

"You will do me a kindness," said Pantagruel, "if, as you have described his food, actions, and pastimes, you will also give me an account of his shape and disposition in all its parts." "Prithee do," said Friar John, "for I have found him in my breviary, and then follow the movable holy-days." "With all my heart," answered Xenomanes; "we may chance

to hear more of him as we touch at the Wild Island, the dominions of the squab Chitterlings, his enemies: against whom he is eternally at odds: and were it not for the help of the noble Carnival, their protector and good neighbour, this meagre-looking Shrovetide would long before this have made sad work among them, and rooted them out of their habitation." "Are these same Chitterlings," said Friar John, "male or female, angels or mortals, women or maids?" "They are," replied Xenomanes, "females in sex, mortal in condition, some of them maids, others not." "What a shameful disorder," said Friar John, "in nature, is it not, to make war against women? Let us go back, and hack the villain to pieces." "What! meddle with Shrovetide?" cried Panurge, "in the name of Belzebub, I am not yet so weary of my life. No, I am not yet so mad as that comes to. *Quid juris?*"

[Xenomanes gives in the next three chapters further descriptions of Shrovetide.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

How Pantagruel discovered a monstrous Physeter, or Whirlpool, near the Wild Island.

About sunset, coming near the Wild Island, Pantagruel spied afar off a huge monstrous physeter, a sort of whale, which some call a whirlpool, that came right upon us, neighing, snorting, raised above the waves higher than our maintops, and spouting water all the way into the air before itself, like a large river falling from a mountain: Pantagruel showed it to the pilot, and to Xenomanes.

By the pilot's advice, the trumpets of the *Thalamege* were sounded, to warn all the fleet to stand close, and look to

themselves. This alarm being given, all the ships, galleons, frigates, brigantines, according to their naval discipline, placed themselves in the order and figure of a Greek upsilon (Ψ), the letter of Pythagoras, as cranes do in their flight; and like an acute angle, in whose cone and basis the *Thalamege* placed herself ready to fight smartly. Friar John, with the grenadiers, got on the forecastle.

Poor Panurge began to cry and howl worse than ever. "Babillebabou," said he, shrugging up his shoulders, quivering all over with fear, "there will be the devil upon dun. This is a worse business than that the other day. Let us fly, let us fly; Old Nick take me if it is not Leviathan, described by the noble prophet Moses, in the life of patient Job. It will swallow us all, ships and men, shag, rag, and bobtail, like a dose of pills. Alas, it will make no more of us, and we shall hold no more room in its hellish jaws than a sugar-plum in an ass's throat. Look, look, it is upon us; let us wheel off, whip it away, and get ashore. I believe it is the very individual sea-monster that was formerly designed to devour Andromeda: we are all undone. Oh! for some valiant Perseus here now to kill the dog."

"I'll do its business presently," said Pantagruel; "fear nothing." "Remove the cause of my fear then," said Panurge. "When the devil would you have a man be afraid, but when there is so much cause?" "If your destiny be such, as Friar John was saying a while ago," replied Pantagruel, "you ought to be afraid of Pyroeis, Eous, Æthon, and Phlegon, the sun's coach horses, that breathe fire at the nostrils: and not of physeters, that spout nothing but water at the snout and mouth. Their water will not endanger your life; and that element will rather save and preserve than hurt or endanger you."

"Ay, ay, trust to that, and hang me," quoth Panurge; "yours is a very pretty fancy. Did I not give you a sufficient account of the element's transmutation, and the blunders that are made of roast for boiled, and boiled for

roast? Alas, here it is; I'll go hide myself below. We are dead men, every mother's son of us: I see upon our maintop that merciless hag Atropos, with her scissors new ground, ready to cut our threads all at one snip. Oh! how dreadful and abominable thou art; thou hast drowned a good many beside us, who never made their brags of it. Did it but spout good, brisk, dainty, delicious white wine, instead of this bitter salt water, one might better bear with it, and there would be some cause to be patient; like that English lord, who being doomed to die, and had leave to choose what kind of death he would, chose to be drowned in a butt of malmsey. Here it is. Oh, oh! devil! Sathanas! Leviathan! I cannot abide to look upon thee, thou art so abominably ugly. Go to the bar, go take the pettifoggers."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How the monstrous Physeter was slain by Pantagruel.

THE physeter, coming between the ships and the galleons, threw water by whole tuns upon them, as if it had been the cataracts of the Nile in Ethiopia. On the other side, arrows, darts, gleaves, javelins, spears, harping irons, and partizans, flew upon it like hail. Friar John did not spare himself in it. Panurge was half dead for fear. The artillery roared and thundered like mad, and seemed to gall it in good earnest, but did but little good: for the great iron and brass cannon shot, entering its skin, seemed to melt like tiles in the sun.

Pantagruel then, considering the weight and exigency of the matter, stretched out his arms, and showed what he could do. You tell us, and it is recorded, that Commodus, the Roman emperor, could shoot with a bow so dexterously,

that at a good distance he would let fly on arrow through a child's fingers, and never touch them. You also tell us of an Indian archer, who lived when Alexander the Great conquered India, and was so skilful in drawing the bow, that at a considerable distance he would shoot his arrows through a ring, though they were three cubits long, and their iron so large and weighty, that with them he used to pierce steel cutlasses, thick shields, steel breast-plates, and generally what he did hit, how firm, resisting, hard, and strong soever it were. You also tell us wonders of the industry of the ancient Franks, who were preferred to all others in point of archery; and when they hunted either black or dun beasts, used to rub the head of their arrows with hellebore, because the flesh of the venison struck with such an arrow was more tender, dainty, wholesome, and delicious—paring off, nevertheless, the part that was touched round about. You also talk of the Parthians, who used to shoot backwards, more dexterously than other nations forwards; and also celebrate the skill of the Scythians in that art, who sent once to Darius, king of Persia, an ambassador, that made him a present of a bird, a frog, a mouse, and five arrows, without speaking one word; and being asked what those presents meant, and if he had commission to say anything, answered that he had not: which puzzled and gravelled Darius very much, till Gobrias, one of the seven captains that had killed the Magi, explained it, saying to Darius: "By these gifts and offerings the Scythians silently tell you, that except the Persians, like birds, fly up to heaven, or, like mice, hide themselves near the centre of the earth, or, like frogs, dive to the very bottom of ponds and lakes, they shall be destroyed by the power and arrows of the Scythians."

The noble Pantagruel was, without comparison, more admirable yet in the art of shooting and darting: for with his dreadful piles and darts, nearly resembling the huge beams that support the bridges of Nantes, Saumer, Bergerac, and at Paris the millers' and the changers' bridges, in length, size,

weight, and ironwork, he, at a mile's distance, would open an oyster, and never touch the edges; he would snuff a candle, without putting it out; would shoot a magpie in the eye; take off a boot's under-sole, or a riding-hood's lining, without soiling them a bit; turn over every leaf of Friar John's breviary, one after another, and not tear one.

With such darts, of which there was good store in the ship, at the first blow he ran the physeter in at the forehead so furiously, that he pierced both its jaws and tongue: so that from that time to this it no more opened its guttural trap-door, nor drew and spouted water. At the second blow he put out its right eye, and at the third its left; and we had all the pleasure to see the physeter bearing those three horns in its forehead, somewhat leaning forwards in an equilateral triangle.

Meanwhile it turned about to and fro, staggering and straying like one stunned, blinded, and taking his leave of the world. Pantagruel, not satisfied with this, let fly another dart, which took the monster under the tail likewise sloping; then with three other on the chine, in a perpendicular line, divided its flank from the tail to the snout at an equal distance: then he larded it with fifty on one side, and after that, to make even work, he darted as many on its other side: so that the body of the physeter seemed like the hulk of a galleon with three masts, joined by a competent dimension of its beams, as if they had been the ribs and chain-wales of the keel; which was a pleasant sight. The physeter then giving up the ghost, turned itself upon its back, as all dead fishes do; and being thus overturned, with the beams and darts upside down in the sea, it seemed a scolopendra or centipede, as that serpent is described by the ancient sage Nicander.

CHAPTER XXXV.

How Pantagruel went on Shore in the Wild Island, the ancient Abode of the Chitterlings.

THE boat's crew of the ship *Lantern* towed the physeter ashore on the neighbouring shore, which happened to be the Wild Island, to make an anatomical dissection of its body, and save the fat of its kidneys, which, they said, was very useful and necessary for the cure of a certain distemper, which they called want of money. As for Pantagruel, he took no manner of notice of the monster; for he had seen many such, nay, bigger, in the Gallic ocean. Yet he condescended to land in the Wild Island, to dry and refresh some of his men (whom the physeter had wetted and bedaubed), at a small desert seaport towards the south, seated near a fine pleasant grove, out of which flowed a delicious brook of fresh, clear, and purling water. Here they pitched their tents, and set up their kitchens; nor did they spare fuel.

Every one having shifted as they thought fit, Friar John rang the bell, and the cloth was immediately laid, and supper brought in. Pantagruel, eating cheerfully with his men, much about the second course, perceived certain little sly Chitterlings clambering up a high tree near the pantry as still as so many mice. Which made him ask Xenomanes what kind of creatures these were, taking them for squirrels, weasels, martins, or ermines. "They are Chitterlings," replied Xenomanes. "This is the Wild Island, of which I spoke to you this morning: there hath been an irreconcilable war, this long time, between them and Shrovetide, their malicious and ancient enemy. I believe that the noise of the guns, which we fired at the physeter, hath alarmed them and made them fear their enemy hath come with his forces to surprise them, or lay the island waste; as he hath often

attempted to do, though he still came off but bluely, by reason of the care and vigilance of the Chitterlings, who (as Dido said to Æneas's companions, that would have landed at Carthage without her leave or knowledge), were forced to watch and stand upon their guard, considering the malice of their enemy, and the neighbourhood of his territories."

"Pray, dear friend," said Pantagruel, "if you find that by some honest means we may bring this war to an end, and reconcile them together, give me notice of it; I will use my endeavours in it, with all my heart, and spare nothing on my side to moderate and accommodate the points in dispute between both parties."

"That is impossible at this time," answered Xenomanes. "About four years ago, passing incognito by this country, I endeavoured to make a peace, or at least a long truce among them; and I certainly had brought them to be good friends and neighbours, if both one and the other parties would have yielded to one single article. Shrovetide would not include in the treaty of peace the wild puddings nor the highland sausages, their ancient gossips and confederates. The Chitterlings demanded, that the fort of Kegs might be under their government, as is the Castle of Sullouoir, and that a parcel of I don't know what stinking villains, murderers, robbers, that held it then, should be expelled. But they could not agree in this, and the terms that were offered seemed too hard to either party. So the treaty broke off, and nothing was done. Nevertheless, they became less severe, and gentler enemies than they were before; but since the denunciation of the national council of Chesil, whereby they—the Chitterlings—were roughly handled, hampered, and cited; whereby also Shrovetide was declared filthy and headless as dried cod, in case he made any league or agreement with them; they are grown wonderfully inveterate, incensed, and obstinate against one another, and there is no way to remedy it. You might sooner reconcile cats and rats, or hounds and hares together."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

How the wild Chitterlings laid an Ambuscade for Pantagruel.

WHILE Xenomanes was saying this, Friar John spied twenty or thirty young slender-shaped Chitterlings, posting as fast as they could towards their town, citadel, castle, and fort of Chimney, and said to Pantagruel, "I smell a rat; there will be some braying here, or I am much out. These worshipful Chitterlings may chance to mistake you for Shrovetide, though you are not a bit like him. Let us once in our lives leave our junketing for a while, and put ourselves in a posture to give them a fill of fighting, if they would be at that sport." "There can be no false Latin in this," said Xenomanes; "Chitterlings are still Chitterlings, always double-hearted and treacherous."

Pantagruel then arose from table, to visit and scour the thicket, and returned presently; having discovered, on the left, an ambuscade of squab Chitterlings, and on the right, about half a league from thence, a large body of huge giant-like armed Chitterlings, ranged in battalia along a little hill, and marching furiously towards us at the sound of bagpipes, sheep's paunches and bladders, the merry fifes and drums, trumpets, and clarions, hoping to catch us as Moss caught his mare. By the conjecture of seventy-eight standards, which we told, we guessed their number to be two and forty thousand, at a modest computation.

Their order, proud suit, and resolute looks, made us judge that they were none of your raw, paltry links, but old warlike Chitterlings and Sausages. From the foremost ranks to the colours they were all armed *cap-à-pie* with small arms, as we reckoned them at a distance: yet very sharp, and case-hardened. Their right and left wings were lined with a great number of forest puddings, heavy puttipans, and

horse sausages, all of them tall and proper islanders, banditti, and wild.

Pantagruel was very much daunted, and not without cause; though Epistemon told him that it might be the use and custom of the Chitterlingonians to welcome and receive thus in arms their foreign friends, as the noble kings of France are received and saluted at their first coming into the chief cities of the kingdom, after their advancement to the crown. "Perhaps," said he, "it may be the usual guard of the queen of the place: who, having notice given her, by the junior Chitterlings of the forlorn hope whom you saw on the tree, of the arrival of your fine and pompous fleet, hath judged that it was, without doubt, some rich and potent prince, and is come to visit you in person."

Pantagruel, little trusting to this, called a council, to have their advice at large in this doubtful case. He briefly showed them how this way of reception, with arms, had often, under colour of compliment and friendship, been fatal. "Thus," said he, "the Emperor Antonius Caracalla, at one time, destroyed the citizens of Alexandria, and at another time cut off the attendants of Artabanus, king of Persia, under colour of marrying his daughter: which, by the way, did not pass unpunished; for, a while after, this cost him his life.

"Thus Jacob's children destroyed the Sichemites, to revenge the rape of their sister Dinah. By such another hypocritical trick, Gallienus, the Roman emperor, put to death the military men in Constantinople. Thus, under colour of friendship, Antonius enticed Artavasdes, king of Armenia; then, having caused him to be bound in heavy chains and shackled, at last put him to death.

"We find a thousand such instances in history; and King Charles VI. is justly commended for his prudence to this day in that, coming back victorious over the Ghenters and other Flemings to his good city of Paris, and when he came to Bourget, a league from thence, hearing that the citizens

with their mallets—whence they got the name of Maillotins—were marched out of town in battalia, twenty thousand strong, he would not go into the town till they had laid down their arms, and retired to their respective homes; though they protested to him that they had taken arms with no other design than to receive him with the greater demonstration of honour and respect.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How Pantagruel sent for Colonel Maul-Chitterling and Colonel Cut-Pudding; with a Discourse well worth your hearing about the names of Places and Persons.

THE resolution of the council was that, let things be how they would, it behoved the Pantagruelists to stand upon their guard. Therefore Carpalim and Gymnast were ordered by Pantagruel to go for the soldiers that were on board the *Cup* galley, under the command of Colonel Maul-Chitterling, and those on board the *Vine-Tub* frigate, under the command of Colonel Cut-Pudding the younger. "I will ease Gymnast of that trouble," said Panurge, who wanted to be upon the run: "you may have occasion for him here." "By this worthy frock of mine," quoth Friar John, "thou hast a mind to slip thy neck out of the collar, and absent thyself from the fight, thou white-livered son of a dunghill: upon my life thou wilt never come back. Well, there can be no great loss in thee; for thou wouldest do nothing here but howl, bray, weep, and dishearten the good soldiers." "I will certainly come back," said Panurge, "Friar John, my ghostly father, and speedily too: do but take care that these plaguy Chitterlings do not board our ships. All the while you will be a-fighting, I will pray

heartily for your victory, after the example of the valiant captain and guide of the people of Israel, Moses." Having said this, he wheeled off.

Then said Epistemon to Pantagruel, "The denomination of these two colonels of yours, Maul-Chitterling and Cut-Pudding, promiseth us assurance, success, and victory, if those Chitterlings should chance to set upon us" "You take it rightly," said Pantagruel, "and it pleaseth me to see you foresee and prognosticate our victory by the name of our colonels.

"This way of foretelling by names is not new; it was in old times celebrated, and religiously observed by the Pythagoreans. Several great princes and emperors have formerly made use of it. Octavianus Augustus, second emperor of the Romans, meeting on a day a country fellow named Eutychus—that is, fortunate—driving an ass named Nicon—that is, in Greek, victorious—moved by the signification of the ass's and ass-driver's names, remained assured of all prosperity and victory.

"The Emperor Vespasian, being once all alone at prayers, in the temple of Serapis, at the sight and unexpected coming of a certain servant of his, named Basilides—that is, royal—whom he had left sick a great way behind, took hopes and assurance of obtaining the empire of the Romans. Regilian was chosen emperor, by the soldiers, for no other reason but the signification of his name. See the Cratylus of the divine Plato." ("By my thirst I will read him," said Rhizotomus, "I hear you so often quote him.") "See how the Pythagoreans, by reason of the names and numbers, conclude that Patroclus was to fall by the hand of Hector; Hector by Achilles; Achilles by Paris; Paris by Philoctetes. I am quite lost in my understanding, when I reflect upon the admirable invention of Pythagoras, who by the number, either even or odd, of the syllables of every name, would tell you of what side a man was lame, hunch-backed, blind, gouty, troubled with the palsy, pleurisy, or

any other distemper incident to human kind; allotting even numbers to the left, and odd ones to the right side of the body."

"Indeed," said Epistemon, "I saw this way of syllabising tried at Xaintes, at a general procession, in the presence of that good, virtuous, learned, and just president, Brian Vallée, lord of Douhait. When there went by a man or woman that was either lame, blind of one eye, or hump-backed, he had an account brought him of his or her name; and if the syllables of the name were of an odd number, immediately, without seeing the persons, he declared them to be deformed, blind, lame, or crooked of the right side; and of the left, if they were even in number: and such indeed we ever found them."

"By this syllabical invention," said Pantagruel, "the learned have affirmed that Achilles, kneeling, was wounded by the arrow of Paris in the right heel; for his name is of odd syllables (here we ought to observe that the ancients used to kneel the right foot); and that Venus was also wounded before Troy in the left hand; for her name in Greek is Αφροδίτη, of four syllables; Vulcan lamed of his left foot for the same reason; Philip, king of Macedon, and Hannibal, blind of the right eye; not to speak of sciaticas, broken bellies, and hemicranias, which may be distinguished by this Pythagorean reason.

"But returning to names: do but consider how Alexander the Great, son of King Philip, of whom we spoke just now, compassed his undertaking, merely by the interpretation of a name. He had besieged the strong city of Tyre, and for several weeks battered it with all his power: but all in vain. His engines and attempts were still baffled by the Tyrians, which made him finally resolve to raise the siege, to his great grief, foreseeing the great stain which such a shameful retreat would be to his reputation. In this anxiety and agitation of mind he fell asleep, and dreamed that a satyr was come into his tent, capering, skipping, and tripping it up

and down, with his goatish hoofs, and that he strove to lay hold on him. But the satyr still slipped from him, till at last, having penned him up into a corner, he took him. With this he awoke, and telling his dream to the philosophers and sages of his court, they let him know that it was a promise of victory from the gods, and that he should soon be master of Tyre; the word *satyros*, divided in two, being *sa Tyros*, and signifying Tyre is thine; and in truth, at the next onset, he took the town by storm, and, by a complete victory, reduced that stubborn people to subjection.

"On the other hand, see how, by the signification of one word, Pompey fell into despair. Being overcome by Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia, he had no other way left to escape but by flight; which attempting by sea, he arrived near the island of Cyprus, and perceived on the shore, near the city of Paphos, a beautiful and stately palace: now asking the pilot what was the name of it, he told him that it was called κακοβασιλεῖς, that is, evil king: which struck such a dread and terror in him, that he fell into despair, as being assured of losing shortly his life: insomuch that his complaints, sighs, and groans were heard by the mariners and other passengers. And indeed, a while after, a certain strange peasant, called Achillas, cut off his head.

"To all these examples might be added what happened to L. Paulus Æmilius, when the senate elected him imperator, that is, chief of the army which they sent against Perses, king of Macedon. That evening returning home to prepare for his expedition, and kissing a little daughter of his called Trasia, she seemed somewhat sad to him. 'What is the matter,' said he, 'my chicken? Why is my Trasia thus sad and melancholy?' 'Daddy,' replied the child, 'Persa is dead.' This was the name of a little bitch, which she loved mightily. Hearing this, Paulus took assurance of a victory over Perses.

"If time would permit us to discourse of the sacred Hebrew writ, we might find a hundred noted passages,

evidently showing how religiously they observed proper names and their significations."

He had hardly ended this discourse, when the two colonels arrived with their soldiers, all well armed and resolute. Pantagruel made them a short speech, entreating them to behave themselves bravely, in case they were attacked: for he could not yet believe that the Chitterlings were so treacherous; but he bade them by no means to give the first offence, giving them Carnival for the watch-word.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How Chitterlings are not to be slighted by Men.

You shake your empty noddles now, jolly topers, and do not believe what I tell you here, any more than if it were some tale of a tub. Well, well, I cannot help it. Believe it if you will; if you will not, let it alone. For my part, I very well know what I say. It was in the Wild Island, in our voyage to the Holy Bottle; I tell you the time and place; what would you have more? I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, who undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion, on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus, to dash out the gods' brains, unnestle them, and scour their heavenly lodgings. Theirs was no small strength, you may well think, and yet they were nothing but Chitterlings from the waist downwards, or, at least, serpents, not to tell a lie for the matter.

The serpent that tempted Eve, too, was of the Chitterling kind, and yet it is recorded of him that he was more subtle than any beast of the field. Even so are Chitterlings.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How Friar John joined with the Cooks to Fight the Chitterlings.

FRIAR JOHN, seeing these furious Chitterlings thus boldly march up, said to Pantagruel, "Here will be a rare battle of hobby-horses, a pretty kind of puppet-show fight, for aught I see. Oh! what mighty honour and wonderful glory will attend our victory! I would have you only be a bare spectator of this fight, and for anything else, leave me and my men to deal with them." "What men?" said Pantagruel. "Matter of breviary," replied Friar John. "How came Potiphar, who was head cook of Pharaoh's kitchens, he that bought Joseph, and whom the said Joseph might have made a cuckold, if he had not been a Joseph; how came he, I say, to be made general of all the horse in the kingdom of Egypt? Why was Nabuzardan, King Nebuchadnezzar's head cook, chosen, to the exclusion of all other captains, to besiege and destroy Jerusalem?" "I hear you," replied Pantagruel. "By St. Christopher's whiskers," said Friar John, "I dare lay a wager that it was because they had formerly engaged Chitterlings, or men as little valued; whom to rout, conquer, and destroy, cooks are, without comparison, more fit than cuirassiers and gens-d'armes armed at all points, or all the horse and foot in the world."

"You put me in mind," said Pantagruel, "of what is written amongst the facetious and merry sayings of Cicero. During the more than civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey, though he was much courted by the first, he naturally leaned more to the side of the latter. Now one day, hearing that the Pompeyians, in a certain rencontre, had lost a great many men, he took a fancy to visit their camp. There he perceived little strength, less courage, but much disorder. From that time, foreseeing that things would go ill with them, as it since happened, he began to banter now one

and then another, and be very free of his cutting jests: so some of Pompey's captains, playing the good fellows, to show their assurance, told him, 'Do you see how many eagles we have yet?' (They were then the device of the Romans in war.) 'They might be of use to you,' replied Cicero, 'if you had to do with magpies.'

"Thus seeing we are to fight Chitterlings," pursued Pantagruel, "you infer thence that it is a culinary war, and have a mind to join with the cooks. Well, do as you please, I will stay here in the meantime, and wait for the event."

Friar John went that very moment among the sutlers, into the cook's tents, and told them in a pleasing manner: "I must see you crowned with honour and triumph this day, my lads; to your arms are reserved such achievements as never yet were performed within the memory of man. What, do they make nothing of the valiant cooks? Let us go fight yonder Chitterlings! I will be your captain. But first let us drink, boys—come on—let us be of good cheer." "Noble captain," returned the kitchen tribe, "this was spoken like yourself; bravely offered: huzza! we are all at your excellency's command, and will live and die by you." "Live, live," said Friar John, "a God's name: but die by no means. That is the Chitterlings' lot; they shall have their bellyful of it: come on, then, let us put ourselves in order; Nabuzardan's the word."

CHAPTER XL.

How Friar John fitted up the Sow: and of the valiant Cooks that went into it.

THEN, by Friar John's order, the engineers and their workmen fitted up the great sow that was in the ship *Leathern bottle*. It was a wonderful machine, so contrived, that by

means of large engines that were round about in rows, it threw forked iron bars and four square steel bolts; and in its hold two hundred men at least could easily fight, and be sheltered. It was made after the model of the sow of Riole, by the means of which Bergerac was retaken from the English, in the reign of Charles the Sixth.

CHAPTER XLI.

How Pantagruel broke the Chitterlings at the Knees.

THE Chitterlings advanced so near that Pantagruel perceived that they stretched their arms, and already began to charge their lances: which caused him to send Gymnast to know what they meant, and why they thus, without the least provocation, came to fall upon their old trusty friends, who had neither said nor done the least ill thing to them. Gymnast being advanced near their front, bowed very low, and said to them, as loud as ever he could: "We are friends, we are friends; all, all of us your friends, yours, and at your command; we are for Carnival, your old confederate." Some have since told me that he mistook, and said cavernal instead of carnival.

Whatever it was, the word was no sooner out of his mouth, but a huge little squab Sausage, starting out of the front of their main body, would have gripped him by the collar. "By the helmet of Mars," said Gymnast, "I will swallow thee; but thou shalt only come in in chips and slices; for, big as thou art, thou couldest never come in whole." This spoke, he lugs out his trusty sword with both his fists, and cut the Sausage in twain. Bless me, how fat the foul thief was! it puts me in mind of the huge bull of Berne, that was slain at Marignan, when the drunken Swiss were so mauled there.

Believe me, it had little less than four inches lard on its paunch.

The Sausage's job being done, a crowd of others flew upon Gymnast, and had most scurvily dragged him down, when Pantagruel with his men came up to his relief. Then began the martial fray, higgledy piggledy. Maul-Chitterling did maul Chitterlings; Cut-Pudding did cut puddings; Pantagruel did break the Chitterlings at the knees; Friar John played at least in sight within his sow, viewing and observing all things; when the pattipans, that lay in ambuscade, most furiously sallied out upon Pantagruel.

Friar John, who lay snug all this while, by that time perceiving the rout and hurly-burly, set open the doors of his sow, and sallied out with his merry Greeks, some of them armed with iron spits, others with handirons, racks, fire-shovels, frying-pans, kettles, gridirons, oven-forks, tongs, dripping-pans, brooms, iron pots, mortars, pestles, all in battle array, like so many housebreakers, hallooing and roaring out altogether most frightfully, "Nabuzardan, Nabuzardan, Nabuzardan." Thus shouting and hooting, they fought like dragons, and charged through the pattipans and sausages. The Chitterlings perceiving this fresh reinforcement, and that the others would be too hard for them, betook themselves to their heels, scampering off with full speed. Friar John, with an iron crow, knocked them down as fast as hops: his men, too, were not sparing on their side. O! what a woful sight it was! the field was all over strewed with heaps of dead or wounded Chitterlings; and history relates, that had not heaven had a hand in it, the Chitterling tribe had been totally routed out of the world by the culinary champions. But there happened a wonderful thing, you may believe as little or as much of it as you please.

From the north flew towards us a huge, fat, thick, grizzly swine, with long and large wings, like those of a windmill; its plumes red crimson, like those of a phenicoptere (which in Languedoc they call flamans: its eyes were red, and flaming

like a carbuncle; its ears green like a Prasin emerald; its teeth like a topaz; its tail long and black like jet; its feet white, diaphanous, and transparent like a diamond, somewhat broad, and of the splay kind, like those of geese, and as Queen Dick's used to be at Toulouse, in the days of yore. About its neck it wore a gold collar, round which were some Ionian characters, whereof I could pick out but two words, ΥΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΝ: hog-teaching Minerva.

The sky was clear before: but at that monster's appearance it changed so mightily for the worse, that we were all amazed at it. As soon as the Chitterlings perceived the flying hog, down they all threw their weapons, and fell on their knees, lifting up their hands, joined together without speaking one word, in a posture of adoration. Friar John and his party kept on mincing, felling, braining, mangling, and spitting the Chitterlings; but Pantagruel sounded a retreat, and all hostility ceased.

The monster having several times hovered backwards and forwards between the two armies, voided above twenty-seven butts of mustard on the ground: then flew away through the air, crying all the while, "Carnival, Carnival, Carnival."

CHAPTER XLII.

How Pantagruel held a Treaty with Niphleseth, Queen of the Chitterlings.

The monster being out of sight, and the two armies remaining silent, Pantagruel demanded a parley with the lady Niphleseth, Queen of the Chitterlings, who was in her chariot, by the standards; and it was easily granted. The queen alighted, courteously received Pantagreul, and was

glad to see him. Pantagruel complained to her of this breach of peace: but she civilly made her excuse, telling him that a false information had caused all this mischief; her spies having brought her word that Shrovetide their mortal foe was landed.

She, therefore, entreated him to pardon them their offence, and offering, for herself and all her successors, to hold of him and his the whole island and country; to obey him in all his commands, be friends to his friends, and foes to his foes; and also to send every year, as an acknowledgment of their homage, a tribute of seventy-eight thousand Chitterlings, to serve him at his first course at table, six months in the year; which was punctually performed. For the next day she sent the aforesaid quantity of royal Chitterlings to the good Gargantua, under the conduct of young Niphleseth, infanta of the island.

The good Gargantua made a present of them to the great King of Paris. But by change of air, and for want of mustard (the natural balsam and restorer of Chitterlings), most of them died. By the great king's particular grant they were buried in heaps in a part of Paris, to this day called *La Rue pavée d'Andouilles:* the street paved with Chitterlings. At the request of the ladies at his court, young Niphleseth was preserved, honourably used, and since that married to her heart's content: and was the mother of many fine children, for which heaven be praised.

Pantagruel civilly thanked the queen, forgave all offences, refused the offer she had made of her country, and gave her a pretty little knife. After that he asked her several nice questions concerning the apparition of that flying hog. She answered, that it was the idea of Carnival, their tutelary god in time of war, first founder and original of all the Chitterling race; for which reason he resembled a hog; for Chitterlings drew their extraction from hogs.

Pantagruel asking for what purpose, and curative indication, he had voided so much mustard on the earth, the

queen replied that mustard was their san-grail and celestial balsam, of which, laying but a little in the wounds of the fallen Chitterlings, in a very short time the wounded were healed, and the dead restored to life. Pantagruel held no further discourse with the queen, but retired on shipboard. The like did all the boon companions, with their implements of destruction and their huge sow.

CHAPTER XLIII.

How Pantagruel went into the Island of Ruach.

Two days after we arrived at the island of Ruach; and I found the way of living of the people so strange and wonderful, that I cannot, for the heart's blood of me, half tell it you. They live on nothing but wind, eat nothing but wind, and drink nothing but wind. They have no other houses but weathercocks. They sow no other seeds but the three sorts of wind flowers. The common sort of people, to feed themselves, make use of feather, paper, or linen fans, according to their abilities. As for the rich, they live by the means of windmills.

When they would have some noble treat, the tables are spread under one or two windmills. There they feast as merry as beggars, and during the meal their whole talk is commonly of the goodness, excellency, salubrity, and rarity of winds: as you, jolly topers, in your cups, philosophise and argue upon wines. The one praises the south-east, the other the south-west, this the west and by south, and this the east and by north; another the west, and another the east; and so of the rest.

"Oh!" said to me a little diminutive swollen bubble, "that I had now but a bladderful of that same Languedoc wind

which they call Cierce." The famous physician, Scurron, passing one day by this country, was telling us that it is so strong that it will make nothing of overturning a loaded waggon. Oh! what good would it not do my œdipodic leg. "The biggest are not the best; but," said Panurge, "rather would I had here a large butt of that same good Languedoc wine, that grows at Mirevaux, Canteperdrix, and Frontignan."

I saw a good likely sort of a man there, much resembling Ventrose, tearing and fuming in a grievous fret, with a tall burly groom, and a little page of his, laying them on with a buskin. Not knowing the cause of his anger, at first I thought that all this was by the doctor's advice, as being a thing very healthy to the master to be in a passion, and to his man to be banged for it. But at last I heard him taxing his man with stealing from him, like a rogue as he was, the better half of a large leathern bag of an excellent southerly wind, which he had carefully laid up, like a hidden reserve, against the cold weather.

Some time after, walking in the island, we met three hare-brained airy fellows, who seemed mightily puffed up, and went to take their pastime, and view the plovers, who live on the same diet as themselves, and abound in the island. I observed that as your true topers, when they travel, carry flasks, leathern bottles, and small runlets along with them, so each of them had at his girdle a pretty little pair of bellows. If they happened to want wind, by the help of those pretty bellows they immediately drew some, fresh and cool, by attraction and reciprocal expulsion: for as you well know, wind essentially defined is nothing but fluctuating and agitated air.

CHAPTER XLIV.

How small Rain lays a high Wind.

PANTAGRUEL commended their government and way of living, and said to their hypenemian mayor: "If you approve Epicurus' opinion, placing the *summum bonum* in pleasure (I mean pleasure that is easy and free from toil), I esteem you happy; for your food being wind, costs you little or nothing, since you need but blow." "True, sir," returned the mayor, "but, alas! nothing is perfect here below: for too often, when we are at table, feeding on some good blessed wind of God, as on celestial manna, merry as so many friars, down drops on a sudden some small rain, which lays our wind, and so robs us of it. Thus many a meal is lost for want of meat.

"We are also plagued yearly with a very great calamity," cried the mayor, "for a giant, called Widenostrils, who lives in the island of Tohu, comes hither every spring by the advice of his physicians, and swallows us, like so many pills, a great number of windmills, and of bellows also, at which his mouth waters exceedingly.

"Now this is a sad mortification to us here, who are fain to fast over three or four whole Lents every year for this, besides certain petty Lents, Ember weeks, and other orison and starving tides." "And have you no remedy for this?" asked Pantagruel. "By the advice of our Mezarims," replied the mayor, "about the time that he uses to give us a visit, we garrison our windmills with good store of cocks and hens. The first time that the greedy thief swallowed them, they had like to have done his business at once: for they crowed and cackled in his maw, and fluttered up and down athwart and along in his stomach, which threw the glutton into a lipothymy, a cardiac passion, and dreadful and dangerous convulsions, as if some serpent, creeping in at his mouth, had been frisking in his stomach."

"Here is a comparative, as altogether incongruous and impertinent," cried Friar John, interrupting them; "for I have formerly heard that if a serpent chance to get into a man's stomach, it will not do him the least hurt, but will immediately get out, if you do but hang the patient by the heels, and lay a pan full of warm milk near his mouth." "You were told this," said Pantagruel, "and so were those who gave you this account; but none ever saw or read of such a cure. On the contrary, Hippocrates, in his fifth book of *Epidem*, writes that such a case happening in his time, the patient presently died of a spasm and convulsion."

"Besides the cocks and hens," said the mayor, continuing his story, "all the foxes in the country whipped into Widenostrils' mouth, posting after the poultry; which made such a stir with Reynard at their heels, that he grievously fell into fits each minute of an hour.

"At last, by the advice of a Baden enchanter, at the time of the paroxysm he used to flay a fox, by way of antidote and counter-poison. Since that he took better advice, and eases himself with taking a medicine made with a decoction of wheat and barley-corns, and of livers of goslings; to the first of which the poultry run, and the foxes to the latter. Besides, he swallows some of your badgers or fox-dogs, by the way of pills and boluses. This is our misfortune."

"Cease to fear, good people," cried Pantagruel, "this huge Widenostrils, this same swallower of windmills, is no more, I will assure you: he died, being stifled and choked with a lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven by the advice of his physicians."

CHAPTER XLV.

How Pantagruel went Ashore in the Island of Pope-Figland.

THE next morning we arrived at the Island of Pope-figs; formerly a rich and free people, called the Gaillardets; but now, alas! miserably poor, and under the yoke of the Papimanes. The occasion of it was this:—

On a certain yearly high holiday, the burgomaster, syndics, and topping rabbies of the Gaillardets, chanced to go into the neighbouring island Papimany, to see the festival and pass away the time. Now one of them having espied the pope's picture (with the sight of which, according to a laudable custom, the people were blessed on high-offering holidays), made mouths at it, and cried, "A fig for it!" as a sign of manifest contempt and derision. To be revenged of this affront, the Papimanes, some days after, without giving the others the least warning, took arms, and surprised, destroyed, and ruined the whole island of the Gaillardets; putting the men to the sword, and sparing none but the women and children; and those too only on condition to do what the inhabitants of Milan were condemned to by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.

These had rebelled against him in his absence, and ignominiously turned the empress out of the city, mounting her a-horseback on a mule called Thacor, with her face turned towards the crupper. Now Frederick being returned, mastered them, and put them to greater shame, whereby they saved their bacon, becoming tributaries and slaves, and the name of Pope-figs was given them, because they said, "A fig for the pope's image." Since this, the poor wretches never prospered, but every year they were plagued with hail, storms, famine, and all manner of woes, and an everlasting punishment for the sin of their ancestors and relations. Perceiving the misery and calamity of that generation, we

did not care to go further up into the country; contenting ourselves with going into a little chapel near the haven, to take some holy water. It was dilapidated and ruined, wanting also a cover—like Saint Peter at Rome. When we were in, as we dipped our fingers in the sanctified cistern, we spied in the middle of that holy pickle a fellow muffled up with stoles, all under water, like a diving duck, except the tip of his snout to draw his breath. About him stood three priests, true shavelings, clean shorn, and polled, who were muttering strange words out of a conjuring-book.

Pantagruel was not a little amazed at this, and, inquiring what kind of sport these were at, was told that, for three years last past, the plague had so dreadfully raged in the island, that the better half of it had been utterly depopulated, and the lands lay fallow and unoccupied. Now, the mortality being over, this same fellow, who had crept into the holy tub, having a large piece of ground, chanced to be sowing it with white winter wheat, at the very minute of an hour that a silly young devil, who could not yet write or read, or hail and thunder, unless it were on parsley or coleworts, had got leave of his master Lucifer to go into this island of Pope-figs.

This same devil being got thither, directed his discourse to the husbandman, and asked him what he was doing. The poor man told him that he was sowing the ground with corn, to help him to subsist the next year. "Ay, but the ground is none of thine, Mr. Plough-jobber," cried the devil, "but mine: for since the time that you mocked the pope, all this land has been proscribed, adjudged, and abandoned to us. However, to sow corn is not my province: therefore I will give thee leave to sow the field, that is to say, provided we share the profit." "I will," replied the farmer. "I mean," said the devil, "that of what the land shall bear, two lots shall be made, one of what shall grow above ground, the other of what shall be covered with earth: the right of choosing belongs to me: for I am a devil of noble and

ancient race; thou art a base clown. I therefore choose what shall lie under ground, take thou what shall be above. When dost thou reckon to reap, hah?" "About the middle of July," quoth the farmer. "Well," said the devil, "I'll not fail thee then: in the meantime, slave as thou oughtest. Work, clown, work."

CHAPTER XLVI.

How a Junior Devil was fooled by a Husbandman of Pope-Figland.

In the middle of July, the devil came to the place aforesaid, with all his crew at his heels, a whole choir of the younger fry of hell; and having met the farmer, said to him, "Well, clod-pate, how hast thou done since I went? Thou and I must share the concern." "Ay, master devil," quoth the clown, "it is but reason we should." Then he and his men began to cut and reap the corn: and, on the other side, the devil's imps fell to work, grubbing up and pulling out the stubble by the root.

The countryman had his corn thrashed, winnowed it, put it into sacks, and went with it to market. The same did the devil's servants, and sat them down there by the man to sell their stubble. The countryman sold off his corn at a good rate, and with the money filled an old kind of a demi-buskin, which was fastened to his girdle. But the devil a sou the devils took: far from taking handsel, they were flouted and jeered by the country louts.

Market being over, quoth the devil to the farmer, "Well, clown, thou hast choused me once, it is thy fault; chouse me twice, it will be mine." "Nay, good sir devil," replied the farmer, "how can I be said to have choused you, since it was your worship that chose first? The truth is, that by

this trick you thought to cheat me, hoping that nothing would spring out of the earth for my share, and that you should find whole under ground the corn which I had sowed, and with it tempt the poor and needy, the close hypocrite, or the covetous griper; thus making them fall into your snares. But troth, you must even go to school yet; you are no conjurer, for aught I see: for the corn that was sown is dead and rotten, its corruption having caused the generation of that which you saw me sell: so you chose the worst, and therefore are cursed in the Gospel." "Well, talk no more of it," quoth the devil: "what canst thou sow our field with for next year?" "If a man would make the best of it," answered the ploughman, "it were fit he sow it with radishes." "Now," cried the devil, "thou talkest like an honest fellow, bumpkin: well, sow me good store of radishes, I will see and keep them safe from storms, and will not hail a bit on them. But harkye me, this time I bespeak for my share what shall be above ground; what is under shall be thine. Drudge on, looby, drudge on. I am going to tempt heretics; their souls are dainty victuals, when broiled in rashers, and well powdered; they will make a dainty warm dish for my Lord Lucifer's maw."

When the season of radishes was come, our devil failed not to meet in the field, with a train of rascally underlings, and finding there the farmer and his men, he began to cut and gather the leaves of the radishes. After him the farmer with his spade dug up the radishes, and clapped them up into pouches. This done, the farmer and their gangs hied them to market, and there the farmer presently made good money of his radishes, but the poor devil took nothing; nay, what was worse, he was made a common laughing-stock by the gaping hoydens. "I see thou hast played me a scurvy trick, thou villanous fellow," cried the angry devil: "at last I am fully resolved even to make an end of the business betwixt thee and myself about the ground, and these shall be the terms: we will clapperclaw each other, and whoever of us

two shall first cry, 'Hold,' shall quit his share of the field, which shall wholly belong to the conqueror. I fix the time for this trial of skill on this day seven-night: assure thyself that I will claw thee off. I was going to tempt your bailiffs, perplexers of causes, scriveners, forgers of deeds, two-handed councillors, prevaricating solicitors, and other such vermin; but they were so civil as to send me word by an interpreter that they are all mine already. Besides, our master Lucifer is so cloyed with their souls, that he often sends them back to the scullions of his kitchen, and they scarce go down with them, unless now and then, when they are high-seasoned.

"Some say there is no breakfast like a student's, no dinner like a lawyer's, no afternoon's nunchion like a vinedresser's, no supper like a tradesman's, no second supper like a serving wench's, and none of these meals equal to a frockified hobgoblin's. All this is true enough. Accordingly, at my Lord Lucifer's first course, hobgoblins, alias imps in cowls, are a standing dish. He willingly used to breakfast on students; but, alas, I do not know by what ill luck they have of late years joined the Holy Bible to their studies; so the devil a one we can get down among us; and I verily believe that unless the hypocrites of the tribe of Levi help us in it, taking from the enlightened book-mongers their St. Paul, either by threats, revilings, force, violence, fire, and faggot, we shall not be able to hook in any more of them to nibble at below. He dines commonly on councillors, mischief-mongers, multipliers of lawsuits, such as wrest and pervert right and law, and grind and fleece the poor; he never fears to want any of these. But who can endure to be wedded to a dish?

"He said, the other day, at a full chapter, that he had a great mind to eat the soul of one of the fraternity of the cowl that had forgot to speak for himself in his sermon, and he promised double pay, and a large pension, to any one that should bring him such a tit bit piping hot. We all

went a-hunting after such a rarity, but came home without the prey: for they all admonish the good women to remember their convent. As for afternoon nunchions, he has left them off, since he was so wofully griped with the colic; his fosterers, sutlers, charcoal-men, and boiling cooks having been sadly mauled and peppered off in the northern countries.

"His high devilship sups very well on tradesmen, usurers, apothecaries, cheats, coiners, and adulterers of wares. Now and then, when he is on the merry pin, his second supper is of serving wenches; who, after they have by stealth soaked their faces with their master's good liquor, fill up the vessel with it at second hand.

"Well, drudge on, boor, drudge on; I am going to tempt the students of Trebisonde, to leave father and mother, forego for ever the established and common rule of living, disclaim and free themselves from obeying their lawful sovereign's edicts, live in absolute liberty, proudly despise every one, laugh at all mankind, and taking the fine jovial little cap of poetic licence, become so many pretty hobgoblins."

CHAPTER XLVII.

How the Devil was deceived by an old Woman of Pope-Figland.

THE country lob trudged home very much concerned and thoughtful, you may swear; insomuch that his good woman, seeing him thus look moping, weened that something had been stolen from him at market: but when she had heard the cause of his affliction, and seen his budget well lined with coin, she bade him be of good cheer, assuring him that he would be never the worse for the scratching bout in question; wishing him only to leave her to manage that

business, and not trouble his head about it; for she had already contrived how to bring him off cleverly. "Let the worst come to the worst," said the husbandman, "it will be but a scratch; for I'll yield at the first stroke and quit the field." "Quit!" replied the wife; "he shall have none of the field: rely upon me and be quiet; let me alone to deal with him. I will soon make him give up the field, I will warrant you. Indeed, had he been a great devil, it had been somewhat."

The day that we landed in the island happened to be that which the devil had fixed for the combat. Now the countryman, having, like a good Catholic, very fairly confessed himself, and received, betimes in the morning, by the advice of the vicar, had hid himself, all but the snout, in the holy water pot, in the posture in which we found him: and just as they were telling us the story, news came that the old woman had fooled the devil, and gained the field.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

How Pantagruel went Ashore at the Island of Papimany.

HAVING left the desolate island of the Pope figs, we sailed, for the space of a day, very fairly and merrily, and made the blessed island Papimany. As soon as we had dropped anchor in the road, before we had well moored our ship with ground tackle, four persons, in different garbs, rowed towards us in a skiff. One of them was dressed like a monk in his frock, draggle tailed and booted: the other like a falconer, with a lure, and a long winged hawk on his fist: the third like a solicitor, with a large bag, full of informations, subpœnas, breviates, bills, writs, cases, and other implements of pettifogging. The fourth looked like one of

your vine barbers about Orleans, with a jaunty pair of canvas trousers, a dosser, and a pruning knife at his girdle.

As soon as the boat had clapped them on board, they all with one voice asked, "Have you seen him, good passengers, have you seen him?" "Who?" asked Pantagruel. "You know who," answered they. "Who is it?" asked Friar John. "I'll thrash him thick and threefold." This he said, thinking that they inquired after some robber, murderer, or church-breaker. "O wonderful," cried the four; "do not you foreign people know the one?" "Sirs," replied Epistemon, "we do not understand those terms: but if you will be pleased to let us know who you mean, we will tell you the truth of the matter without any more ado." "We mean," said they, "he that is. Did you ever see him?" "He that is," returned Pantagruel, "according to our theological doctrine, is God, who said to Moses, 'I am that I am.' We never saw Him, nor can He be beheld by mortal eyes." "We mean nothing less than that supreme God, who rules in heaven," replied they; "we mean the god on earth. Did you ever see him?" "Upon my honour," replied Carpalim, "they mean the Pope." "Ay, ay," answered Panurge: "yea, verily, gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much bettered me." "How!" cried they, "our sacred decretals inform us that there never is more than one living." "I mean successively, one after the other," returned Panurge: "otherwise I never saw more than one at a time."

"O thrice and four times happy people!" cried they, "you are welcome, and more than doubly welcome!" They then kneeled down before us and would have kissed our feet, but we would not suffer it, telling them that, should the Pope come thither in his own person, it is all they could do to him.

While they were talking thus, Pantagruel inquired of one of the coxswain's crew, "Who those persons were?" he

answered, "That they were the four estates of the realm;" and added, "That we should be made as welcome as princes, since we had seen the Pope." Panurge having been acquainted with this by Pantagruel, said to him in his ear, "I swear and vow, sir, it is even so; he that has patience may compass anything. Our seeing the Pope hath done us no good: now, it will do us a great deal." We then went ashore, and the whole country, men, women and children, came to meet us as in a solemn procession. Our four estates cried out to them with a loud voice, "They have seen him! they have seen him! they have seen him!" That proclamation being made, all the mob kneeled before us, lifting up their hands towards heaven, and crying, "O happy men! O most happy!" and this acclamation lasted about a quarter of an hour.

Then came the schoolmaster of the place, with all his ushers and schoolboys, whom he magisterially flogged, as they used to whip children in our country formerly, when some criminal was hanged, that they might remember it. This displeased Pantagruel, who said to them, "Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor children, I am gone." The people were amazed, hearing his stentorian voice; and I saw a little hump with long fingers, say to the hypodidascal, "What! in the name of wonder, do all those that see the Pope grow as tall as yon huge fellow that threatens us! Ah! how I shall think time long till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big." In short, the acclamations were so great, that Homenas (so they called their bishop) hastened thither, on an unbridled mule, with green trappings, attended by his apposts (as they said) and his supposts, or officers, bearing crosses, banners, standards, canopies, torches, holy water pots, &c. He too wanted to kiss our feet (as the good Christian Valfinier did to Pope Clement), saying, "That one of their hypothetes, that is, one of the scavengers, scourers, and commentators of their holy decretals, had written that, in the same manner

as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the Jews, at last appeared among them: so, on some happy day of God, the Pope would come into that island; and that, while they waited for that blessed time, if any who had seen him at Rome, or elsewhere, chanced to come among them, they should be sure to make much of them, feast them plentifully, and treat them with a great deal of reverence." However, we civilly desired to be excused.

CHAPTER XLIX.

How Homenas, Bishop of Papimany, showed us the Uranopet Decretals.

HOMENAS then said to us: "It is enjoined us by our holy decretals to visit churches first, and taverns after. Therefore, not to decline that fine institution, let us go to church; we will afterwards go and feast ourselves." "Man of God," quoth Friar John, "do you go before, we will follow you: you spoke in the matter properly, and like a good Christian; it is long since we saw any such. For my part this rejoices my mind very much, and I verily believe that I shall have the better stomach after it. Well, it is a happy thing to meet with good men!" Being come near the gate of the church, we spied a huge thick book, gilt, and covered all over with precious stones, as rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, more, or at least as valuable as those which Augustus consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus. This book hung in the air, being fastened with two thick chains of gold to the zoophore of the porch. We looked on it, and admired it. As for Pantagruel, he handled it, and dandled it, and turned it as he pleased, for he could reach it without straining; and he protested that whenever he touched it, he was seized with a pleasant tickling at his finger's end, new life

and activity in his arms, and a violent temptation in his mind to beat one or two serjeants, or such officers, provided they were not of the shaveling kind. Homenas then said to us: "The law was formerly given to the Jews by Moses, written by God himself. At Delphos, before the portal of Apollo's temple, this sentence, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, was found written with a divine hand. And some time after it, E I was also seen, and as divinely written and transmitted from heaven. Cybele's image was brought out of heaven, into a field called Pessinunt, in Phrygia; so was that of Diana to Tauris, if you will believe Euripides: the oriflamb, or holy standard, was transmitted out of heaven to the noble and most Christian kings of France, to fight against the unbelievers. In the reign of Numa Pompilius, second king of the Romans, the famous copper buckler called Ancile was seen to descend from heaven. At Acropolis, near Athens, Minerva's statue formerly fell from the imperial heaven. In like manner the sacred decretals, which you see, were written with the hand of an angel, of the cherubim kind. You outlandish people will hardly believe this, I fear." "Little enough of conscience," said Panurge. "And then," continued Homenas, "they were miraculously transmitted to us here from the very heaven of heavens; in the same manner as the river Nile is called Diipetes, by Homer, the father of all philosophy (the holy decretals always excepted). Now, because you have seen the Pope, their evangelist and everlasting protector, we will give you leave to see and kiss them on the inside, if you think meet. But then you must fast three days before, and canonically confess; nicely and strictly mustering up, and inventorising your sins, great and small, so thick that one single circumstance of them may not escape you; as our holy decretals, which you see, direct. This will take up some time." "Man of God," answered Panurge, "we have seen and descried decrees, and eke decretals enough of conscience; some on paper, others on parchment, fine and gay like any painted paper lantern

some on vellum, some in manuscript, and others in print: so you need not take half these pains to show these. We will take the goodwill for the deed, and I thank you as much as if we had." "Ay, marry," said Homenas, "but you never saw these that are angelically written. Those in your country are only transcripts from ours; as we find it written by one of our old decretaline scholiasts. For me, do not spare me; I do not value the labour, so I may serve you: do but tell me whether you will be confessed, and fast only three short little days of God?" "As for confessing," answered Panurge, "there can be no great harm in it; but this same fasting, master of mine, will hardly down with us at this time, for we have so very much overfasted ourselves at sea, that the spiders have spun their cobwebs over our grinders. Do but look on this good Friar John des Entomeures"—Homenas then courteously demi-clipped him about the neck—"some moss is growing in his throat for want of bestirring and exercising his chaps." "He speaks the truth," vouched Friar John; "I have so much fasted that I am almost grown hump-shouldered." "Come, then, let us go into the church," said Homenas; "and pray forgive us if for the present we do not sing you a fine high mass. The hour of midday is past, and after it our sacred decretals forbid us to sing mass—I mean your high and lawful mass. But I will say a low and dry one, for you." "I had rather have one moistened with some good Anjou wine," cried Panurge; "fall to, fall to your low mass, and dispatch." Quoth Friar John, "It frets me that I must have an empty stomach at this time of day. For, had I eaten a good breakfast, and fed like a monk, if he should chance to sing us the *Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine*, I had then brought thither bread and wine for the traits passez (those that are gone before). Well, patience; pull away, and save tide: short and sweet, I pray you, and this for a cause."

CHAPTER L.

How Homenas showed us the Arch-type, or representation of a Pope.

Mass being mumbled over, Homenas took a huge bundle of keys out of a trunk near the head altar, and put thirty-two of them into so many key-holes, put back so many springs, then with fourteen more mastered so many padlocks, and at last opened an iron window strongly barred above the said altar. This being done, in token of great mystery, he covered himself with wet sackcloth, and drawing a curtain of crimson satin, showed us an image daubed over, coarsely enough, to my thinking: then he touched it with a pretty long stick, and made us all kiss the part of the stick that had touched the image. After this he said unto us, "What think you of this image?" "It is the likeness of a Pope," answered Pantagruel. "I know it by the triple crown, his furred amice, his rochet, and his slipper." "You are in the right," said Homenas; "it is the idea of that same good god on earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one day to see in this country. O happy, wished for, and much expected day! and happy, most happy you, whose propitious stars have so favoured you, as to let you see the living and real face of this good god on earth! by the single sight of whose picture we obtain full remission of all the sins which we remember that we have committed, as also a third part, and eighteen quarantaines of the sins which we have forgot: and indeed we only see it on high annual holidays."

This caused Pantagruel to say that it was a work like those which Dædalus used to make, since, though it were deformed and ill drawn, nevertheless some divine energy, in point of pardons, lay hid and concealed in it. "Thus," said Friar John, "at Seville, the rascally beggars being one evening on a solemn holiday at supper in the spital, one

bragged of having got six blancs, or twopence-halfpenny; another eight liards, or twopence; a third, seven caroluses, or sixpence; but an old mumper made his vaunts of having got three testons, or five shillings. 'Ah, but,' cried his comrades, 'thou hast a leg of God;'* as if," continued Friar John, "some divine virtue could lie hid in a stenching ulcerated rotten shank." "Pray," said Pantagruel, "when you are for telling us some such nauseous tale, be so kind as not to forget to provide a basin, Friar John: I'll assure you I had much ado to forbear bringing up my breakfast. Fie! I wonder a man of your coat is not ashamed to use thus the sacred name of God, in speaking of things so filthy and abominable! fie, I say. If among your monking tribes such an abuse of words is allowed, I beseech you leave it there, and do not let it come out of the cloisters." "Physicians," said Epistemon, "thus attribute a kind of divinity to some diseases: Nero also extolled mushrooms, and, in a Greek proverb, termed them divine food, because with them he had poisoned Claudius, his predecessor. But methinks, gentlemen, this same picture is not over-like our late Pope's. For I have seen them, not with their pallium, amice, or rochet on, but with helmets on their heads, more like the top of a Persian turban; and while the Christian commonwealth was in peace, they alone were most furiously and cruelly making war." "This must have been then," returned Homenas, "against the rebellious heretical Protestants; reprobates, who are disobedient to the holiness of this good god on earth. It is not only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoined him by the sacred Decretals; and if any dare transgress one single iota against their commands, whether they be emperors, kings, dukes, princes, or commonwealths, he is immediately to pursue them with fire and sword, strip them of all their goods, take their kingdoms from them, proscribe them, anathematize them, and destroy not only their bodies, those of their children, relations, and others,

* An ancient expression for an ulcerated leg.

but damn also their souls to the very bottom of the most hot and burning cauldron in hell." "Here," said Panurge, "the people are no heretics; such as was our Raminagrobis, and as they are in Germany and England. You are Christians of the best edition, all picked and culled, for aught I see." "Ay, marry are we," returned Homenas, "and for that reason we shall all be saved. Now let us go and bless ourselves with holy-water, and then to dinner."

[The next chapters contain Table Talk upon the decretals, by which popes made themselves wings; and of the gold drawn by the decretals out of France.]

CHAPTER LV.

How Pantagruel, being at Sea, heard various unfrozen Words.

WHEN we were at sea, junketing, tippling, discoursing, and telling stories, Pantagruel rose and stood up to look out: then asked us, "Do you hear nothing, gentlemen? Methink I hear some people talking in the air, yet I can see nobody. Hark!" According to his command we listened, and with full ears sucked in the air, as some of you suck oysters, to find if we could hear some sound scattered through the sky; and to lose none of it, like the Emperor Antonius, some of us laid their hands hollow next to their ears; but all this would not do, nor could we hear any voice. Yet Pantagruel continued to assure us he heard various voices in the air, some of men, and some of women.

At last we began to fancy that we also heard something, or at least that our ears tingled: and the more we listened, the plainer we discerned the voices, so as to distinguish articulate sounds. This mightily frightened us, and

not without cause; since we could see nothing, yet heard such various sounds and voices of men, women, children, horses, &c., insomuch that Panurge cried out, "Let us fly. There is some ambuscade hereabouts. Friar John, art thou here, my love? I pray thee, stay by me, old boy. Hast thou got thy swinging tool? See that it do not stick in thy scabbard; thou never scourest it half as it should be. We are undone. Hark! They are guns: let us fly, I do not say with hands and feet, as Brutus said at the battle of Pharsalia; I say, with sails and oars: let us whip it away: I never find myself to have a bit of courage at sea; in cellars, and elsewhere, I have more than enough. Let us fly and save our bacon. I do not say this for any fear that I have; for I dread nothing but danger, that I do not; I always say it, that should not. The free archer of Baignolet said as much. Let us hazard nothing therefore, I say, lest we come off bluely. Tack about, helm a-lee, thou son of a bachelor. Would I were now well in Quinquenois, though I were never to marry. Haste away, let us make all the sail we can; they will be too hard for us; we are not able to cope with them; they are ten to our one, I will warrant you; nay, and they are on their dunghill, while we do not know the country. They will be the death of us. We will lose no honour by flying: Demosthenes saith, that the man that runs away, may fight another day. At least, let us retreat to the leeward. Helm a-lee; bring the main tack aboard, hawl the bowlines, hoist the topgallants; we are all dead men; get off, get off."

Pantagruel, hearing the sad outcry which Panurge made, said, "Who talks of flying? Let us first see who they are; perhaps they may be friends: I can discover nobody yet, though I can see a hundred miles round me. But let us consider a little; I have read that a philosopher, named Petrom, was of opinion that there were several worlds that touched each other in an equilateral triangle; in whose centre he said was the dwelling of truth: and that the

words, ideas, copies, and images of all things past, and to come, resided there; round which was the age; and that with success of time part of them used to fall on mankind, like rheums and mildews; just as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, till the age was fulfilled.

"I also remember," continued he, "that Aristotle affirms Homer's words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, Antiphanes said that Plato's philosophy was like words, which, being spoken in some country during a hard winter, are immediately congealed, frozen up, and not heard: for what Plato taught young lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old. Now," continued he, "we should philosophise and search whether this be not the place where those words are thawed.

"You would wonder very much, should this be the head and lyre of Orpheus. When the Thracian women had torn him to pieces, they threw his head and lyre into the river Hebrus; down which they floated to the Euxine sea, as far as the island of Lesbos; the head continually uttering a doleful song, as it were, lamenting the death of Orpheus, and the lyre, with the wind's impulse, moving its strings, and harmoniously accompanying the voice. Let us see if we cannot discover them hereabouts."

CHAPTER LVI.

How among the frozen Words, Pantagruel found some odd Ones.

THE skipper made answer: "Be not afraid, my lord, we are on the confines of the Frozen Sea, on which, about the beginning of last winter, happened a great and bloody fight between the Arimaspians and the Nephelibates. Then the words and cries of men and women, the hacking, slashing,

and hewing of battle-axes, the shocking, knocking, and jolting of armours and harnesses, the neighing of horses, and all other martial din and noise, froze in the air; and now, the rigour of the winter being over, by the succeeding serenity and warmth of the weather, they melt and are heard."

"By jingo," quoth Panurge, "the man talks somewhat like; I believe him: but could not we see some of them? I think I have read that, on the edge of the mountain on which Moses received the Judaic law, the people saw the voices sensibly." "Here, here," said Pantagruel, "here are some that are not yet thawed." He then threw us on the deck whole handfuls of frozen words, which seemed to us like your rough sugar-plums, of many colours, like those used in heraldry; some words gules (this means also jests and merry sayings), some vert, some azure, some black, some or (this means fair words); and when we had somewhat warmed them between our hands, they melted like snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous gibberish. One of them, only, that was pretty big, having been warmed between Friar John's hands, gave a sound much like that of chestnuts when they are thrown into the fire, without being first cut, which made us all start. "This was the report of a field piece in its time," cried Friar John.

Panurge prayed Pantagruel to give him some more; but Pantagruel told him that to give words was the part of a lover. "Sell me some then, I pray you," cried Panurge. "That is the part of a lawyer," returned Pantagruel. "I would sooner sell you silence, though at a dearer rate; as Demosthenes formerly sold it by the means of his *argentangina*, or silver quinsey."

However, he threw three or four handfuls of them on the deck, among which I perceived some very sharp words and some bloody words, which, the pilot said, used sometimes to go back, and recoil to the place whence they came, but it

was with a slit weasand: we also saw some terrible words, and some others not very pleasant to the eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange noise, hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, tock, taack, bredelinbrededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrrr; on, on, on, on, on, on, ououououon, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous words; which, the pilot said, were the noise made by the charging squadrons, the shock and neighing of horses.

Then we heard some large ones go off like drums and fifes, and others like clarions and trumpets. Believe me, we had very good sport with them. I would fain have saved some merry odd words, and have preserved them in oil, as ice and snow are kept, and between clean straw. But Pantagruel would not let me, saying that it is a folly to hoard up what we are never like to want, or have always at hand; odd, quaint, merry, and fat words of gules never being scarce among all good and jovial Pantagruelists.

Panurge somewhat vexed Friar John, and put him in the pouts; for he took him at his word, while he dreamed of nothing less. This caused the friar to threaten him with such a piece of revenge as was put upon G. Jousseaume, who having taken the merry Patelin at his word, when he had overbid himself in some cloth, was afterwards fairly taken by the horns like a bullock, by his jovial chapman, whom he took at his word, like a man. Panurge, well knowing that threatened folks live long, bobbed, and made mouths at him, in token of derision, then cried, "Would I had here the word of the Holy Bottle, without being thus obliged to go further in pilgrimage to her."

CHAPTER LVII.

How Pantagruel went Ashore at the Dwelling of Gaster, the first Master of Arts in the World.

THAT day Pantagruel went ashore in an island, which, for situation and governor, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, and barren, unpleasant to the eye, painful to the feet, and almost as inaccessible as the mountain of Dauphiné, which is somewhat like a toadstool, and was never climbed, as any can remember, by any but Doyac, who had the charge of King Charles the Eighth's train of artillery.

This same Doyac, with strange tools and engines, gained that mountain's top, and there he found an old ram. It puzzled many a wise head to guess how it got thither. Some said that some eagle, or great horn-coot, having carried it thither while it was yet a lambkin, it had got away, and saved itself among the bushes.

As for us, having with much toil and sweat overcome the difficult ways at the entrance, we found the top of the mountain so fertile, healthful, and pleasant, that I thought I was then in the true garden of Eden, or earthly paradise, about whose situation our good theologues are in such a quandary, and keep such a pother.

As for Pantagruel, he said that here was the seat of Areté —that is as much as to say, virtue—described by Hesiod. This, however, with submission to better judgments. The ruler of this place was one Master Gaster, the first master of arts, in the world. For, if you believe that fire is the great master of arts, as Tully writes, you very much wrong him and yourself: alas, Tully never believed this. On the other side, if you fancy Mercury to be the first inventor of arts, as our ancient Druids believed of old, you are mightily beside the mark. The satirist's sentence that affirms Master

Gaster to be the master of all arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old goody Penia, alias Poverty, the mother of the ninety-nine Muses, on whom Porus, the lord of Plenty, formerly begot Love, that noble child, the mediator of heaven and earth, as Plato affirms *in Symposio.*

We were all obliged to pay our homage, and swear allegiance to that mighty sovereign: for he is imperious, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible: you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him anything.

He does not hear: and, as the Egyptians said that Harpocrates, the god of silence, named Sigalion in Greek, was astomé, that is, without a mouth; so Gaster was created without ears, even like the image of Jupiter in Candia.

He only speaks by signs: but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one than the statutes of senates, or commands of monarchs: neither will he admit the least let or delay in his summons. You say that when a lion roars, all the beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his roar can be heard, are seized with a shivering. This is written, it is true; I have seen it. I assure you, that at Master Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and all the earth shakes; his command is called, Do this or die. There's no gainsaying of it.

The pilot was telling us how, on a certain time, after the manner of the members that mutinied against the belly, as Æsop describes it, the whole kingdom of the Somates went off into a direct faction against Gaster, resolving to throw off his yoke: but they soon found their mistake, and most humbly submitted; for otherwise they had all been famished.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; he still goes first, though kings, emperors, or even the pope were there. So he held the first place at the council of Basle; though some will tell you that the council was tumultuous, by the contention and ambition of many for priority.

Every one is busied, and labours to serve him; and, indeed, to make amends for this, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature, making poets of ravens, jackdaws, chattering jays, parrots, and starlings, and poetesses of magpies, teaching them to utter human language, speak and sing; and all for the gut. He reclaims and tames eagles, gerfalcons, falcons gentle, sakers, lanners, goshawks, sparrow-hawks, merlins, hagards, passengers, wild rapacious birds; so that setting them free in the air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering, and courting him above the clouds: then on a sudden he makes them stoop, and come down amain from heaven next to the ground; and all for the gut.

Elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, bears, horses, mares, and dogs, he teaches to dance, prance, vault, fight, swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the gut.

Salt and fresh-water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings them up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his rage he devours all men and beasts: as was seen among the Vascons, when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars; among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans, and six hundred more; and all for the gut. When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves, all senates are shut up, all statutes repealed, all orders and proclamations vain; she knows, obeys, and has no law. All shun her, in every place choosing rather to expose themselves to shipwreck at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, caves, and precipices, than be seized by that most dreadful tormentor.

CHAPTER LVIII.

How, at the Court of the Master of Ingenuity, Pantagruel detested the Engastrimythes and the Gastrolaters.

At the court of that great master of ingenuity, Pantagruel observed two sorts of troublesome and too officious apparitors, whom he very much detested. The first were called Engastrimythes; the others, Gastrolaters.

The first pretended to be descended of the ancient race of Eurycles; and for this brought the authority of Aristophanes, in his comedy called The Wasps: whence of old they were called Euryclians, as Plato writes, and Plutarch in his book of the Cessation of Oracles. In the holy decrees, 26, qu. 3, they are styled Ventriloqui: and the same name is given them in Ionian by Hippocrates, in his fifth book of Epid., as men who speak from the belly. Sophocles calls them Sternomantes. These were soothsayers, enchanters, cheats, who gulled the mob, and seemed not to speak and give answers from the mouth, but from the belly.

Such a one, about the year of our Lord 1513, was Jacoba Rodogina, an Italian woman of mean extract: from whose belly, we, as well as an infinite number of others at Ferrara and elsewhere, have often heard the voice of the evil spirit speak; low, feeble, and small, indeed: but yet very distinct, articulate and intelligible, when she was sent for, out of curiosity, by the lords and princes of the Cisalpine Gaul. To remove all manner of doubt, and be assured that this was not a trick, they used to have her stripped stark naked, and caused her mouth and nose to be stopped. This evil spirit would be called Curled pate, or Cincinnatulo, seeming pleased when any called him by that name; at which he was always ready to answer. If any spoke to him of things past or present, he gave pertinent answers, some-

times to the amazement of the hearers: but if of things to come, then the devil was gravelled, and used to lie as fast as a dog can trot. Nay, sometimes he seemed to own his ignorance; instead of an answer, muttering some words with barbarous and uncouth inflexions, and not to be understood.

As for the Gastrolaters, they stuck close to one another in knots and gangs. Some of them merry, wanton, and soft as so many milksops; others louring, grim, dogged, demure, and crabbed; all idle, mortal foes to business, spending half their time in sleeping, and the rest in doing nothing, a rentcharge and dead unnecessary weight on the earth, as Hesiod saith; afraid, as we judged, of offending or lessening their paunch. Others were masked, disguised, and so oddly dressed, that it would have done you good to have seen them.

There's a saying, and several ancient sages write, that the skill of Nature appears wonderful in the pleasure which she seems to have taken in the configuration of sea-shells, so great is their variety in figures, colours, streaks, and inimitable shapes. I protest the variety we perceived in the dresses of the gastrolatrous coquillons was not less. They all owned Gaster for their supreme god, adored him as a god, offered him sacrifices as to their omnipotent deity, owned no other god, served, loved, and honoured him above all things.

You would have thought that the holy apostle spoke of those, when he said, Phil. chap. iii., "Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly." Pantagruel compared them to the Cyclops Polyphemus, whom Euripides brings in speaking thus: "I only sacrifice to myself (not to the gods) and to this belly of mine, the greatest of all gods."

[The next chapters describe a dinner, &c., of the Gastrolaters or Belly-worshippers.]

CHAPTER LXI.

How Gaster invented means to Get and Preserve Corn.

THOSE gastrolatrous hobgoblins being withdrawn, Pantagruel carefully minded the famous master of arts, Gaster. You know that, by the institution of Nature, bread has been assigned him for provision and food; and that, as an addition to this blessing, he should never want the means to get bread.

Accordingly, from the beginning he invented the smith's art, and husbandry to manure the ground, that it might yield him corn; he invented arms, and the art of war, to defend corn; physic and astronomy, with other parts of mathematics, which might be useful to keep corn a great number of years in safety from the injuries of the air, beasts, robbers, and purloiners: he invented water- wind- and handmills, and a thousand other engines to grind corn, and to turn it into meal; leaven to make the dough ferment, and the use of salt to give it a savour: for he knew that nothing bred more diseases than heavy, unleavened, unsavoury bread.

He found a way to get fire to bake it; hour-glasses, dials, and clocks to mark the time of its baking; and as some countries wanted corn, he contrived means to convey it out of one country into another.

He had the wit to pimp for asses and mares, animals of different species, that they might copulate for the generation of a third, which we call mules, more strong and fit for hard service than the other two. He invented carts and waggons, to draw him along with greater ease: and as seas and rivers hindered his progress, he devised boats, galleys, and ships (to the astonishment of the elements) to waft him over to barbarous, unknown, and far distant nations, thence to bring, or thither to carry, corn.

Besides, seeing that, when he had tilled the ground, some years the corn perished in it for want of rain in due season,

in others rotted, or was drowned by its excess, sometimes spoiled by hail, shook out by the wind, or beaten down by storms, and so his stock was destroyed on the ground; we are told that ever since the days of yore, he has found out a way to conjure the rain down from heaven only with cutting certain grass, common enough in the field, yet known to very few, some of which was then shown us. I took it to be the same as the plant, one of whose boughs being dipped by Jove's priest in the Agrian fountain, on the Lycian mountain in Arcadia, in time of drought, raised vapours which gathered into clouds, and then dissolved into rain, that kindly moistened the whole country.

Our master of arts was also said to have found a way to keep the rain up in the air, and make it to fall into the sea; also to annihilate the hail, suppress the winds, and remove storms as the Methanensians of Trœzene used to do. And as in the fields thieves and plunderers sometimes stole and took by force the corn and bread which others had toiled to get, he invented the art of building towns, forts, and castles, to hoard and secure that staff of life. On the other hand, finding none in the fields, and hearing that it was hoarded up and secured in towns, forts, and castles, and watched with more care than ever were the golden pippins of the Hesperides, he turned engineer, and found ways to beat, storm, and demolish forts and castles with machines and warlike thunderbolts, battering-rams, balistas, and catapults, whose shapes were shown us, not over-well understood by our engineers, architects, and other disciples of Vitruvius; as Master Philebert de l'Orme, King Megistus's principal architect, has owned to us.

And seeing that sometimes all these tools of destruction were baffled by the cunning subtlety or the subtle cunning (which you please) of fortifiers, he lately invented cannons, field-pieces, culverins, mortar pieces, basilisks, murdering instruments that dart iron, leaden, and brazen balls, some of them outweighing huge anvils. This by the means of a most

dreadful powder, whose hellish compound and effect has even amazed Nature, and made her own herself outdone by art; the Oxydracian thunders, hails, and storms, by which the people of that name immediately destroyed their enemies in the field, being but mere popguns to these. For, one of our great guns, when used, is more dreadful, more terrible, more diabolical, and maims, tears, breaks, slays, mows down, and sweeps away more men, and causes a greater consternation and destruction than a hundred thunderbolts.

CHAPTER LXII.

How Gaster invented an Art to avoid being hurt or touched by Cannon Balls.

GASTER having secured himself with his corn within strongholds, has sometimes been attacked by enemies; his fortresses, by that thrice threefold cursed instrument, levelled and destroyed: his dearly beloved corn and bread snatched out of his mouth, and sacked by a tyrannic force; therefore he then sought means to preserve his walls, bastions, rampiers, and sconces from cannon-shot, and to hinder the bullets from hitting him, stopping them in their flight, or at least from doing him or the besieged walls any damage. He showed us a trial of this, which has been since used by Fronton, and is now common among the pastimes and harmless recreations of the Thelemites. I will tell you how he went to work, and pray for the future be a little more ready to believe what Plutarch affirms to have tried. Suppose a herd of goats were all scampering, do but put a bit of eringo into the mouth of the hindmost nanny, and they will all stop stock still, in the time you can tell three.

Thus Gaster, having caused a brass falcon to be charged with a sufficient quantity of gunpowder, well purged from

all sulphur, and curiously made up with fine camphor: he then had a suitable ball put into the piece, with twenty-four little pellets like hail-shot, some round, some pearl fashion: then taking his aim, and levelling it at a page of his, as if he would have hit him on the breast; about sixty strides off the piece, halfway between it and the page in a right line, he hanged on a gibbet by a rope a very large siderite, or iron-like stone, otherwise called herculean, formerly found on Ida in Phrygia by one Magnes, as Nicander writes, and commonly called loadstone; then he gave fire to the prime on the piece's touch-hole, which in an instant consuming the powder, the ball and hail-shot were with incredible violence and swiftness hurried out of the gun at its muzzle, that the air might penetrate to its chamber, where otherwise would have been a vacuum; which Nature abhors so much, that this universal machine, heaven, air, land, and sea would sooner return to the primitive chaos than admit the least void anywhere. Now the ball and small shot, which threatened the page with no less than quick destruction, lost their impetuosity and remained suspended and hovering round the stone: nor did any of them, notwithstanding the fury with which they rushed, reach the page.

Master Gaster could do more than all this yet, if you will believe me: for he invented a way how to cause bullets to fly backwards, and recoil on those that sent them, with as great a force and in a very numerical parallel for which the guns were planted. And, indeed, why should he have thought this difficult, seeing the herb ethiopis opens all locks whatsoever; and an echinus or remora, a silly weakly fish, in spite of all the winds that blow from the thirty-two points of the compass, will in the midst of a hurricane make you the biggest first-rate remain stock still, as if she were becalmed, or the blustering tribe had blown their last: nay, and with the flesh of that fish, preserved with salt, you may fish gold out of the deepest well that was ever sounded with a plummet; for it will certainly draw up the precious metal.

Since, as Democritus affirmed, and Theophrastus believed and experienced, that there was an herb at whose single touch an iron wedge, though never so far driven into a huge log of the hardest wood that is, would presently come out; and it is this same herb your hickways, alias woodpeckers, use, when with some mighty axe any one stops up the hole of their nests, which they industriously dig and make in the trunk of some sturdy tree. Since stags and hinds, when deeply wounded with darts, arrows, and bolts, if they do but meet the herb called dittany, which is common in Candia, and eat a little of it, presently the shafts come out, and all is well again; even as kind Venus cured her beloved by-blow *Æneas*, when he was wounded on the right thigh with an arrow by Juturna, Turnus's sister. Since the very wind of laurels, fig-trees, or sea-calves makes the thunder sheer off, insomuch that it never strikes them. Since at the sight of a ram, mad elephants recover their former senses. Since mad bulls coming near wild fig-trees, called caprifici, grow tame, and will not budge a foot, as if they had the cramp. Since the venomous rage of vipers is assuaged if you but touch them with a beechen bough. Since also, Euphorion writes, that in the Isle of Samos, before Juno's temple was built there, he has seen some beasts called neades, whose voice made the neighbouring places gape and sink into a chasm and abyss. In short, since elders grow of a more pleasing sound, and fitter to make flutes, in such places where the crowing of cocks is not heard, as the ancient sages have writ, and Theophrastus relates: as if the crowing of a cock dulled, flattened, and perverted the wood of the elder, as it is said to astonish and stupefy with fear that strong and resolute animal, a lion. I know that some have understood this of wild elder, that grows so far from towns or villages, that the crowing of cocks cannot reach near it; and doubtless that sort ought to be preferred to the stenching common elder, that grows about decayed and ruined places: but others have understood this in a higher sense,

not literal, but allegorical, according to the method of the Pythagoreans: as when it was said that Mercury's statue could not be made of every sort of wood; to which sentence they gave this sense: that God is not to be worshipped in a vulgar form, but in a chosen and religious manner. In the same manner by this elder, which grows far from places where cocks are heard, the ancients meant that the wise and studious ought not to give their minds to trivial or vulgar music, but to that which is celestial, divine, angelical, more abstracted, and brought from remoter parts, that is, from a region where the crowing of cocks is not heard: for, to denote a solitary and unfrequented place, we say cocks are never heard to crow there.

CHAPTER LXIII.

How Pantagruel fell Asleep near the Island of Cheneph, and of the Problems proposed to be Solved when he Waked.

THE next day, merrily pursuing our voyage, we came in sight of the island of Cheneph, where Pantagruel's ship could not arrive, the wind chopping about, and then failing us so that we were becalmed, and could hardly get ahead, tacking about from starboard to larboard, and larboard to starboard, though to our sails we added drabblers.

With this accident we were all out of sorts, moping, drooping, metagrabolized, as dull as dun in the mire, in C sol fa ut flat, out of tune, off the hinges, and I don't know howish, without caring to speak one single syllable to each other.

Pantagruel was taking a nap, slumbering and nodding on the quarter-deck, by the cuddy, with a Heliodorus in his hand: for still it was his custom to sleep better by book than by heart.

Epistemon was conjuring with his astrolabe, to know what latitude we were in.

Friar John was got into the cook-room, examining, by the ascendant of the spits, and the horoscope of ragouts and fricassees, what time of day it might then be.

Panurge (sweet baby!) held a stalk of Pantagruelions, alias hemp, next his tongue, and with it made pretty bubble and bladders.

Gymnast was making tooth pickers with lentisk.

Ponocrates, dozing, dozed, and dreaming, dreamed: tickled himself to make himself laugh, and with one finger scratched his noddle where it did not itch.

Carpalim, with a nutshell, and a trencher of verne (that's a card in Gascony), was making a pretty little merry windmill, cutting the card longways into four slips, and fastening them with a pin to the convex of the nut, and its concave to the tarred side of the gunnel of the ship.

Eusthenes, bestriding one of the guns, was playing on it with his fingers, as if it had been a trump marine.

Rhizotomus, with the soft coat of a field tortoise, alias ycleped a mole, was making himself a velvet purse.

Xenomanes was patching up an old weather-beaten lantern with a hawk's jesses.

Our pilot (good man!) was pulling maggots out of the seamen's noses.

At last Friar John, returning from the forecastle, perceived that Pantagruel was awake. Then breaking this obstinate silence, he briskly and cheerfully asked him how a man should kill time, and raise good weather, during a calm at sea?

Panurge, whose belly thought his throat cut, backed the motion presently, and asked for a pill to purge melancholy.

Epistemon also came on, and asked how a man might be ready to laugh, when he has no heart to be merry?

Gymnast, arising, demanded a remedy for a dimness of eyes?

Ponocrates, after he had a while rubbed his noddle, and shaken his ears, asked, how one might avoid dog-sleep? "Hold," cried Pantagruel, "the Peripatetics have wisely made a rule, that all problems, questions, and doubts which are offered to be solved, ought to be certain, clear, and intelligible. What do you mean by dog-sleep?" "I mean," answered Ponocrates, "to sleep fasting in the sun at noon-day, as the dogs do."

Rhizotomus, who lay stooping on the pump, raised his drowsy head, and lazily yawning, by natural sympathy set almost every one in the ship a yawning too: then he asked for a remedy against oscitations and gapings.

Xenomanes, half puzzled, and tired out with new vamping his antiquated lantern, asked how the hold of the stomach might be so well ballasted and freighted from the keel to the main hatch with stores well stowed, that our human vessels might not heel, or be walt, but well trimmed and stiff?

Carpalim, twirling his diminutive windmill, asked how many motions are to be felt in nature before a gentleman may be said to be hungry?

Eusthenes, hearing them talk, came from between decks, and from the capstern called out to know why a man that is fasting, bit by a serpent also fasting, is in greater danger of death than when man and serpent have eaten their breakfasts? Why a man's fasting-spittle is poisonous to serpents and venomous creatures?

"One single solution may serve for all your problems, gentlemen," answered Pantagruel, "and one single medicine for all such symptoms and accidents. My answer shall be short, not to tire you with a long needless train of pedantic cant. The belly has no ears, nor is it to be filled with fair words: you shall be answered to content by signs and gestures. As formerly at Rome, Tarquin the Proud, its last king, sent an answer by signs to his son Sextus, who was among the Gabii, at Gabii. (Saying this, he pulled the

string of a little bell, and Friar John hurried away to the cook-room.) The son having sent his father a messenger, to know how he might bring the Gabii (Gabini) under a close subjection; the king, mistrusting the messenger, made him no answer, and only took him into his privy garden, and, in his presence, with his sword, lopped off the heads of the tall poppies that were there. The express returned without any other despatch: yet having related to the prince what he had seen his father do, he easily understood that by those signs he advised him to cut off the heads of the chief men in the town, the better to keep under the rest of the people.

CHAPTER LXIV.

How Pantagruel gave no Answer to the Problems.

PANTAGRUEL then asked what sort of people dwelt in that island? "They are," answered Xenomanes, "all hypocrites, holy mountebanks, tumblers of Ave Marias, spiritual comedians, sham saints, hermits, all of them poor rogues, who, like the hermit of Lormont, between Blaye and Bordeaux, live wholly on alms given them by passengers." "Catch me there if you can!" cried Panurge.

Pantagruel sent them by Gymnast, in the pinnace, seventy eight thousand fine pretty little gold half-crowns, of those that are marked with a lantern. After this he asked, "What's o'clock?" "Past nine," answered Epistemon. "It is then the best time to go to dinner," said Pantagruel: "for the sacred line, so celebrated by Aristophanes in his play called *Ονοκέφαλοι*, is at hand, never failing when the shadow is decempedal."

Formerly, among the Persians, dinner time was at a set hour only for kings: as for all others, their appetite and their belly was their clock; when that chimed, they thought

it time to go to dinner. So we find in Plautus a certain parasite making a heavy do, and sadly railing at the inventors of hour-glasses and dials, as being unnecessary things, there being no clock more regular than the belly.

Diogenes, being asked at what times a man ought to eat, answered "The rich when he is hungry, the poor when he has anything to eat." Physicians more properly say, that the canonical hours are,

> To rise at five, to dine at nine,
> To sup at five, to sleep at nine.

The famous King Petosiris's magic was different—here the officers for the belly came in, and got ready the tables and cupboards; laid the cloth, whose sight and pleasant smell were very comfortable; and brought plates, napkins, salts, tankards, flagons, tall-boys, ewers, tumblers, cups, goblets, basins, and cisterns.

Friar John, at the head of the stewards, sewers, yeomen of the pantry, and of the mouth, tasters, carvers, cupbearers, and cupboard keepers, brought four stately pasties, so huge, that they put me in mind of the four bastions of Turin. Odsfish, how manfully did they storm them! What havoc did they make with the long train of dishes that came after them! How bravely did they stand to their pan-puddings, and paid off their dust! How merrily did they soak their noses!

The fruit was not yet brought in, when a fresh gale at west and by north began to fill the main course, mizen-sail, fore-sail, tops, and topgallants: for which blessing they all sang divers hymns of thanks and praise.

When the fruit was on the table, Pantagruel asked: "Now tell me, gentlemen, are your doubts fully resolved or no?" "I gape and yawn no more," answered Rhizotomus. "I sleep no longer like a dog," said Ponocrates. "I have cleared my eyesight," said Gymnast. "I have broke my fast," said Eusthenes: "so that for this whole day I shall be secure from the danger of my spittle."

CHAPTER LXVI.

How, by Pantagruel's order, the Muses were saluted near the Island of Ganabim.

FAIR wind and as fine talk brought us in the sight of a high land, which Pantagruel discovering afar off, showed it Xenomanes, and asked him, "Do you see yonder to the leeward a high rock, with two tops much like Mount Parnassus in Phocis?" "I do, plainly," answered Xenomanes; "it is the isle of Ganabim. Have you a mind to go ashore there?" "No," returned Pantagruel. "You do well, indeed," said Xenomanes; "for there is nothing worth seeing in the place. The people are all thieves: yet there is the finest fountain in the world, and a very large forest towards the right top of the mountain. Your fleet may take in wood and water there."

"He that spoke last spoke well," quoth Panurge; "let us not by any means be so mad as to go among a parcel of thieves and sharpers. You may take my word for it, this place is just such another as, to my knowledge, formerly were the islands of Sark and Herm, between the smaller and the greater Britain; such as was the Poneropolis of Philip in Thrace; islands of thieves, banditti, picaroons, robbers, ruffians, and murderers, worse than raw head and bloody bones, and full as honest as the senior fellows of the college of iniquity, the very outcasts of the county gaol's common side. As you love yourself, do not go among them; if you go, you will come off but bluely, if you come off at all. If you will not believe me, at least believe what the good and wise Xenomanes tells you: for may I never stir if they are not worse than the very cannibals: they would certainly eat us alive. Do not go among them, I pray you. Hark! I hear them ringing the alarm-bell most dreadfully, as the Gascons about Bordeaux used formerly to

do against the commissaries and officers for the tax on salt, or my ears tingle. Let's sheer off."

Pantagruel in the meantime said to the rest, "I feel a pressing retraction in my soul, which like a voice admonishes me not to land there. Whenever I have felt such a motion within me, I have found myself happy in avoiding what it directed me to shun, or in undertaking what it prompted me to do; and never had occasion to repent following its dictates."

"As much," said Epistemon, "is related of the demon of Socrates, so celebrated among the Academics." "Well then, sir," said Friar John, "while the ship's crew water, have you a mind to have good sport? Panurge is got down somewhere in the hold, where he is crept into some corner, and lurks like a mouse in a cranny: let them give the word for the gunner to fire yon gun over the round-house on the poop: this will serve to salute the Muses of this Anti-Parnassus: besides, the powder does but decay in it." "You are in the right," said Pantagruel: "here, give the word for the gunner."

The gunner immediately came, and was ordered by Pantagruel to fire that gun, and then charge it with fresh powder; which was soon done. The gunners of the other ships, frigates, galleons, and galleys of the fleet, hearing us fire, gave every one a gun to the island: which made such a horrid noise, that you would have sworn heaven had been tumbling about our ears.

[The book ends with the terror of Panurge, and discourse upon what came of it.]

BOOK V.

OF THE DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL, AND OF THE VOYAGE TO THE ORACLE.

CHAPTER I.

How Pantagruel arrived at the Ringing Island, and of the Noise that we heard.

PURSUING our voyage, we sailed three days without discovering anything; on the fourth, we made land. Our pilot told us that it was the Ringing Island, and indeed we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise, that seemed to us, at a great distance, not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized, and little bells, rung all at once, as it is customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes, and elsewhere, on high holidays; and the nearer we came to the land, the louder we heard that jangling.

Some of us doubted that it was the Dodonian kettle, or the portico called Heptaphone, in Olympia, or the eternal humming of the Colossus raised on Memnon's tomb, in Thebes of Egypt, or the horrid din that used formerly to be heard about a tomb at Lipara, one of the Æolian Islands. But this did not square with chorography.

"I do not know," said Pantagruel, "but that some swarms

of bees hereabouts may be taking a ramble in the air, and so the neighbourhood make this dingle dangle with pans, kettles, and basins, the corybantine cymbals of Cybele, grandmother of the gods, to call them back. Let us hearken." When we were nearer, among the everlasting ringing of these indefatigable bells, we heard the singing, as we thought, of some men. For this reason, before we offered to land on the Ringing Island, Pantagruel was of opinion that we should go in the pinnace to a small rock, near which we discovered a hermitage and a little garden. There we found a diminutive old hermit, whose name was Braguibus, born at Glenay. He gave us a full account of all the jangling, and regaled us after a strange sort of fashion: four live-long days did he make us fast, assuring us that we should not be admitted into the Ringing Island otherwise, because it was then one of the four fasting, or Ember weeks. "As I love my belly," quoth Panurge, "I by no means understand this riddle: methinks, this should rather be one of the four windy weeks; for while we fast we are only puffed up with wind. Pray now, good father hermit, have not you here some other pastime besides fasting? Methinks it is somewhat of the leanest: we might well enough be without so many palace holidays, and those fasting times of yours." "In my Donatus," quoth Friar John, "I could find yet but three times or tenses, the preterit, the present, and the future, and therefore I make a donative of the fourth (*i.e.*, the fast of the quatre-temps) to be kept by my footman." "That time or tense," said Epistemon, "is aorist, derived from the preter-imperfect tense of the Greeks, admitted in variable and uncertain times. Patience perforce is a remedy for a mad dog." Saith the hermit, "It is, as I told you, fatal to go against this: whoever does it is a rank heretic, and wants nothing but fire and faggot, that is certain." "To deal plainly with you, my dear pater," cried Panurge, "being at sea, I much more fear being wet than being warm, and being drowned than being burned.

"Well, however, let us fast in God's name: yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermined my flesh, and I fear that at last the bastions of this bodily fort of mine will fall to ruin. Besides, I am much more afraid of vexing you in this same trade of fasting; for it becomes me very scurvily, as several people have told me, and I am apt to believe them. For my part I do not much mind fasting: for alas! it is a trade which anybody may set up; there needs no tools. I am much more inclined not to fast for the future: for to do so, there is some stock required, and some tools are set to work. No matter, since you are so steadfast, and would have us fast, let us fast as fast as we can, and then breakfast in the name of famine. Now we are come to these esurial idle days. I vow I had quite put them out of my head long ago." "If we must fast," said Pantagruel, "I see no other remedy but to get rid of it as soon as we can, as we would out of a bad way. I will in that space of time somewhat look over my papers, and examine whether the marine study be as good as ours at land. For Plato, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant fellow, compares him to those that are bred on shipboard, as we would describe one bred up in a barrel who never saw anything but through the bunghole."

To tell you the short and the long of the matter, our fasting was most hideous and terrible: for, the first day we fasted at fisticuffs, the second at cudgels, the third at sharps, and the fourth at blood and wounds: such was the order of the fairies.

CHAPTER II.

How the Ringing Island had been inhabited by the Siticines, who were become Birds.

HAVING fasted as aforesaid, the hermit gave us a letter from one whom he called Albian Caviar, Master Edituus of the Ringing Island; but Panurge greeting him, called him Master Antitus. He was a little queer old fellow, bald-pated, with a snout whereat you might easily have lighted a card match, and a face as red as a cardinal's cap. He made us all very welcome, upon the hermit's recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

When we had well stuffed, he gave us an account of what was remarkable in the island, affirming that it had been first inhabited by the Siticines; but that, according to the course of nature, as all things, you know, are subject to change, they were become birds.

There I had a full account of all that Atteius Capito, Pollux, Marcellus, A. Gellius, Athenæus, Suidas, Ammonius, and others had writ of the Siticines; and then we thought we might as easily believe the transmutations of Nectymene, Progne, Itys, Alcyone, Antigone, Tereus, and other birds. Nor did we think it more reasonable to doubt of the transmogrification of the Macrobian children into swans, or that of the men of Pallene in Thrace into birds, as soon as they had bathed themselves in the Tritonic lake. After this the devil a word could we get out of him but of birds and cages.

The cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of an admirable architecture. The birds were large, fine, and neat accordingly; looking as like the men in my country as one pea looks like another; for they ate and drank like men, digested like men, but stunk like devils; in short,

had you seen and examined them from top to toe, you would have laid your head to a turnip that they had been mere men. However, they were nothing less, as Master Ædituus told us; assuring us, at the same time, that they were neither secular nor laic; and the truth is, the diversity of their feathers and plumes did not a little puzzle us.

Some of them were all over as white as swans, others as black as crows, many as grey as owls, others black and white like magpies, some all red like red-birds, and others purple and white like some pigeons. He called the males clerg-hawks, monk-hawks, priest-hawks, abbot-hawks, bish-hawks, cardin-hawks, and one pope-hawk, who is a species by himself. He called the females clerg-kites, nun-kites, priest-kites, abbess-kites, bish-kites, cardin-kites, and pope-kites.

"However," said he, "as hornets and drones will get among the bees, and there do nothing but buzz, eat, and spoil everything; so, for these last three hundred years, a vast swarm of bigotelloes flocked, I do not know how, among these goodly birds every fifth full moon. They are so hard-favoured and monstrous, that none can abide them. For their wry necks make a figure like a crooked billet; their paws are hairy, like those of rough-footed pigeons; their claws and pounces like those of the Stymphalid harpies. Nor is it possible to root them out: for if you get rid of one, straight four-and twenty new ones fly thither."

There had been need of another monster-hunter, such as was Hercules; for Friar John had like to have run distracted about it, so much he was nettled and puzzled in the matter.

CHAPTER III.

How there is but one Pope-hawk in the Ringing Island.

We then asked Master Ædituus why there was but one pope-hawk among such venerable birds, multiplied in all their species? He answered, "That such was the first institution and fatal destiny of the stars: that the clerg-hawks begot the priest-hawks and monk-hawks, as some bees are born of a young bull: the priest-hawks begat the bish-hawks, the bish-hawks the stately cardin-hawks, and the stately cardin-hawks, if they live long enough, at last come to be pope-hawk.

"Of this last kind, there never is more than one at a time: as in a beehive there is but one king, and in the world but one sun.

"When the pope-hawk dies, another rises in his stead out of the whole brood of cardin-hawks. So that there is in that species an individual unity, with a perpetuity of succession, neither more nor less than in the Arabian phœnix.

"It is true that, about two thousand seven hundred and sixty moons ago, two pope-hawks were seen upon the face of the earth; but then you never saw in your lives such a woful rout and hurly-burly as was all over this island. For all these same birds did so peck, clapperclaw, and maul one another all that time, that the island was in a fair way of being left without inhabitants. Some stood up for this pope-hawk, some for the other. Some, struck with a dumbness, were as mute as so many fishes; part of the merry bells here were as silent as if they had lost their tongues—I mean their clappers.

"During these troublesome times, they called to their assistance the emperors, kings, dukes, earls, barons, and commonwealths of the world that live on the other side the

water; nor was this schism and sedition at an end till one of them died, and the plurality was reduced to a unity."

We then asked, "What moved those birds to be thus continually chaunting and singing?" He answered, "That it was the bells that hung on the top of their cages." Then he said to us, "Will you have me make these monk-hawks, whom you see bardocucullated with a bag, such as you use to strain hippocras wine through, sing like any wood-larks?" "Pray do," said we. He then gave half a dozen pulls to a little rope, which caused a diminutive bell to give so many tingtangs; and presently a parcel of monk-hawks ran to him, and fell a-singing like mad.

"Pray, master," cried Panurge, "if I also rang this bell, could I make those other birds yonder, with red-herring-coloured feathers, sing?" "Ay, marry would you," returned Edituus. With this Panurge hanged himself (by the hands, I mean) at the bell-rope's end, and no sooner made it speak but those smoked birds hied them thither, and began to lift up their voices, and make a sort of untowardly hoarse noise, which I grudge to call singing. Edituus indeed told us that they fed on nothing but fish, like the herons and cormorants of the world, and that they were a fifth kind* of cucullati newly stamped.

He added, that he had been told by Robert Valbringue, who lately passed that way in his return from Africa, that a sixth kind was to fly hither out of hand, which he called capus hawks, more grum, vinegar-faced, brain-sick, froward, and loathsome than any kind whatsoever in the whole island. "Africa," said Pantagruel, "still uses to produce some new and monstrous thing."

* The Minims, instituted by Francis de Paul, about the middle of the fifteenth century, long after the establishment of the four orders of friars.

CHAPTER IV.

How the Birds of the Ringing Island were all Passengers.

"Since you have told us," said Pantagruel, "how the pope-hawk is begot by the cardin-hawks, the cardin-hawks by the bish-hawks, and the bish-hawks by the priest-hawks, and the priest-hawks by the clerg-hawks, I would gladly know whence you have these same clerg-hawks." "They are all passengers, or travelling birds," returned Ædituus, "and come hither from the other world; part out of a vast country, called Want-o'-bread, the rest out of another towards the west, which they style Too-many-of-'em. From these two countries flock hither, every year, whole legions of these clerg-hawks, leaving their fathers, mothers, friends, and relations.

"This happens when there are too many children, whether male or female, in some good family of the latter country; insomuch that the house would come to nothing if the paternal estate were shared among them all (as reason requires, nature directs, and God commands). For this cause parents use to rid themselves of that inconveniency, by packing off the younger fry, and forcing them to seek their fortune in this Isle Bossart (or humpy island)." "I suppose he means L'Isle Bouchart, near Chinon," cried Panurge. "No," replied the other, "I mean Bossart (crooked), for there is not one in ten among them but is either crooked, crippled, blinking, limping, ill favoured, deformed, or an unprofitable load to the earth."

"It was quite otherwise among the heathens," said Pantagruel, "when they used to receive a maiden among the number of vestals: for Leo Antistius affirms that it was absolutely forbidden to admit a virgin into that order, if she had any vice in her soul, or defect in her body, though it were but the smallest spot on any part of it." "In Too-many-of-'em, by putting only a shirt over the other clothes

of the young urchins, and lopping off I do not well know how many hairs from their crowns, mumbling certain apostrophied and expiatory words, they visibly, openly, and plainly, by a Pythagorical metempsychosis, without the least hurt, transmogrify them into such birds as you now see; much after the fashion of the Egyptian heathens, who used to constitute Isiacs, by shaving them, and making them put on certain linostoles, or surplices. However, I do not know, my good friends, but that these she-things, whether clergkites, monkites, and abbesskites, instead of singing pleasant motets and christeres, such as used to be sung to Oromasis by Zoroaster's institution, may be bellowing out such catarates and scythropys (cursed lamentable and wretched imprecations) as were usually offered to the Arimanian demon; being thus in continual devotion for their kind friends and relations, that transformed them into birds, whether when they were maids or thornbacks, in their prime or at their last prayers.

"But the greatest numbers of our birds came out of Want-o'-bread, which, though a barren country, where the days are of a most tedious lingering length, overstocks this whole island with the lower class of birds. For hither fly the asaphies that inhabit that land, either when they are in danger of passing their time scurvily for want of belly-timber, being unable or, what is more likely, unwilling to take heart of grace, and follow some honest lawful calling, or too proud-hearted and lazy to go to service in some sober family. The same is done by our frantic inamoradoes, who, when crossed in their wild desires, grow stark staring mad, and choose this life suggested to them by their despair. There is another sort, that is, your gaol birds, who, having done some rogue's trick, or other heinous villany, and being sought up and down to be trussed up, and made to ride the two or three-legged mare that groans for them, warily scour off, and come here to save their bacon; because all these sorts of birds are here provided for, and grow in an instant

as fat as hogs, though they came as lean as rakes: for having the benefit of the clergy, they are as safe as thieves in a mill within this sanctuary."

"But," asked Pantagruel, "do these birds never return to the world where they were hatched?" "Some do," answered Ædituus; "formerly some few, but very late and very unwillingly; however, since some certain eclipses, by the virtue of the celestial constellations, a great crowd of them fled back to the world. Nor do we fret or vex ourselves a jot about it: for those that stay wisely sing, 'the fewer the better cheer;' and all those that fly away first, cast off their feathers here among these nettles and briars."

Accordingly we found some thrown by there; and as we looked up and down, we chanced to light on what some people will hardly thank us for having discovered; and thereby hangs a tale.

CHAPTER V.

Of the dumb Knight-hawks of the Ringing Island.

THESE words were scarce out of his mouth, when some five-and-twenty or thirty birds flew towards us: they were of a hue and feather like which we had not seen anything in the whole island. Their plumes were as changeable as the skin of the chameleon, and the flower of tripolion, or teucrion. They had all under the left wing a mark, like two diameters dividing a circle into equal parts, or, if you had rather have it so, like a perpendicular line falling on a right line. The marks which each of them bore were much of the same shape, but of different colours; for some were white, others green, some red, others purple, and some blue. "Who are those," asked Panurge, "and how do you call them?" "They are mongrels," quoth Ædituus.

"We call them knight-hawks, and have a great number of rich commanderies (fat livings) in your world." "Good, your worship," said I, "make them give us a song, and it please you, that we may know how they sing." "They scorn your words," cried Ædituus, "they are none of your singing birds; but, to make amends, they feed as much as the best two of them all." "Pray, where are their hens? where are their females?" said I. "They have none," answered Ædituus.

He then acquainted us with the occasion of their coming. "This next to us," said he, "looks so wistfully upon you, to see whether he may not find among your company a stately gaudy kind of huge dreadful birds of prey, which yet are so untoward that they never could be brought to the lure, nor to perch on the glove. They tell us that there are such in your world, and that some of them have goodly garters below the knee, with an inscription about them, which condemns him (*qui mal y pense*) who shall think ill of it. Others are said to wear the devil in a string before their paunches; and others a ram's skin." "All that is true enough, good Master Ædituus," quoth Panurge; "but we have not the honour to be acquainted with their knightships."

"Come on," cried Ædituus in a merry mood, "we have had chat enough of conscience! let's even go drink——" "And eat," quoth Panurge. "Eat," replied Ædituus, "and drink bravely, old boy; twist like plough-jobbers, and swill like tinkers; pull away and save tide, for nothing is so dear and precious as time, therefore we will be sure to put it to a good use."

He would fain have carried us first to the baths of the cardin hawks, which are goodly delicious places, and have us licked over with precious ointments by the alyptes, alias rubbers, as soon as we should come out of the bath. But Pantagruel told him that he could drink but too much without that. He then led us into a spacious delicate refectory, or fratrie-room, and told us: "Braguibus, the hermit, made you fast four days together: now, contrariwise, I will

make you eat and drink of the best, four days through stitch, before you budge from this place." "But harkye me," cried Panurge, "may not we take a nap in the meantime?" "Ay, ay," answered Ædituus, "that is as you shall think good; for he that sleeps, drinks." Good Lord, how we lived! what good bub! what dainty cheer! O what an honest fellow was this same Ædituus.

CHAPTER VI.

How the Birds are crammed in the Ringing Island.

PANTAGRUEL looked I do not know howish, and seemed not very well pleased with the four days' junketing which Ædituus enjoined us. Ædituus, who soon found it out, said to him, "You know, sir, that seven days before winter, and seven days after, there is no storm at sea: for then the elements are still, out of respect for the halcyons, or king-fishers, birds sacred to Thetis, which then lay their eggs and hatch their young near the shore. Now here the sea makes itself amends for this long calm; and whenever any foreigners come hither it grows boisterous and stormy for four days together. We can give no other reason for it but that it is a piece of its civility, that those who come among us may stay whether they will or no, and be copiously feasted all the while with the incomes of the ringing. Therefore, pray do not think your time lost; for, willing, nilling, you will be forced to stay; unless you are resolved to encounter Juno, Neptune, Doris, Æolus and his fluster-blusters; and, in short, all the pack of ill-natured, left-handed godlings. Do but resolve to be cheery, and fall to briskly."

After we had pretty well stayed our stomachs with some tight snatches, Friar John said to Ædituus, "For aught I

see, you have none but a parcel of birds and cages in this island of yours, and not one of them all that sets his hand to the plough, or tills the land, whose fat he devours: their whole business is to be frolic, to chirp it, to whistle it, to warble it: tossing it, and roaring it merrily night and day: pray then, if I may be so bold, whence comes this plenty and overflowing of all dainty bits and good things, which we see among you?" "From all the other world," returned Ædituus, "if you except some parts of the northern regions. Mum! they may chance ere long to rue the day they did so: their cows shall have porridge, and their dogs oats, there will be work made among them, that there will: come, a fig for it, let us drink. But pray, what countrymen are you?" "Tourain is our country," answered Panurge. "So," cried Ædituus, "you were not then hatched of an ill bird. I will say that for you, since the blessed Tourain is your mother: for from thence there comes hither every year such a vast store of good things, that we were told by some folks of the place, that happened to touch at this island, that your Duke of Tourain's income will not afford him to eat his bellyful of beans and bacon (a good dish spoiled between Moses and Pythagoras), because his predecessors have been more than liberal to these most holy birds of ours, that we might here munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, craw it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off: stuffing our puddings with dainty pheasants, partridges, pullets with eggs, fat capons of Loudunois, and all sorts of venison and wild fowl. Come, box it about, tope on, my friends: pray do you see yon jolly birds that are perched together, how fat, how plump, and in good case they look, with the income that Tourain yields us! And in faith they sing rarely for their good founders, that is the truth on it. You never saw any Arcadian birds mumble more fairly than they do over a dish, when they see these two gilt batons, or when I ring for them those great bells that you see above their cages. Drink on, sirs, whip it away: verily, friends, it is very fine drinking to-day, and

so it is every day of the week; then drink on, toss it about, here is to you with all my soul; you are most heartily welcome: never spare it, I pray you; fear not we should ever want good bub and belly timber; for, look here, though the sky were of brass, and the earth of iron, we should not want wherewithal to stuff, though they were to continue so seven or eight years longer than the famine in Egypt. Let us, then, with brotherly love and charity, refresh ourselves here with the creature."

"Heigh, man," cried Panurge, "what a rare time you have of it in this world!" "Pshaw!" returned Ædituus, "this is nothing to what we shall have in the other: the Elysian fields will be the least that can fall to our lot. Come, in the meantime, let us drink here; come, here is to thee, old fuddlecap."

"Your first Siticines," said I, "were superlatively wise, in devising thus a means for you to compass whatever all men naturally covet so much; and so few, or, to speak more properly, none can enjoy together: I mean, a paradise in this life, and another in the next. O happy creatures! O more than men! Would I had the luck to fare like yo "

CHAPTER VII.

How Panurge related to Master Ædituus the Fable of the Horse and the Ass.

When we had crammed and crammed again, Ædituus took us into a chamber that was well furnished, hung with tapestry, and finely gilt. Thither he caused to be brought store of mirobolans, cachou, green ginger preserved with plenty of hippocras, and delicious wine. With those antidotes that were like a sweet Lethe, he invited us to forget

the hardships of our voyage; and at the same time he sent plenty of provisions on board our ship that rid in the harbour. After this, we then jogged to bed for that night; but the everlasting jingle jangle of the bells kept me awake whether I would or no.

About midnight Ædituus came to wake us, that we might drink. He himself showed us the way, saying: "You men of the other world say that ignorance is the mother of all evil, and so far you are right; yet for all that you do not take the least care to get rid of it, but still plod on, and live in it, with it, and by it; for which a plaguy deal of mischief lights on you every day, and you are well enough served: you are perpetually ailing somewhat, making a moan and never right. It is what I was ruminating upon just now. And, indeed, ignorance keeps you here fastened in bed; for all the while you do not mind that you ought to spare some of your rest, and be as lavish as you can of the goods of this famous island. Come, come, you should have eaten three breakfasts already; and take this from me for a certain truth: that if you would consume the mouth-ammunition of this island, you must rise betimes; eat them, they multiply; spare them, they diminish.

"For example: mow a field in due season, and the grass will grow thicker and better; do not mow it, and in a short time it will be floored with moss. Let us drink, and drink again, my friends; come, let us all carouse it. The leanest of our birds are now singing to us all: we will drink to them, if you please. Let us take off one, two, three, nine bumpers. *Non zelus, sed charitas.*"

At the break of day, he waked us again to take a dish of monastical brewess. From that time we made but one meal, that only lasted the whole day; so that I cannot well tell how I may call it, whether dinner, supper, nunchion, or after supper; only to get a stomach, we took a turn or two in the island, to see and hear the blessed singing birds.

CHAPTER VIII.

How with much ado we got a Sight of the Pope-hawk.

Our junketing and banqueting held on at the same rate the third day, as the two former. Pantagruel then earnestly desired to see the pope-hawk; but Æduus told him it was not such an easy matter to get a sight of him. "How," asked Pantagruel, "has he Pluto's helmet on his crown, Gyges's ring on his pounces, or a chameleon on his breast, to make him invisible when he pleases?" "No, sir," returned Æduus; "but he is naturally of pretty difficult access; however, I will see and take care that you may see him, if possible." With this he left us; then, within a quarter of an hour came back, and told us the pope-hawk is now to be seen: so he led us, without the least noise, directly to the cage wherein he sat, drooping with his feathers staring about him, attended by a brace of little cardin-hawks, and six lusty fusty bish-hawks.

Panurge stared at him like a dead pig, examining exactly his figure, size and motions. Then with a loud voice he said, "A curse light on the hatcher of the ill bird; on my word this is a filthy whoophooper." "Hush! speak softly," said Æduus; "he has a pair of ears, as formerly Michael de Matiscombe remarked." "What, then," returned Panurge, "so hath a whoopcat." "Whist," said Æduus, "if he but hear you speak such another blasphemous word, you had as good be dead. Do you see that basin yonder in his cage? Out of it shall sally thunderbolts and lightnings, storms, bulls, and the devil and all, that will sink you down to Peg Trantum's, a hundred fathom under ground." "It were better to drink and be merry," quoth Friar John.

Panurge was still feeding his eyes with the sight of the pope-hawk and his attendants, when somewhere under his

cage he perceived a madgehowlet. With this he cried out, "By the devil's maker, master, there is roguery in the case; they put tricks upon travellers here more than anywhere else. What cony-catching have we here! Do you see this madgehowlet?" Said Ædituus, "Speak softly, I tell you: it is no madgehowlet, no she-thing, on my honest word; but a male, and a noble bird."

"May we not hear the pope-hawk sing," asked Pantagruel? "I dare not promise that," returned Ædituus; "for he only sings and eats at his own hours." "So do not I," quoth Panurge; "poor pilgarlic is fain to make everybody's time his own: come, then, let us go drink if you will." "Now this is something like a tansy," said Ædituus, "you begin to talk somewhat like; still speak in that fashion, and I will secure you from being thought a heretic. Come on, I am of your mind."

As we went back to have the other fuddling-bout, we spied an old green-headed bish-hawk, who sat moping with his mate and three jolly bittern attendants, all snoring under an arbour. Near the old cuff stood a buxom abbesskite, that sung like any linnet: and we were mightily tickled with her singing. Quoth Panurge, "This pretty cherubim of cherubims is here breaking her head with chaunting to this huge, fat, ugly face, who lies grunting all the while like a hog as he is. I will make him change his note presently." With this he rang a bell that hung over the bish-hawk's head: but though he rang and rang again, never a bit bish-hawk would hear: the louder the sound, the louder his snoring. There was no making him sing. Quoth Panurge, "You old buzzard, if you will not sing by fair means, you shall by foul." Having said this, he took up one of St. Stephen's loaves, alias a stone, and was going to hit him with it about the middle. But Ædituus cried to him: "Hold! hold! honest friend; strike, wound, poison, kill, and murder all the kings and princes in the world, by treachery or how thou wilt, and as soon as thou wouldest,

unnestle the angels from their cockloft; pope hawk will pardon thee all this; but never be so mad as to meddle with these sacred birds, as much as thou lovest the profit, welfare, and life not only of thyself, and thy friends and relations alive or dead, but also of those that may be born hereafter to the thousandth generation; for so long thou wouldest entail misery upon them. Do but look upon that basin." "Is it so? Let us rather drink, then," quoth Panurge. "He that spoke last, spoke well, Mr. Antitus," quoth Friar John: "while we are looking on these birds, we do nothing but blaspheme; and while we are taking a cup we do nothing but praise God. Come on, then, let us go drink; how well that word sounds!"

The third day (after we had drunk, as you must understand) Edituus dismissed us. We made him a present of a pretty little Pergois knife, which he took more kindly than Artaxerxes did the cup of cold water that was given him by a clown. He most courteously thanked us, and sent all sorts of provisions aboard our ships, wished us a prosperous voyage, and success in our undertakings, and made us promise and swear by Jupiter Lapis to come back by his territories.

CHAPTER IX.

How we Arrived at the Island of Tools.

HAVING well ballasted the holds of our human vessels, we weighed anchor, hoisted up sails, stowed the boats, set the land, and stood for the offing with a fair loom gale, and for more haste unparalleled the mizen yard, and launched it and the sail over the lee-quarter, and fitted gyves to keep it steady, and boomed it out: so in three days we made the Island of Tools, that is altogether uninhabited. We saw

there a great number of trees, which bore mattocks, pick-axes, crows, weeding-hooks, scythes, sickles, spades, trowels, hatchets, hedging-bills, saws, adzes, bills, axes, shears, pincers, bolts, piercers, augers, and wimbles.

Others bore dags, daggers, poniards, bayonets, square-bladed tucks, stilettoes, poinadoes, skenes, penknives, puncheons, bodkins, swords, rapiers, back-swords, cutlasses, scimetars, hangers, falchions, glaives, raillons, whittles, and whinyards.

Whoever would have any of these, needed but to shake the tree, and immediately they dropped down as thick as hops, like so many ripe plums; nay, what is more, they fell on a kind of grass called scabbard, and sheathed themselves in it cleverly. But when they came down, there was need of taking care lest they happened to touch the head, feet, or other parts of the body. For they fell with the point downwards, and in they stuck, or slit the continuum of some member, or lopped it off like a twig; either of which generally was enough to have killed a man, though he were a hundred years old, and worth as many thousand spankers, spur-royals, and rose-nobles.

Under some other trees, whose names I cannot justly tell you, I saw some certain sorts of weeds that grew and sprouted like pikes, lances, javelins, javelots, darts, dartlets, halberts, boar-spears, eel-spears, partizans, tridents, prongs, troutstaves, spears, halfpikes, and hunting staffs. As they sprouted up and chanced to touch the tree, straight they met with their heads, points, and blades, each suitable to its kind, made ready for them by the trees over them, as soon as every individual weed was grown up, fit for its steel: even like the children's coats, that are made for them as soon as they wear them, and you wean them of their swaddling clothes. Nor do you mutter, I pray you, at what Plato, Anaxagoras, and Democritus have said: they were none of your lower-form gimcracks, were they?

Those trees seemed to us terrestrial animals, in nowise so

different from brute beasts as not to have skin, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, kernels, bones, marrow, humours, matrices, brains, and articulations; for they certainly have some, since Theophrastus will have it so: but in this point they differed from other animals, that their heads, that is, the part of their trunks next to the root, are downwards; their hair, that is their roots, in the earth; and their feet, that is their branches, upside down: as if a man should stand on his head with outstretched legs. And these trees have notice given them, by certain sensations which they have at their roots, stocks, gums, paps, or marrow, of the growth of the staffs under them; and accordingly they prepare suitable points and blades for them beforehand. Yet as all things, except God, are sometimes subject to error, Nature itself not free from it, when it produceth monstrous things; likewise I observed something amiss in these trees. For a half-pike, that grew up high enough to reach the branches of one of these instrumentiferous trees, happened no sooner to touch them, but instead of being joined to an iron head, it impaled a stub broom. Well, no matter, it will serve to sweep the chimney. Thus a partizan met with a pair of garden shears. Come, all is good for something, it will serve to nip off little twigs, and destroy caterpillars.

CHAPTER X.

How Pantagruel arrived at the Island of Sharping (or Gaming).

We left the Island of Tools to pursue our voyage, and the next day stood in for the Island of Sharping, the true image of Fontainbleau: for the land is so very lean that the bones, that is, the rocks, shoot through its skin. Besides, it is sandy, barren, unhealthy, and unpleasant. Our pilot showed us there two little square rocks, which had eight equal points

in the shape of a cube. They were so white that I might have mistaken them for alabaster or snow, had he not assured us they were made of bone.

He told us that twenty-one chance devils, very much feared in our country, dwelt there in six different stories, and that the biggest twins or braces of them were called sixes, and the smallest amb's-ace; the rest cinques, quatres, treys, and duces. When they were conjured up, otherwise coupled, they were called either sice cinque, sice quatre, sice trey, sice duce, and sice ace; or cinque quatre, cinque trey, and so forth. I made there a shrewd observation: would you know what it is, gamesters? It is, that there are very few of you in the world but what call upon and invoke the devils. Nay, they do not forget sometimes to call the black cloven-footed gentlemen by their Christian names and surnames; and, what is stranger yet, they use them as the greatest cronies, and make them so often the executors of their wills,—not only giving themselves, but everybody and everything, to the devil,—that there is no doubt but he takes care to seize, soon or late, what is so zealously bequeathed him. Indeed, it is true, Lucifer does not always immediately appear by his lawful attorneys; but alas! it is not for want of goodwill; he is really to be excused for his delay; for what would you have a devil do? He and his blackguards are then at some other places, according to the priority of the persons that call on them: therefore, pray let none be so venturesome as to think that the devils are deaf and blind.

He then told us that more wrecks had happened about those square rocks, and a greater loss of body and goods, than about all the Syrtes, Scyllas, and Charibdes, Sirens, Strophades, and gulfs in the universe. I had not much ado to believe it, remembering that formerly, among the wise Egyptians, Neptune was described in hieroglyphics for the first cube, Apollo by an ace, Diana by a duce, Minerva by seven, and so forth.

He also told us that there was a phial of San-Greal, a most divine thing, and known to a few. Panurge did so sweeten up the syndics of the place, that they blessed us with a sight of it; but it was with three times more pother and ado, with more formalities and antic-tricks, than they show the pandects of Justinian at Florence, or the holy Veronica at Rome. I never saw such a sight of flambeaux, torches and hagios, and sanctified tapers, in my whole life. After all, that which was shown us was only the ill-faced countenance of a roasted coney.

All that we saw there worth speaking of, was a good face set upon an ill game, and the shells of the two eggs formerly laid up and hatched by Leda, out of which came Castor and Pollux, fair Helen's brothers. These same syndics sold us a piece of them for a song, I mean, for a morsel of bread. Before we went, we bought a parcel of hats and caps of the manufacture of the place; which, I fear, will turn to no very good account: nor are those who shall take them off our hands more likely to commend their wearing.

CHAPTER XI.

How we passed through the Wicket, inhabited by Gripe-men-all, Archduke of the Furred Law-cats.

From thence Condemnation was passed by us. It is another barren island, whereat none for the world cared to touch. Then we went through the wicket; but Pantagruel had no mind to bear us company; and it was well he did not, for we were nabbed there, and clapped into Job's pound by order of Gripe-men-all, Archduke of the Furred Law-cats, because one of our company would have put upon a serjeant some hats of the Sharping Island.

The Furred Law-cats are most terrible and dreadful monsters, that devour little children, and trample over marble stones. Pray tell me, noble topers, do they not deserve to have their snouts slit? The hair of their hides does not lie outwards; and every mother's son of them for his device wears a gaping pouch. They have claws so very strong, long, and sharp, that nothing can get from them what is once fast between their clutches. Sometimes they cover their heads with mortar-like caps, at other times with mortified caparisons.

As we entered their den, said a common mumper, to whom we had given half a teston, "Worshipful culprits, God send you a good deliverance. Examine well," said he, "the countenance of these stout props and pillars of this catch-coin law and iniquity; and pray observe, that if you still live but six olympiads, and the age of two dogs more, you will see these Furred Law-cats lords of all Europe, and in peaceful possession of all the estates and dominions belonging to it: unless, by divine Providence, the goods which they unjustly get, perish with their prodigal heirs. Take this from an honest beggar.

"Among them reigns the sixth essence; by the means of which they gripe all, devour all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least notice of right or wrong: for among them vice is called virtue; wickedness, piety; treason, loyalty; robbery, justice. Plunder is their motto, and when acted by them, is approved by all men except the heretics: and all this they do, because they dare; their authority is sovereign and irrefragable. For a sign of the truth of what I tell you, you will find that there the mangers are above the racks. Remember hereafter, that a fool told you this; and if ever plague, famine, war, fire, earthquakes, inundations, or other judgments befall the world, do not attribute them to the aspects and conjunctions of the malevolent planets, to the abuses of the court of Romania, or

the tyranny of secular kings and princes; to the impostures of the false zealots of the cowl, heretical bigots, false prophets, and broachers of sects: to the villany of griping usurers, clippers, and coiners; nor to the ignorance, impudence, and imprudence of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries: but charge them all, wholely and solely, to the inexpressible, incredible, and inestimable wickedness and ruin, which is continually hatched, brewed, and practised in the den or shop of those Furred Law-cats. Yet it is no more known in the world than the Cabala of the Jews; the more is the pity; and therefore it is not detested, chastised and punished, as it is fit it should be. But should all their villany be once displayed in its true colours, and exposed to the people; there never was, is, nor will be any spokesman so sweet-mouthed, whose fine colloguing tongue could save them; nor any law so rigorous and Draconic, that could punish them as they deserve: nor yet any magistrate so powerful as to hinder their being burnt alive in their coney-burrows without mercy. Even their own furrred kittlings, friends, and relations would abominate them.

"For this reason, as Hannibal was solemnly sworn by his father Amilcar to pursue the Romans with the utmost hatred as long as ever he lived: so, my late father has enjoined me to remain here without, till God Almighty's thunder reduce them there within to ashes, like other presumptuous Titans, profane wretches, and opposers of God: since mankind is so inured to their oppressions, that they either do not remember, foresee, or have a sense of the woes and miseries which they have caused; or if they have, either will not, dare not, or cannot root them out."

"How," said Panurge, "say you so? Catch me there and hang me! Let us march off! This noble beggar has scared me worse than thunder in autumn." Upon this we were filing off; but alas! we found ourselves trapped: the door was double-locked and barricadoed. Some messengers of ill news told us it was full as easy to get in there as into

Avernus, and no less hard to get out. Ay, there indeed lay the difficulty, for there is no getting loose without a pass and discharge in due course from the bench. This for no other reason than because folks go easier out of a church than out of a spunging-house, and because they could not have our company when they would. The worst of it was when we got through the wicket; for we were carried, to get out our pass or discharge, before a more dreadful monster than ever was read of in the legends of knight errantry. They called him Gripe-men-all. I cannot tell what to compare it to, better than to a chimera, a Sphynx, a Cerberus; or to the image of Osiris, as the Egyptians represented him, with three heads, one of a roaring lion, the other of a fawning cur, and the last of a howling, prowling wolf, twisted about with a dragon biting his tail, surrounded with fiery rays. His hands were full of gore, his talons like those of the harpies, his snout like a hawk's bill, his fangs or tusks like those of an overgrown brindled wild boar; his eyes were flaming, like the jaws of hell, all covered with mortars interlaced with pestles, and nothing of his arms was to be seen but his clutches. His hutch, and that of the warren-cats his collaterals, was a long, spick-and-span new rack, a-top of which (as the mumper told us) some large, stately mangers were fixed in the reverse. Over the chief seat was the picture of an old woman, holding the case or scabbard of a sickle in her right hand, a pair of scales in her left, with spectacles on her nose: the cups or scales of the balance were a pair of velvet pouches: the one full of bullion, which overpoised the other, empty and long, hoisted higher than the middle of the beam. I am of opinion it was the true effigies of Justice Gripe-men-all; far different from the institution of the ancient Thebans, who set up the statues of their dicasts without hands, in marble, silver, or gold, according to their merit, even after their death.

When we made our personal appearance before him, a sort of I do not know what men, all clothed with I do not

know what bags and pouches, with long scrolls in their clutches, made us sit down upon a cricket [such as criminals sit on when tried in France]. Quoth Panurge to them, "Good, my lords, I am very well as I am; I would as lieve stand, if it please you. Besides, this same stool is somewhat of the lowest for a man that has new breeches and a short doublet." "Sit you down," said Gripe-men-all again, "and look that you do not make the court bid you twice. Now," continued he, "the earth shall immediately open its jaws, and swallow you up to quick damnation, if you do not answer as you should."

[The next four chapters are of Gripe-men-all and the Furred Law-cats.]

As soon as Friar John and the rest of the company were disembarked, Pantagruel set sail. But there arose a south-east wind, which blew so vehemently they lost their way, and in a manner going back to the country of the Furred Law-cats, they entered into a huge gulf, where the sea ran so high and terrible, that the ship-boy on the top of the mast cried out, he again saw the habitation of Gripe-men-all; upon which Panurge, frightened almost out of his wits, roared out, "Dear master, in spite of the wind and waves, change your course, and turn the ship's head about: O my friend, let us come no more into that cursed country, where I left my purse." So the wind carried them near an island, where, however, they did not dare at first to land, but entered about a mile off.

CHAPTER XVI.

How Pantagruel came to the Island of the Apedefts, or Ignoramuses with long Claws and crooked Paws, and of terrible Adventures and Monsters there.

As soon as we had cast anchor, and had moored the ship, the pinnace was put over the ship's side, and manned by the coxswain's crew. When the good Pantagruel had prayed publicly, and given thanks to the Lord, that had delivered him from so great a danger, he stepped into the pinnace with his whole company to go on shore, which was no ways difficult to do, for, as the sea was calm and the winds laid, they soon got to the cliffs. When they were set on shore, Epistemon, who was admiring the situation of the place, and the strange shape of the rocks, discovered some of the natives. The first he met had on a short purple gown, a doublet cut in panes, like a Spanish leather jerkin, half sleeves of satin, and the upper part of them leather, a coif like a black pot tipped with tin. He was a good likely sort of a body, and his name, as we heard afterwards, was Double-fee. Epistemon asked him, "How they called those strange craggy rocks and deep valleys?" He told them it was a colony, brought out of Attorney-land, and called Process; and that if we forded the river somewhat further beyond the rocks, we should come into the island of the Apedefts. "By the sacred memory of the Decretals," said Friar John, "tell us, I pray you, what you honest men here live on? Could not a man take a chirping bottle with you to taste your wine? I can see nothing among you but parchment, inkhorns, and pens." "We live on nothing else," returned Double-fee; "and all who live in this place must come through my hands." "How," quoth Panurge, "are you a shaver, then? Lo, you fleece them?" "Ay, ay, their purse," answered Double-fee, "nothing else." "By the foot of Pharaoh,"

cried Panurge, "not a sous will you get of me. However, sweet sir, be so kind as to show an honest man the way to those Apedefts, or ignorant people, for I come from the land of the learned, where I did not learn over much."

Still talking on, they got to the island of the Apedefts, for they were soon got over the ford. Pantagruel was not a little taken up with admiring the structure and habitation of the people of the place. For they live in a swinging wine-press, fifty steps up to it. You must know there are some of all sorts, little, great, private, middle-sized, and so forth. You go through a large peristyle, alias a long entry, set about with pillars, in which you see, in a kind of landscape, the ruins of almost the whole world; besides so many gibbets for great robbers, so many gallows and racks, that it is enough to fright you out of your seven senses. Double-fee perceiving that Pantagruel was taken up with contemplating those things, "Let us go further, sir," said he to him, "all this is nothing yet." "Nothing, quotha," cried Friar John; "friend Panurge and I here shake and quiver for mere hunger. I had rather be drinking, than staring on these ruins." "Pray come along, sir," said Double-fee. He then led us into a little wine-press, that lay backwards in a blind corner, and was called Pithies in the language of the country. You need not ask whether Master John and Panurge made much of their sweet selves there; it is enough that I tell you there was no want of Bologna sausages, turkey-pouts, capons, bustards, malmsey wine, and all other sorts of good belly-timber, very well dressed.

A butler, seeing that Friar John had cast a sheep's eye at a choice bottle that stood near a cupboard by itself, at some distance from the rest of the bottellic magazine, like a jack-in-an-office, said to Pantagruel: "Sir, I perceive that one of your men here is making love to this bottle; he ogles it, and would fain caress it; but I beg that none offer to meddle with it; for it is reserved for their worships."

"How," cried Panurge, "there are some grandees here then, I see. It is vintage time with you, I perceive."

Then Double-fee led up to a private staircase, and showed us into a room, whence, without being seen, out at a loop-hole we could see their worships in the great wine-press, where none could be admitted without their leave. Their worships, as he called them, were about a score of fusty crack-ropes and gallow-clappers, or rather more, all posted before a bar, and staring at each other like so many dead pigs: their paws or hands were as long as a crane's leg, and their claws or nails four-and-twenty inches long at least: for, you must know, they are enjoined never to pare off the least chip of them, so that they grow as crooked as a Welsh hook or a hedging-bill.

We saw a swinging bunch of grapes, that are gathered and squeezed in that country, brought in by them. As soon as it was laid down, they clapped it into the press, and there was not a bit of it out of which each of them did not squeeze some oil of gold. Insomuch that the poor grape was tried with a witness, and brought off so drained and picked, and so dry, that there was not the least moisture, juice, or substance left in it; for they had pressed out its very quintessence.

Double-fee told us they had not often such huge bunches: but, let the worst come to the worst, they were sure never to be without others in their press. "But hark you me, master of mine," asked Panurge, "have they not some of different growths?" "Ay, marry have they," quoth Double-fee. "Do you see here this little bunch, to which they are going to give the other wrench? It is of tithe-growth, you must know: they crushed, wrung, squeezed, and strained out the very heart's blood of it but the other day: but it did not bleed freely: the oil came hard, and smelt of the priest's chest: so that they found there was not much good to be got out of it." "Why, then," said Pantagruel, "do they put it again into the press?" "Only," answered

Double-fee, "for fear there should still lurk some juice among the husks and hullings, in the mother of the grape." Cried Friar John: "May I be broiled like a red herring, if I do not think they are wise enough to skin a flint, and draw oil out of a brick wall." "So they are," said Double-fee; "for they sometimes put castles, parks, and forests into the press, and out of them all extract *aurum potabile*." "You mean *portabile*, I suppose," cried Epistemon, "such as may be borne." "I mean as I said," replied Double-fee, "*potabile*, such as may be drunk; for it makes them drink many a good bottle more than otherwise they should.

"But I cannot better satisfy you as to the growth of the vine-tree syrup that is here squeezed out of grapes, than in desiring you to look yonder in that back-yard, where you will see above a thousand different growths that lie waiting to be squeezed every moment. Here are some of the public and some of the private growth; some of the fortifications, loans, gifts, and gratuities, escheats, forfeitures, fines, and recoveries, penal statutes, crown lands, and demesne, privy purse, post-offices, offerings, lordships of manors, and a world of other growths, for which we want names." "Pray," quoth Epistemon, "tell me of what growth is that great one, with all those little grapelings about it." "Oh, oh!" returned Double-fee, "that plump one is of the treasury, the very best growth in the whole country. Whenever any one of that growth is squeezed, there is not one of their worships but gets juice enough of it to soak his nose six months together." When their worships were up, Pantagruel desired Double-fee to take us into that great wine press, which he readily did. As soon as we were in, Epistemon, who understood all sorts of tongues, began to show us many devices on the press, which was large and fine, and made of the wood of the cross —at least Double-fee told us so. On each part of it were names of everything in the language of the country. The spindle of the press was called receipt; the trough, costs

and damages; the hole for the vice-pin, state; the side-boards, money paid into the office; the great beam, respite of homage; the branches, *radietur*: the side-beams, *recuperetur*; the fats, ignoramus; the two-handled basket, the rolls; the treading-place, acquittance; the dossers, validation; the panniers, authentic decrees; the pails, *potentials*; the funnels, *quietus est.*

"Why!" quoth Panurge, "here are a parcel of words full as analogous as chalk and cheese, or a cat and a cart-wheel! But why, prithee, dear Double-fee, do they call these worshipful dons of yours ignorant fellows?" "Only," said Double-fee, "because they neither are, nor ought to be, clerks, and all must be ignorant as to what they transact here; nor is there to be any other reason given, but, The court hath said it: The court will have it so: The court has decreed it." Quoth Pantagruel, "They might full as well have called them necessity; for necessity has no law."

From thence, as he was leading us to see a thousand little puny presses, we spied another paltry bar, about which sat four or five ignorant waspish churls, of so testy, fuming a temper, like an ass with squibs and crackers tied to its tail, and so ready to take pepper in the nose for yea and nay, that a dog would not have lived with them. They were hard at it with the lees and dregs of the grapes, which they gripped over and over again, might and main, with their clenched fists. They were called contractors, in the language of the country. "These are the ugliest, misshapen, grim-looking scrubs," said Friar John, "that ever were beheld, with or without spectacles." Then we passed by an infinite number of little wine-presses, all full of vintage mongers, who were picking, examining, and raking the grapes with some instruments, called bills of charge.

Finally, we came into a hall downstairs, where we saw an overgrown mangy cur, with a pair of heads, a wolf's belly and claws; who was fed with costs, for he lived on a multi-

plicity of fine amonds and amerciaments, by order of their worships, to each of whom the monster was worth more than the best farm in the land. In their tongue of ignorance they called him Twofold. His dam lay by him, and her hair and shape was like her whelp's, only she had four heads, two male and two female, and her name was Fourfold. She was certainly the most cursed and dangerous creature of the place, except her grandam, which we saw, and had been kept locked up in a dungeon, time out of mind, and her name was Refusing-of-fees.

Friar John began to be somewhat out of humour, and desired Pantagruel to remember he had not dined, and bring Double-fee along with him. So away we went, and as we marched out at the back gate, whom should we meet but an old piece of mortality in chains. He was half ignorant and half learned, like Satan. The fellow was all caparisoned with spectacles, as a tortoise is with shells, and lived on nothing but a sort of food which, in their gibberish, was called appeals. Pantagruel asked Double-fee of what breed was that prothonotary, and what name they gave him? Double-fee told us that time out of mind he had been kept there in chains, to the great grief of their worships, who starved him, and his name was Review. Cried Friar John, "I do not much wonder at the meagre cheer which this old chuff finds among their worships. Do but look a little on the weather-beaten scratch-toby, friend Panurge; I will lay five pounds to a hazel-nut, the foul thief has the very looks of Gripe-men-all. These same fellows here, ignorant as they be, are as sharp and knowing as other folks." "By my oriental barnacles," quoth Panurge, "honest Friar, thou art in the right, for if we but examine that treacherous Review's ill-favoured phiz, we find that he is yet more mischievous and ignorant than these ignorant wretches here, since they (honest dunces) grapple and glean with as little harm and pother as they can; nor do they dally and demur in your suit, but, in two or three words, whip-stitch, in a trice

they finish the vintage of the close, bating you all these tedious interlocutories, examinations, and appointments, which fret to the heart's blood your furred law-cats."

CHAPTER XVII.

How we went Forwards, and how Panurge had like to have been Killed.

We put to sea that very moment, steering our course forwards, and gave Pantagruel a full account of our adventures, which so deeply struck him with compassion, that he wrote some elegies on that subject, to divert himself during the voyage. When we were safe in the port we took some refreshment, and took in fresh water and wood. The people of the place, who had the countenance of jolly fellows and boon companions, were all of them forward folks, bloated and puffed up with fat; and we saw some who slashed and pinked their skins, to open a passage to the fat, that it might swell out at the slits and gashes which they made; neither more nor less than the fellows in our country bepink and cut open their sleeves, that the taffety on the inside may stand out and be puffed up. They said that what they did was not out of pride or ostentation, but because otherwise their skins would not hold them without much pain. Having thus slashed their skin, they used to grow much bigger, like the young trees on whose barks the gardeners make incisions, that they may grow the better.

Near the haven there was a tavern, which forwards seemed very fine and stately. We repaired thither, and found it filled with people of the forward nation, of all ages, sexes, and conditions; so that we thought some notable feast or other was getting ready, but we were told that all that throng

were invited to the bursting of mine host, which caused all his friends and relations to hasten thither.

We did not understand that jargon, and therefore thought, in that country, by that bursting they meant some merry meeting or other, as we do in ours by betrothing, wedding, shearing (of sheep), reaping (of corn, or harvest-home), and many other junketing bouts that end in *ing*. But we soon heard that there was no such matter in hand.

The master of the house, you must know, had been a good fellow in his time, loved heartily to bang the pitcher and lick his dish: he used to be a very fair swallower of gravy soup, a notable accountant in matter of hours, and his whole life was one continual dinner, like mine host at Rouillac. But now, having let out much fat for ten years together, according to the custom of the country, he was drawing towards the bursting hour. "Pray," quoth Panurge, "is there no remedy, no help for the poor man, good people? Why do you not swaddle him round with good tight girths, or secure his natural tub with a strong sorb-apple-tree hoop? Nay, why do not you iron-bind him, if needs be? This would keep the man from flying out and bursting." The word was not yet out of his mouth, when we heard something give a loud report, as if a huge sturdy oak had been split in two. Then some of the neighbours told us that the bursting was over, and that the clap or crack, which we heard, was the end of mine host.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How our Ships were stranded, and we were relieved by some people that were subject to Queen Whims (qui tenoient de la Quinte).

We weighed and set sail with a merry westerly gale, when, about seven leagues off, some gusts or scuds of wind suddenly arose, and the wind veering and shifting from

point to point, was, as they say, like an old woman's tongue, at no certainty; so we first got our starboard tacks aboard, and hauled off our lee-sheets. Then the gusts increased, and by fits blowed all at once from several quarters, yet we neither settled nor braided up close our sails, but only let fly the sheets, not to go against the master of the ship's direction; and thus having let go amain, lest we should spend our topsails, or the ship's quick-side should lie in the water, and she be overset, we lay by and ran adrift; that is, in a landloper's phrase, we temporized it. For he assured us that, as these gusts and whirlwinds would not do us much good, so they could not do us much harm, considering their easiness and pleasant strife, as also the clearness of the sky and calmness of the current. So that we were to observe the philosopher's rule, bear and forbear; that is, trim, or go according to the time.

However, these whirlwinds and gusts lasted so long, that we persuaded the master to let us go and lie at trie with our main course: that is, to haul the tack aboard, the sheet close aft, the bowline set up, and the helm tied close aboard; so, after a stormy gale of wind, we broke through the whirlwind. But it was like falling into Scylla to avoid Charybdis. For we had not sailed a league ere our ships were stranded upon some sands, such as are the flats of St. Maixant.

All our company seemed mightily disturbed, except Friar John, who was not a jot daunted, and with sweet sugar-plum words comforted now one and then another, giving them hopes of speedy assistance from above, and telling them that he had seen Castor at the main yard-arm. "Oh, that I were but now ashore!" cried Panurge, "that is all I wish for myself at present, and that you, who like the sea so well, had each man of you two hundred thousand crowns; I would fairly let you set up shop on these sands, and would get a fat calf dressed, and a hundred of faggots cooled for you against you come ashore. I freely consent never to

marry, so you but set me ashore, and mount me on a horse, that I may go home. No matter for a servant, I will be contented to serve myself; I am never better treated than when I am without a man. Faith, old Plautus was in the right of it when he said, the more servants the more crosses; for such they are, even supposing they could want what they all have but too much of, a tongue, that most busy, dangerous, and pernicious member of servants: accordingly, it was for their sakes alone that the racks and tortures for confession were invented, though some foreign civilians in our time have drawn illogical and unreasonable consequences from it."

That very moment we spied a sail that made towards us. When it was close by us, we soon knew what was the lading of the ship, and who was aboard of her. She was full freighted with drums: I was acquainted with many of the passengers that came in her, who were most of them of good families; among the rest, Harry Cotiral, the chemist, an old toast. In his left hand he held an old overgrown greasy foul cap, such as your scald-pated fellows wear, and in the right a huge cabbage-stump.

As soon as he saw me he was overjoyed, and bawled out to me, "What cheer, ho? How dost like me now? This doctor's cap is my true elixo; and this" (continued he, shaking the cabbage-stump in his fist) "is *lunaria major;* I have it, old boy, I have it; we will blow the coal when thou art come back." "But pray, father," said I, "whence come you? Whither go you? What is your lading? Have you smelt the sea?" To these four questions he answered, "From Queen Whims; for Touraine; alchymy; to the very bottom."

"Whom have you got on board?" said I. Said he, "Astrologers, fortune-tellers, alchymists, rhymers, poets, painters, projectors, mathematicians, watchmakers, sing songs, musicianers, and the devil and all of others that are subject to Queen Whims. They have very fair legible patents to show

for it, as anybody may see." Panurge had no sooner heard this, but he was upon the high rope, and began to rail at them like mad. "What do you mean," cried he, "to sit idly here, like a pack of loitering sneaksbies, and see us stranded, while you may help us, and tow us off into the current! A plague on your whims! You can make all things whatsoever, they say, yet will not make haste to fasten some hawsers and cables, and get us off." "I was just coming to set you afloat," quoth Harry Cotiral; "by Trismegistus, I will clear you in a trice." With this he caused 7,532,810 huge drums to be unheaded on one side, and set that open side so that it faced the end of the streamers and pendants; and having fastened them to good tacklings, and our ship's head to the stern of theirs, with cables fastened to the bits abaft the manger in the ship's loof, they towed us off ground at one pull, so easily and pleasantly that you would have wondered at it, had you been there. For the dub-o-dub rattling of the drums, with the soft noise of the gravel, which murmuring disputed us our way, and the merry cheers and huzzas of the sailors, made a harmony almost as good as that of the heavenly bodies when they roll and are whirled round their spheres, which rattling of the celestial wheels Plato said he heard some nights in his sleep.

We scorned to be behindhand with them in civility, and gratefully gave them store of our sausages and chitterlings, with which we filled their drums; and we were just a-hoisting two-and-sixty hogsheads of wine out of the hold, when two huge whirlpools (physeteres) with great fury made toward their ship, spouting more water than is in the river Vienne, from Chinon to Saumur: to make short, all their drums, all their sails, their concerns, and themselves, were soused, and their very hose were watered by the collar.

Panurge was so overjoyed, seeing this, and laughed so heartily, that he was forced to hold his sides, and it set him into a fit of the colic for two hours and more. "I had a

mind" quoth he, "to make the dogs drink, and those honest whirpools, egad, have saved me that labour and that cost. There's sauce for them; ἄριστον μέν ὕδωρ. 'Water is good,' saith a poet; let them Pindarise upon it: they never cared for fresh water, but to wash their hands or their glasses. This good salt water will stand them in good stead, for want of sal ammoniac and nitre in Geber's kitchen."

We could not hold any further discourse with them; for the former whirlwind hindered our ship from feeling the helm. The pilot advised us henceforwards to let her run adrift, and follow the stream, not busying ourselves with anything, but making much of our carcasses. For our only way to arrive safe at the Queendom of Whims, was to trust to the whirlwind, and be led by the current.

CHAPTER XIX.

How we arrived at the Queendom of Whims, or Kingdom of Quintessence, called Entelechy.

We did as he directed us for about twelve hours, and on the third day the sky seemed to us somewhat clearer, and we happily arrived at the port of Mateotechny, not far distant from the palace of Quintessence.

We met full-butt on the quay a great number of guards and other military men that garrisoned the arsenal: and we were somewhat frighted at first, because they made us all lay down our arms, and, in a haughty manner, asked us whence we came?

"Cousin," quoth Panurge to him that asked the question, "we are of Touraine, and come from France, being ambitious of paying our respects to the Lady Quintessence, and visit this famous realm of Entelechy."

"What do you say?" cried they; "do you call it Entelechy, or Endelechy?" "Truly, truly, sweet cousins," quoth Panurge, "we are a silly sort of grout-headed lobcocks, and it please you; be so kind as to forgive us if we chance to knock words out of joint: as for anything else, we are downright honest fellows, and true hearts."

"We have not asked you this question without a cause," said they; "for a great number of others, who have passed this way from your country of Touraine, seemed as mere joltheaded doddipoles as ever were scored over the coxcomb, yet spoke as correct as other folks. But there has been here from other countries a pack of I know not what overweening self-conceited prigs, as moody as so many mules, and as stout as any Scotch lairds, and nothing would serve these, forsooth, but they must wilfully wrangle and stand out against us at their coming: and much they got by it after all. Troth, we even fitted them, and clawed them off with a vengeance, for all they looked so big and so grum.

"Pray tell me, does your time lie so heavy upon you in your world, that you do not know how to bestow it better than in thus impudently talking, disputing, and writing of our sovereign lady? There was much need that your Tully, the consul, should go and leave the care of his commonwealth to busy himself idly about her; and after him, your Diogenes Laertius, the biographer, and your Theodorus Gaza, the philosopher, and your Argiropoulus, the emperor, and your Bessario, the cardinal, and your Politian, the pedant, and your Budæus, the judge, and your Lascaris, the ambassador, and the devil and all of those you call lovers of wisdom; whose number, it seems, was not thought great enough already, but likely your Scaliger, Bigot, Chambrier, Francis Fleury, and I cannot tell how many such other junior sneaking fly-blows, must take upon them to increase it.

"You do not come here," continued the captain, "to uphold them in their folly; you have no commission from them to this effect? Well, then, we will talk no more of it.

"Aristotle, that first of men, and peerless pattern of all philosophy, was our sovereign lady's godfather; and wisely and properly gave her the name of Entelechy. Her true name then is Entelechy, and ill be to him who dares call her by any other name: for whoever he is, he does her wrong, and is a very impudent person. You are heartily welcome, gentlemen." With this they colled and clipped us about the neck, which was no small comfort to us, I will assure you.

Panurge then whispered me. "Fellow-traveller," quoth he, "hast thou not been somewhat afraid this bout?" "A little," said I. "To tell you the truth of it," quoth he, "never were the Ephraimites in a greater fear and quandary when the Gileadites killed and drowned them for saying sibboleth instead of shibboleth."

The captain afterwards took us to the Queen's palace, leading us silently with great formality. Pantagruel would have said something to him; but the other, not being able to come up to his height, wished for a ladder, or a very long pair of stilts; then said, "Patience! If it were our sovereign lady's will, we would be as tall as you; well, we shall, when she pleases."

In the first galleries, we saw great numbers of sick persons, differently placed according to their maladies. The leprous were apart; those that were poisoned on one side; those that had got the plague, in the first rank, accordingly.

CHAPTER XX.

How the Quintessence cured the Sick with a Song.

THE captain showed us the Queen, attended with her ladies and gentlemen in the second gallery. She looked young, though she was at least eighteen hundred years old; and was handsome, slender, and as fine as a queen—that is, as hands could make her. He then said to us: "It is not yet a fit time to speak to the Queen; be you but mindful of her doings in the meanwhile.

"You have kings in your world that fantastically pretend to cure some certain diseases; as, for example, scrofula or wens, swelled throats, nick-named the king's evil, and quartan agues, only with a touch: now our Queen cures all manner of diseases without so much as touching the sick, but barely with a song, according to the nature of the distemper." He then showed us a set of organs, and said that when it was touched by her those miraculous cures were performed. The organ was indeed the strangest that ever eyes beheld: for the pipes were of cassia; the top and cornice of guaiacum; the bellows of rhubarb; the pedals of turbith, and the clavier or keys of scammony.

While we were examining this wonderful new make of an organ, the leprous were brought in by her abstractors, spodizators, masticators, pregustics, tabachins, chachanins, neemanins, rabrebans, nercins, rozuins, nebidins, tearins, segamions, perarons, chasinins, sarins, soteins, aboth, enilins, archasdarpenins, mebins, chabourins, and other officers, for whom I want names; so she played them I do not know what sort of a tune or song, and they were all immediately cured.

Then those who were poisoned were had in, and she had no sooner given them a song but they began to find a use for their legs, and up they got. Then came on the deaf,

the blind, and the dumb, and they too were restored to their lost faculties and senses with the same remedy; which did so strangely amaze us (and not without reason, I think), that down we fell on our faces, remaining prostrate, like men ravished in ecstasy, and were not able to utter one word through the excess of our admiration, till she came, and having touched Pantagruel with a fine fragrant nosegay of red roses, which she held in her hand, thus made us recover our senses and get up. Then she made us the following speech in Byssin words, such as Parisatis desired should be spoken to her son Cyrus, or at least of crimson alamode:

"The probity that scintillizes in the superfices of your persons informs my ratiocinating faculty, in a most stupendous manner, of the radiant virtues latent within the precious caskets and ventricles of your minds. For, contemplating the mellifluous suavity of your thrice discreet reverences, it is impossible not to be persuaded with facility that neither your affections nor your intellects are vitiated with any defect or privation of liberal and exalted sciences: far from it, all must judge that in you are lodged a cornucopia, and encyclopædia, an unmeasurable profundity of knowledge in the most peregrine and sublime disciplines, so frequently the admiration, and so rarely the concomitants of the imperite vulgar. This gently compels me, who in preceding times indefatigably kept my private affections absolutely subjugated, to condescend to make my application to you in the trivial phrase of the plebeian world; and assure you, that you are well more than most heartily welcome."

"I have no hand at making of speeches," quoth Panurge to me privately: "prithee, man, make answer to her for us, if thou canst." This would not work with me, however, neither did Pantagruel return a word: so that Queen Whims, or Queen Quintessence (which you please), perceiving that we stood as mute as fishes, said: "Your taciturnity speaks

you not only disciples of Pythagoras, from whom the venerable antiquity of my progenitors in successive propagation was emaned, and derives its original; but also discovers that, through the revolution of many retrograde moons, you have in Egypt pressed the extremities of your fingers with the hard tenants of your mouths, and scalptized your heads with frequent applications of your unguicules. In the school of Pythagoras taciturnity was the symbol of abstracted and superlative knowledge; and the silence of the Egyptians was agnized as an expressive manner of divine adoration; this caused the pontiffs of Hierapolis to sacrifice to the great deity in silence, impercussively, without any vociferous or obstreperous sound. My design is not to enter into a privation of gratitude towards you; but by a vivacious formality, though matter were to abstract itself from me, excentricate to you my cogitations."

Having spoken this, she only said to her officers, "Tabachins, a panacea;" and straight they desired us not to take it amiss if the Queen did not invite us to dine with her; for she never ate anything at dinner but some categories, jecabots, emnins, dimions, abstractions, harborins, chelemins, second intentions, carradoths, antitheses, metempsychoses, transcendent prolepsies, and such other light food.

Then they took us into a little closet, lined through with alarums, where we were treated Heaven knows how. It is said that Jupiter writes whatever is transacted in the world on the diphthera or skin of the Amalthæan goat that suckled him in Crete, which pelt served him instead of a shield against the Titans, whence he was nicknamed Ægiochos. Now as I hate to drink water, brother topers, I protest it would be impossible to make eighteen goatskins hold the description of all the good meat they brought before us; though it were written in characters as small as those in which were penned Homer's Iliads, which Tully tells us he saw enclosed in a nutshell.

For my part, had I one hundred mouths, as many tongues,

a voice of iron, a heart of oak, and lungs of leather, together with the mellifluous abundance of Plato; yet I never could give you a full account of a third part of a second of the whole.

Pantagruel was telling me that he believed the Queen had given the symbolic word used among her subjects to denote sovereign good cheer, when she said to her tabachins, "A panacea;" just as Lucullus used to say, "In Apollo," when he designed to give his friends a singular treat; though sometimes they took him at unawares, as, among the rest, Cicero and Hortensius sometimes used to do.

CHAPTER XXI.

How the Queen passed her Time after Dinner.

When we had dined, a chachanin led us into the Queen's hall, and there we saw how, after dinner, with the ladies and princes of her court, she used to sift, searse, boult, range, and pass away time with a fine large white and blue silk sieve. We also perceived how they revived ancient sports, diverting themselves together at

1. Cordax.	6. Phrygia.	11. Monogas.
2. Emmelia.	7. Thracia.	12. Terminalia.
3. Sicinnia.	8. Calabrisme.	13. Floralia.
4. Iambics.	9. Molossia.	14. Pyrrhice.
5. Persica.	10. Cernophorum.	15. Nicatism.

And a thousand other dances.

Afterwards she gave orders that they should show us the apartments and curiosities in her palace: accordingly we saw there such new, strange, and wonderful things, that I am still ravished in admiration every time I think on it.

However, nothing surprised us more than what was done by the gentlemen of her household, abstractors, parazons, nebidins, spodizators, and others, who freely, and without the least dissembling, told us that the Queen their mistress did all impossible things, and cured men of incurable diseases; and they, her officers, used to do the rest.

I saw there a young parazon who cured all manner of fevers and agues on the spot, only with hanging a fox-tail on the left side of the patient's girdle.

One removed the tooth-ache only with washing thrice the root of the aching tooth with elder-vinegar, and letting it dry half an hour in the sun.

Another the gout, whether hot or cold, natural or accidental, by barely making the gouty person shut his mouth and open his eyes.

I saw another ease nine gentlemen of St. Francis's distemper,* in a very short space of time, having clapped a rope about their necks, at the end of which hung a box with ten thousand gold crowns in it.

One, with a wonderful engine, threw the houses out at the windows, by which means they were purged of all pestilential air.

Another cured all the three kinds of hectics, the tabid, atrophied, and emaciated, without bathing, without Tabian milk, dropax, alias depilatory, or other such medicaments; only turning the consumptive for three months into monks: and he assured me that if they did not grow fat and plump in a monastic way of living, they never would be fattened in this world, either by Nature or by art.

* Want of money.

CHAPTER XXII.

How Queen Whim's Officers were employed: and how the said Lady retained us among her Abstractors.

I THEN saw a great number of the Queen's officers, who made black-a-moors white, as fast as hops, just rubbing their chests with the bottom of a pannier.

Others, with three couples of foxes in one yoke, ploughed a sandy shore, and did not lose their seed.

Others washed burnt tiles, and made them lose their colour.

Others extracted water out of pumice-stones; braying them a good while in a mortar, and changed their substance.

Others sheared asses, and thus got long fleece wool.

Others gathered off of thorns grapes, and figs off of thistles.

Others stroked he-goats by the dugs, and saved their milk in a sieve; and much they got by it.

Others washed asses' heads, without losing their soap.

Others taught cows to dance, and did not lose their fiddling.

Others pitched nets to catch the wind, and took cock lobsters in them.

Others set carts before the horses, and began to flay eel at the tail; neither did the eels cry before they were hurt, like those of Melun.

Others out of nothing made great things, and made great things return to nothing.

Others cut fire into steaks with a knife, and drew water with a fish net.

We saw a knot of others, about a baker's dozen in number, tippling under an arbour. They toped out of jolly bottomless cups, four sorts of cool, sparkling, pure, delicious, vine-

tree syrup, which went down like mother's milk ; and healths and bumpers flew about like lightning. We were told that these true philosophers were fairly multiplying the stars by drinking till the seven were fourteen, as brawny Hercules did with Atlas.

Others made a virtue of necessity and the best of a bad market, which seemed to me a very good piece of work.

Others, in a large grass plat, exactly measured how far the fleas could go at a hop, a step, and a jump ; and told us that this was exceedingly useful for the ruling of kingdoms, the conduct of armies, and the administration of commonwealths ; and that Socrates, who first got philosophy out of heaven, and from idle and trifling, made it profitable and of moment, used to spend half his philosophizing time in measuring the leaps of fleas, as Aristophanes, the quintessential, affirms.

I saw two gibroins by themselves, keeping watch on the top of a tower, and we were told they guarded the moon from the wolves.

In a blind corner, I met four more very hot at it, and ready to go to loggerheads. I asked what was the cause of the stir and ado, the mighty coil and pother they made? And I heard that for four or five livelong days those overwise roisters had been at it ding-dong, disputing on three high, more than metaphysical, propositions, promising themselves mountains of gold by solving them ; the first was concerning a he-ass's shadow : the second, of the smoke of a lantern ; and the third, of goat's hair, whether it were wool or no? We heard that they did not think it a bit strange that two contradictions in mode, form, figure, and time should be true. Though I will warrant the sophists of Paris had rather be unchristened than own so much.

While we were admiring all those men's wonderful doings, the evening star already twinkling, the Queen (God bless her) appeared attended with her court, and again amazed and dazzled us. She perceived it, and said to us :

"What occasions the aberrations of human cogitations through the perplexing labyrinths and abysses of admiration, is not the source of the effects, which sagacious mortals visibly experience to be the consequential result of natural causes: it is the novelty of the experiment which makes impressions on their conceptive, cogitative faculties; that do not previse the facility of the operation adequately, with a subact and sedate intellection, associated with diligent and congruous study. Consequently, let all manner of perturbation abdicate the ventricles of your brains, if any one has invaded them while they were contemplating what is transacted by my domestic ministers. Be spectators and auditors of every particular phenomenon, and every individual proposition, within the extent of my mansion; satiate yourselves with all that can fall here under the consideration of your visual or auscultating powers, and thus emancipate yourselves from the servitude of crassous ignorance. And that you may be induced to apprehend how sincerely I desire this, in consideration of the studious cupidity that so demonstratively emicates at your external organs, from this present particle of time I retain you as my abstractors: Geber, my principal talachin, shall register and initiate you at your departing."

We humbly thanked her queenship, without saying a word, accepting of the noble office she conferred on us.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How the Queen was served at Dinner, and of her Way of Eating.

QUEEN WHIMS, after this, said to her gentlemen: "The orifice of the ventricle, that ordinary ambassador for the alimentation of all members, whether superior or inferior,

importunes us to restore, by the apposition of idoneous sustenance, what was dissipated by the internal calidity's action on the radical humidity. Therefore, spodizators, gesinins, memains, and parazons, be not culpable of dilatory protractions in the apposition of every re-roborating species, but rather let them pullulate and superabound on the tables. As for you, noblissim prægustators, and my gentilissim masticators, your frequently experimented industry, internected with perdiligent sedulity and sedulous perdiligence, continually adjuvates you to perficiate all things in so expeditious a manner, that there is no necessity of exciting in you a cupidity to consummate them. Therefore I can only suggest to you still to operate, as you are assuefacted indefatigably to operate."

Having made this fine speech, she retired for a while with part of her women, and we were told that it was to bathe, as the ancients did more commonly than we use nowadays to wash our hands before we eat. The tables were soon placed, the cloth spread, and then the Queen sat down. She ate nothing but celestial ambrosia, and drank nothing but divine nectar. As for the lords and ladies that were there, they as well as we fared on as rare, costly, and dainty dishes as ever Apicius wot or dreamed of in his life.

When we were as round as hoops and as full as eggs, an olla podrida was set before us, to force hunger to come to terms with us, in case it had not granted us a truce; and such a huge vast thing it was, that the golden platter which Pythius Althius gave King Darius would hardly have covered it. The olla consisted of several sorts of pottages, salads, fricassees, saugrenees, cabirotadoes, roast and boiled meat, carbonadoes, swinging pieces of powdered beef, good old hams, dainty deifical somates, cakes, tarts, a world of curds after the Moorish way, fresh cheese, jellies, and fruit of all sorts. All this seemed to me good and dainty: however, the sight of it made me sigh; for alas, I could not taste a bit of it; so full I was. Yet I must tell you what I saw,

that seemed to me odd enough of conscience: it was some pasties in paste; and what should those pasties in paste be, do you think, but pasties in pots? At the bottom I perceived store of dice, cards, tarots, luettes, chessmen and chequers, besides full bowls of gold crowns, for those who have a mind to have a game or two and try their chance. Under this I saw a jolly company of mules in stately trappings, with velvet foot-cloths, and a troup of ambling nags, some for men and some for women; besides I do not know how many litters all lined with velvet, and some coaches of Ferrara make: all this for those who had a mind to take the air.

This did not seem strange to me; but if anything did, it was certainly the Queen's way of eating; and truly it was very new, and very odd: for she chewed nothing the good lady; not but that she had good sound teeth, and her meat required to be masticated; but such was her highness's custom. When her prægustators had tasted the meat, her masticators took it and chewed it most nobly: for their dainty chops and gullets were lined through with crimson satin, with little welts, and gold purls, and their teeth were of delicate white ivory. Thus, when they had chewed the meat ready for her highness's maw, they poured it down her throat through a funnel of fine gold, and so on to her craw.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How there was a Ball in the Manner of a Tournament, at which Queen Whims was present.

After supper there was a ball in the form of a tilt or a tournament, not only worth seeing, but also never to be forgotten. First, the floor of the hall was covered with a large

piece of velveted white and yellow chequered tapestry, each chequer exactly square, and three full spans in breadth.

Then thirty-two young persons came into the hall: sixteen of them arrayed in cloth of gold: and of these, eight were young nymphs, such as the ancients described Diana's attendants: the other eight were a king, a queen, two wardens of the castle, two knights, and two archers. Those of the other band were clad in cloth of silver.

They posted themselves on the tapestry in the following manner: the kings on the last line of the fourth square, so that the golden king was on a white square, and the silvered king on a yellow square, and each queen by her king: the golden queen on a yellow square, and the silvered queen on a white one: and on each side stood the archers to guide their kings and queens; by the archers the knights, and the wardens by them. In the next row before them stood the eight nymphs; and between the two bands of nymphs four rows of squares stood empty.

Each band had its musicians, eight on each side, dressed in its livery: the one with orange coloured damask, the other with white; and all played on different instruments most melodiously and harmoniously, still varying in time and measure as the figure of the dance required. This seemed to me an admirable thing, considering the numerous diversity of steps, back-steps, bounds, rebounds, jerks, paces, leaps, skips, turns, coupés, hops, leadings, risings, meetings, flights, ambuscadoes, moves, and removes.

I was also at a loss, when I strove to comprehend how the dancers could so suddenly know what every different note meant: for they no sooner heard this or that sound, but they placed themselves in the place which was denoted by the music, though their motions were all different. For the nymphs that stood in the first file, as if they designed to begin the fight, marched straight forwards to their enemies from square to square, unless it were the first step, at which they were free to move over the two steps at once. They

alone never fall back (which is not very natural to other nymphs), and if any of them is so lucky as to advance to the opposite king's row, she is immediately crowned queen of her king, and after that moves with the same state, and in the same manner, as the queen; but till that happens, they never strike their enemies but forwards and obliquely in a diagonal line. However, they make it not their chief business to take their foes; for if they did, they would leave their queen exposed to the adverse parties, who then might take her.

The kings move and take their enemies on all sides squareways, and only step from a white square into a yellow one, and vice versâ, except at their first step the rank should want other officers than the wardens; for then they can set them in their place, and retire by him.

The queens take a greater liberty than any of the rest; for they move backwards and forwards all manner of ways in a straight line, as far as they please, provided the place be not filled with one of their own party, and diagonally also, keeping to the colour on which they stand.

The archers move backwards or forwards, far and near, never changing the colour on which they stand. The knights move, and take in a lineal manner, stepping over one square, though a friend or foe stand upon it, posting themselves on the second square to the right or left, from one colour to another, which is very unwelcome to the adverse party, and ought to be carefully observed, for they take at unawares.

The wardens move, and take to the right or left, before or behind them, like the kings, and can advance as far as they find places empty; which liberty the kings take not.

The law which both sides observe, is, at the end of the fight, to besiege and enclose the king of either party, so that he may not be able to move; and being reduced to that extremity, the battle is over, and he loses the day.

Now, to avoid this, there is none of either sex of each party but is willing to sacrifice his or her life, and they

begin to take one another on all sides in time, as soon as the music strikes up. When any one takes a prisoner, he makes his honours, and, striking him gently in the hand, puts him out of the field and combat, and encamps where he stood.

If one of the kings chance to stand where he might be taken, it is not lawful for any of his adversaries that had discovered him to lay hold on him: far from it, they are strictly enjoined humbly to pay him their respects, and give him notice, saying, "God preserve you, sir!" that his officers may relieve and cover him, or he may remove, if unhappily he could not be relieved. However, he is not to be taken, but greeted with a "Good-morrow," the others bending the knee: and thus the tournament uses to end.

CHAPTER XXV.

How the thirty-two Persons at the Ball fought.

THE two companies having taken their stations, the music struck up, and, with a martial sound, which had something of horrid in it, like a point of war, roused and alarmed both parties, who now began to shiver, and then soon were warmed with warlike rage: and having got in readiness to fight desperately, impatient of delay, stood waiting for the charge.

Then the music of the silvered band ceased playing, and the instruments of the golden side alone were heard, which denoted that the golden party attacked. Accordingly, a new movement was played for the onset, and we saw the nymph who stood before the queen turn to the left towards her king, as it were to ask leave to fight: and, thus saluting her company at the same time, she moved two squares forwards, and saluted the adverse party.

Now the music of the golden brigade ceased playing, and their antagonists began again. I ought to have told you that the nymph who began by saluting her company had by that formality also given them to understand that they were to fall on. She was saluted by them in the same manner, with a full turn to the left, except the queen, who went aside towards her king to the right; and the same manner of salutation was observed on both sides during the whole ball.

The silvered nymph that stood before her queen likewise moved, as soon as the music of her party sounded a charge: her salutations, and those of her side, were to the right, and her queen's to the left. She moved in the second square forwards, and saluted her antagonists, facing the first golden nymph, so that there was not any distance between them, and you would have thought they two had been going to fight; but they only strike sideways.

Their comrades, whether silvered or golden, followed them in an intercalary figure, and seemed to skirmish awhile, till the golden nymph, who had first entered the lists, striking a silvered nymph in the hand on the right, put her out of the field, and set herself in her place. But soon, the music playing a new measure, she was struck by a silvered archer, who after that was obliged himself to retire. A silver knight then sallied out, and the golden queen posted herself before her king.

Then the silvered king, dreading the golden queen's fury, removed to the right, to the place where his warden stood, which seemed to him strong and well guarded.

The two knights on the left, whether golden or silvered, marched up, and on either side took up many nymphs, who could not retreat; principally the golden knight, who made this his whole business; but the silvered knight had greater designs, dissembling all along, and even sometimes not taking a nymph when he could have done it, still moving on till he was come up to the main body of the enemies, in

such a manner that he saluted their king with a "God save you, sir!"

The whole golden brigade quaked for fear and anger, those words giving notice of their king's danger; not but that they could soon relieve him, but because, their king being thus saluted, they were to lose their warden on the right wing, without any hopes of a recovery. Then the golden king retired to the left, and the silver knight took the golden warden, which was a mighty loss to that party. However, they resolved to be revenged, and surrounded the knight that he might not escape. He tried to get off, behaving himself with a great deal of gallantry, and his friends did what they could to save him; but at last he fell into the golden queen's hand, and was carried off.

Her forces, not yet satisfied, having lost one of her best men, with more fury than conduct moved about, and did much mischief among their enemies. The silvered party warily dissembled, watching their opportunity to be even with them, and presented one of their nymphs to the golden queen, having laid an ambuscado: so that the nymph being taken, a golden archer had like to have seized the silvered queen. Then the golden knight undertakes to take the silvered king and queen, and says, "Good-morrow." Then the silvered archer salutes them, and was taken by a golden nymph, and she herself by a silvered one.

The fight was obstinate and sharp. The wardens left their posts, and advanced to relieve their friends. The battle was doubtful, and victory hovered over both armies. Now the silvered host charge and break through their enemy's ranks as far as the golden king's tent, and now they are beaten back: the golden queen distinguishes herself from the rest by her mighty achievements, still more than by her garb and dignity; for at once she takes an archer, and going sideways, seizes a silvered warden. Which thing the silvered queen perceiving, she came forwards, and, rushing on with equal bravery, takes the last golden warden and some

nymphs. The two queens fought a long while hand to hand; now striving to take each other by surprise, then to save themselves, and sometimes to guard their kings. Finally, the golden queen took the silvered queen; but presently after she herself was taken by the silvered archer.

Then the silvered king had only three nymphs, an archer, and a warden left, and the golden only three nymphs and the right knight, which made them fight more slowly and warily than before. The two kings seemed to mourn for the loss of their loving queens, and only studied and endeavoured to get new ones out of all their nymphs, to be raised to that dignity, and thus be married to them. This made them excite those brave nymphs to strive to reach the farthest rank, where stood the king of the contrary party, promising them certainly to have them crowned if they could do this. The golden nymphs were beforehand with the others, and out of their number was created a queen, who was dressed in royal robes, and had a crown set on her head. You need not doubt the silvered nymphs made also what haste they could to be queens: one of them was within a step of the coronation place; but there the golden knight lay ready to intercept her, so that she could go no further.

The new golden queen, resolved to show herself valiant and worthy of her advancement to the crown, achieved great feats of arms. But, in the meantime, the silvered knight takes the golden warden who guarded the camp: and thus there was a new silvered queen, who, like the other, strove to excel in heroic deeds at the beginning of her reign. Thus the fight grew hotter than before. A thousand stratagems, charges, rallyings, retreats, and attacks, were tried on both sides; till at last the silvered queen, having by stealth advanced as far as the golden king's tent, cried, "God save you, sir!" Now none but his new queen could relieve him: so she bravely came and exposed herself to the utmost extremity to deliver him out of it. Then the silvered warden, with his queen, reduced the golden king to such a stress, that, to save

himself, he was forced to lose his queen: but the golden king took him at last. However, the rest of the golden party were soon taken; and that king being left alone, the silvered party made him a low bow, crying, "Good-morrow, sir!" which denoted that the silvered king had got the day.

This being heard, the music of both parties loudly proclaimed the victory. And thus the first battle ended, to the unspeakable joy of all the spectators.

After this the two brigades took their former stations, and began to tilt a second time, much as they had done before, only the music played somewhat faster than at the first battle and the motions were altogether different. I saw the golden queen sally out one of the first, with an archer and a knight, as it were angry at the former defeat, and she had like to have fallen upon the silvered king in his tent among his officers; but, having been baulked in her attempt, she skirmished briskly, and overthrew so many silvered nymphs and officers that it was a most amazing sight. You would have sworn she had been another Penthesilea: for she behaved herself with as much bravery as that Amazonian queen did at Troy.

But this havoc did not last long; for the silvered party, exasperated by their loss, resolved to perish or stop her progress; and having posted an archer in ambuscado, on a distant angle, together with a knight-errant, her highness fell into their hands, and was carried out of the field. The rest were soon routed after the taking of their queen, who, without doubt, from that time resolved to be more wary, and keep near her king, without venturing so far amidst her enemies, unless with more force to defend her. Thus the silver brigade once more got the victory.

This did not dishearten or deject the golden party: far from it, they soon appeared again in the field to face their enemies, and, being posted as before, both the armies seemed more resolute and cheerful than ever. Now the martial

concert began, and the music was above a hemiole the quicker, according to the warlike Phrygian mode, such as was invented by Marsyas.

Then our combatants began to wheel about, and charge with such a swiftness, that in an instant they made four moves, besides the usual salutations. So that they were continually in action, flying, hovering, jumping, vaulting, curveting, with petauristical turns and motions, and often intermingled.

Seeing them then turn about on one foot after they had made their honours, we compared them to your tops or gigs, such as boys use to whip about; making them turn round so swiftly, that they sleep, as they call it, and motion cannot be perceived, but resembles rest, its contrary; so that if you make a point or mark on some part of one of those gigs, it will be perceived, not as a point, but a continual line in a most divine manner, as Cusanus has wisely observed.

While they were thus warmly engaged, we heard continually the claps and episemapsies, which those of the two bands reiterated at the taking of their enemies; and this, joined to the variety of their motions and music, would have forced smiles out of the most severe Cato, the never-laughing Crassus, the Athenian man-hater, Timon—nay, even whining Heraclitus, though he abhorred laughing, the action that is most peculiar to man. For who could have forborn—seeing those young warriors, with their nymphs and queens, so briskly and gracefully advance, retire, jump, leap, skip, spring, fly, vault, caper, move to the right, to the left, every way still in time, so swiftly, and yet so dexterously, that they never touched one another but methodically?

As the number of the combatants lessened, the pleasure of the spectators increased; for the stratagems and motions of the remaining forces were more singular. I shall only add that this pleasing entertainment charmed us to such a degree that our minds were ravished with admiration and delight, and the martial harmony moved our souls so

powerfully, that we easily believed what is said of Ismenias's having excited Alexander to rise from table and run to his arms, with such a warlike melody. At last the golden king remained master of the field: and while we were minding those dancers, Queen Whims vanished, so that we saw her no more from that day to this.

Then Geber's michelots conducted us, and we were set down among her abstractors, as her queenship had commanded. After that we returned to the port of Mateotechny, and thence straight aboard our ships: for the wind was fair, and had we not hoisted out of hand we could hardly have got off in three quarters of a moon in the wane.

CHAPTER XXVI.

How we came to the Island of Odes, where the Waves go Up and Down.

We sailed before the wind, between a pair of courses, and in two days made the island of Odes, at which place we saw a very strange thing. The ways there are animals; so true is Aristotle's saying that all self-moving things are animals. Now the ways walk there. Ergo, they are then animals. Some of them are strange unknown ways, like those of the planets: others are highways, crossways, and byways. I perceived that the travellers and inhabitants of that country asked "Whither does this way go?" "Whither does that way go?" Some answered, "Between Midy and Fevrolles," "To the parish church," "To the city," "To the river," and so forth. Being thus in their right way, they used to reach their journey's end without any farther trouble, just like those who go by water from Lyons to Avignon or Arles.

Now, as you know that nothing is perfect here below, we

heard there was a sort of people whom they called highwaymen, way-beaters, and makers of inroads in roads; and that the poor ways were sadly afraid of them, and shunned them as you do robbers. For these used to waylay them, as people lay trains for wolves, and set gins for woodcocks.

I found Bourges highway among these. It went with the deliberation of an abbot, but was made to scamper at the approach of some waggoners, who threatened to have it trampled under their horses' feet, and make their waggons run over it, as Tullia's chariot did over her father's body.

I also espied there the old way between Peronne and St. Quentin, which seemed to me a very good, honest, plain way, as smooth as a carpet, and as good as ever was trod upon by shoe of leather.

Among the rocks I knew again the good old way to La Ferrare, mounted on a huge bear. This at a distance would have put me in mind of St. Jerome's picture, had but the bear been a lion; for the poor way was all mortified, and wore a long hoary beard uncombed and entangled, which looked like the picture of winter, or at least like a white-frosted bush.

On that way were store of beads or rosaries, coarsely made of wild pine-tree; and it seemed kneeling, not standing, nor lying flat: but its sides and middle were beaten with huge stones, insomuch that it proved to us at once an object of fear and pity.

While we were examining it, a runner bachelor of the place took us aside, and, showing us a white smooth way, somewhat filled with straw, said: "Henceforth, gentlemen, do not reject the opinion of Thales the Milesian, who said that water is the beginning of all things; nor that of Homer, who tells us that all things derive their original from the ocean: for this same way which you see here had its beginning from water, and is to return whence she came,

before two months come to an end; now carts are driven here where boats used to be rowed."

"Truly," said Pantagruel, "you tell us no news; we see five hundred such changes, and more, every year, in our world." Then reflecting on the different manner of going of those moving ways, he told us he believed that Philolaus and Aristarchus had philosophized in this island, and that Seleucus, indeed, was of opinion the earth turns round about its poles, and not the heavens, whatever we may think to the contrary: as, when we are on the river Loire, we think the trees and the shore moves, though this is only an effect of our boat's motion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How we came to the Island of Sandals; and of the Order of Semiquaver Friars.

THENCE we went to the island of Sandals, whose inhabitants live on nothing but ling-broth. However, we were very kindly received and entertained by Benius the Third, king of the island, who, after he had made us drink, took us with him to show us a spick and span new monastery, which he had contrived for the Semiquaver Friars: so he called the religious men whom he had there. For he said that, on the other side of the water lived friars who styled themselves her sweet ladyship's most humble servants. Item, the goodly Friar minors, who are semibreves of bulls; the smoked herring tribe of Minim Friars; then the Crotchet Friars. So that these diminutives could be no more than Semiquavers. By the statutes, bulls, and patents of Queen Whims, they were all dressed like so many house-burners, except that, as in Anjou your tilers used to quilt their knees

when they tile houses, so these holy friars had usually quilted bellies, and thick quilted paunches were among them in much repute.

They wore shoes as round as basins, in imitation of those who inhabit the sandy sea. Their chins were close shaved, and their feet iron-shod; and to show they did not value fortune, Benius made them shave and poll the hind part of their poles, from the crown to the shoulder-blades; but they had leave to let their hair grow before, from the two triangular bones in the upper part of the skull.

Thus did they not value fortune a button, and cared no more for the goods of this world than you or I do for hanging. And to show how much they defied that blind jilt, all of them wore, not in their hands like her, but at their waist, instead of beads, sharp razors, which they used to new grind twice a-day, and set thrice a-night.

Each of them had a round ball on his feet, because Fortune is said to have one under hers.

The flap of their cowls hanged forward, and not backwards, like those of others; thus, none could see their noses, and they laughed without fear both at fortune and the fortunate.

The hind part of their faces were always uncovered, as are our faces, which made them either go forwards or backwards, which they pleased.

Their way of living was thus. About owl-light they charitably began to boot and spur one another; this being done, the least thing they did was to sleep and snore; and thus sleeping, they had barnacles on the handles of their faces, or spectacles at most.

You may swear we did not a little wonder at this odd fancy: but they satisfied us presently, telling us that the day of judgment is to take mankind napping; therefore, to show they did not refuse to make their personal appearance as fortune's darlings used to do, they were always thus

booted and spurred, ready to mount whenever the trumpet should sound.

At noon, as soon as the clock struck, they used to awake. You must know that their clock bell, church bells, and refectory bells were all made according to the pontial device, that is, quilted with the finest down, and their clappers of fox-tails.

Having then made shift to get up at noon, they pulled off their boots, and those that wanted to sneeze, sneezed. But all, whether they would or no (poor gentlemen!), were obliged largely and plentifully to yawn, and this was their first breakfast (O rigorous statute!). Methought it was very comical to observe their transactions: for, having laid their boots and spurs on a rack, they went into the cloisters; there they curiously washed their hands and mouths, then set them down on a long bench, and picked their teeth till the provost gave the signal, whistling through his fingers; then every He stretched out his jaws as much as he could, and they gaped and yawned for about half an hour, sometimes more, sometimes less, according as the prior judged the breakfast to be suitable to the day.

After that they went in procession, two banners being carried before them, in one of which was the picture of Virtue, and that of Fortune in the other. The last went before, carried by a Semiquavering friar, at whose heels was another, with the shadow or image of Virtue in one hand, and a holy-water sprinkle in the other; I mean of that holy mercurial-water, which Ovid describes in his Fasti. And as the preceding Semiquaver rang a hand-bell, this shaked the sprinkle with his fist. With that says Pantagruel: "This order contradicts the rule which Tully and the academics prescribed, that Virtue ought to go before, and Fortune follow." But they told us they did as they ought, seeing their design was to lash and bethwack Fortune.

During the processions they trilled and quavered most melodiously betwixt their teeth, I do not know what antiphones, or chauntings, by turns; for my part, it was all

Hebrew-Greek to me. At last, pricking up my ears, and intensely listening, I perceived they only sang with the tip of theirs. Oh, what a rare harmony it was! How well it was tuned to the sound of their bells! You will never find those to jar, that you will not. Pantagruel made a notable observation upon the processions: "For," says he, "have you seen and observed the policy of these Semiquavers? To make an end of their procession, they went out of one of their church doors and came in at the other; they took a deal of care not to come in at the place whereat they went out." "On my honour, these are a subtle sort of people," quoth Panurge; "they have as much wit as three folks, two fools and a madman." "This subtilty and wisdom of theirs," cried Friar John, "is borrowed from the occult philosophy: may I be gutted like an oyster if I can tell what to make of it." "Then the more it is to be feared," said Pantagruel; "for subtilty suspected, subtilty foreseen, subtilty found out, loses the essence and very name of subtilty, and only gains that of blockishness. They are not such fools as you take them to be; they have more tricks than are good, I doubt."

After the procession they went sluggingly into the fratry room, by the way of walk and healthful exercise, and there kneeled under the tables, leaning their breasts on lanterns. While they were in that posture, in came a huge Sandal, with a pitchfork in his hand, who used to baste, rib-roast, swaddle, and swinge them well favouredly, as they said, and in truth treated them after a fashion. They began their meal as you end yours—with cheese, and ended it with mustard and lettuce, as Martial tells us the ancients did. Afterwards, a platter full of mustard was brought before every one of them, and thus they made good the proverb "after meat comes mustard."

Their diet was this:—

On Sundays they stuffed with puddings, chitterlings, links, Bologna sausages, forced-meats, liverings, hogs' haslets, young quails, and teals: you must also always add cheese for the first course, and mustard for the last.

On Mondays they were crammed with pease and pork, cum commento, and interlineary glosses.

On Tuesdays they used to twist store of holy-bread, cakes, buns, puffs, lenten loaves, jumbals, and biscuits.

On Wednesdays my gentlemen had fine sheep's-heads, calves'-heads, and brocks'-heads, of which there is no want in that country.

On Thursdays they guzzled down seven sorts of porridge, not forgetting mustard.

On Fridays they munched nothing but services or sorb-apples; neither were these full ripe, as I guessed by their complexion.

On Saturdays they gnawed bones; not that they were poor or needy, for every mother's son of them had a very good fat benefice.

As for their drink, it was an antifortunal; thus they called I do not know what sort of a liquor of the place.

When they wanted to eat or drink, they turned down the back-points or flaps of their cowls forwards, below their chins, and that served them instead of gorgets or slabbering-bibs.

When they had well dined, they prayed rarely all in quavers and shakes; and the rest of the day, expecting the day of judgment, they were taken up with acts of charity, and particularly—

On Sundays, rubbers at cuffs.

On Mondays, lending each other flirts and fillips on the nose.

On Tuesdays, clapperclawing one another.

On Wednesdays, sniting and fly-flapping.

On Thursdays, worming and pumping.

On Fridays, tickling.

On Saturdays, worrying.

Such was their diet when they resided in the convent, and if the prior of the monk-house sent any of them abroad, then they were strictly enjoined neither to touch nor eat any manner of fish, as long as they were on sea or rivers,

and to abstain from all manner of flesh whenever they were at land; that every one might be convinced that, while they enjoyed the object, they denied themselves the power, and even the desire, and were no more moved with it than the Marpesian rock.

All this was done with proper antiphones, still sung and chaunted by ear, as we have already observed.

When the sun went to bed, they fairly booted and spurred each other as before, and having clapped on their barnacles, even jogged to bed too. At midnight the Sandal came to them, and up they got, and having well whetted and set their razors and been a-processioning, they clapped the tables over themselves, and like wire-drawers under their work, fell to it as aforesaid.

Friar John des Entoumeures, having shrewdly observed these jolly Semiquaver friars, and had a full account of their statutes, lost all patience, and cried out aloud: "If every fool should wear a bauble, fuel would be dear. Ay, ay, this is the world, and that other is the country. This is an antichthonian land, and our very antipodes. In Germany they pull down monasteries and unfrockify the monks; here they go quite kam, and act clean contrary to others, setting new ones up, against the hair."

[After setting forth the corrupt life of a Semiquaver friar when Epistomen attacks the fasting in Lent.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Well," quoth Panurge to the Semiquaver friar, who happened to be by, "dear bumbasting, shaking, trilling, quavering cod, what thinkest thou of this fellow? Is he not a rank heretic?" FRI. "Much."

PAN. "Ought he not to be singed?" FRI. "Well."

PAN. "As soon as may be?" FRI. "Right."

PAN. "Should not he be scalded first?" FRI. "No."

PAN. "How then, should he be roasted?" FRI. "Quick."

PAN. "Till at last he be?" FRI. "Dead."

PAN. "What has he made you?" FRI. "Mad."

PAN. "What do you take him to be?" FRI. "Damned."

PAN. "What place is he to go to?" FRI. "Hell."

PAN. "But, first, how would you have him served here?" FRI. "Burnt."

PAN. "Some have been served so?" FRI. "Store."

PAN. "That were heretics?" FRI. "Less."

PAN. "And the number of those that are to be warmed thus hereafter is?" FRI. "Great."

PAN. "How many of them do you intend to save?" FRI. "None.

PAN. "So you would have them burned?" FRI. "All."

"I wonder," said Epistomen to Panurge, "what pleasure you can find in talking thus with this tatterdemallion of a monk. I vow, did I not know you well, I might be ready to think you had no more wit in your head than he has in both his shoulders." "Come, come, scatter no words," returned Panurge, "every one as they like, as the woman said when she kissed her cow. I wish I might carry him to Gargantua: when I am married he might be my wife's fool." "And make you one," cried Epistemon.

CHAPTER XXX.

How we came to the Land of Satin.

HAVING pleased ourselves with observing that new order of Semiquaver friars, we set sail, and in the three days our skipper made the finest and most delightful island that ever

was seen; he called it the island of Frieze; for all the ways were of frieze.

In that island is the land of Satin, so celebrated by our court pages. Its trees and herbage never lose their leaves or flowers, and are all damask and flowered velvet. As for the beasts and birds, they are all of tapestry work. There we saw many beasts, birds on trees, of the same colour, bigness, and shape of those in our country; with this difference, however, that these did eat nothing, and never sang or pecked like ours; and we also saw there many sorts of creatures which we never had seen before.

Among the rest, several elephants in various postures; twelve of which were the six males and six females that were brought to Rome by their governor in the time of Germanicus, Tiberius's nephew: some of them were learned elephants, some musicians, others philosophers, dancers, and showers of tricks; and all sat down at table in good order, silently eating and drinking like so many fathers in a fratry-room.

With their snouts or proboscises, some two cubits long, they draw up water for their own drinking, and take hold of palm-leaves, plums, and all manner of edibles, using them offensively or defensively, as we do our fists; with them tossing men high into the air in fight, and making them burst with laughing when they come to the ground.

They have joints in their legs, whatever some men, who never saw any but painted, may have written to the contrary. Between their teeth they have two huge horns: thus Juba called them, and Pausanius tells us, they are not teeth, but horns: however, Philostratus will have them to be teeth, and not horns. It is all one to me, provided you will be pleased to own them to be true ivory. These are some three or four cubits long, and are fixed in the upper jaw-bone, and consequently not in the lowermost. If you hearken to those who will tell you to the contrary, you will find yourself mistaken, for that is a lie with a latchet:

though it were Ælian, that long-bow man, that told you so, never believe him, for he lies as fast as a dog can trot. It was in this very island that Pliny, his brother tell-truth, had seen some elephants dance on the rope with bells, and whip over the tables, presto, be gone, while people were at feasts, without so much as touching the toping topers.

I saw a rhinoceros there, just such a one as Harry Clerberg had formerly showed me: methought it was not much unlike a certain boar which I had formerly seen at Limoges, except the sharp horn on its snout, that was about a cubit long; by the means of which that animal dares encounter with an elephant, that is sometimes killed with its point thrust into its belly, which is its most tender and defenceless part.

I saw there two-and-thirty unicorns. They are a sort of creatures much resembling a fine horse, unless it be that their heads are like a stag's, their feet like an elephant's, their tails like a wild boar's, and out of each of their foreheads sprouts a sharp black horn, some six or seven feet long; commonly it dangles down like a turkey-cock's comb. When a unicorn has a mind to fight, or put it to any other use, what does he do but make it stand, and then it is as straight as an arrow.

I saw one of them, which was attended with a throng of other wild beasts, purify a fountain with its horn.

I saw there the golden fleece, formerly conquered by Jason, and can assure you on the word of an honest man that those who have said it was not a fleece, but a golden pippin, because μῆλον signifies both an apple and a sheep, were utterly mistaken.

I saw also a chameleon, such as Aristotle describes it, and like that which had been formerly shown me by Charles Maris, a famous physician of the noble city of Lyons on the Rhone: and the said chameleon lived on air, just as the other did.

I saw three hydras, like those I had formerly seen. They are a kind of serpent, with seven different heads.

I saw also fourteen phœnixes. I had read in many authors that there was but one in the whole world in every century; but, if I may presume to speak my mind, I declare that those who said this had never seen any, unless it were in the land of tapestry; though it were vouched by Lactantius Firmianus.

I saw the skin of Apuleius's golden ass.

I saw three hundred and nine pelicans.

Item, six thousand and sixteen Seleucid birds marching in battalia, and picking up straggling grasshoppers, in cornfields.

Item, some cynamologi, argatiles, caprimulgi, thynnunculs, onocrotals, or bitterns, with their wide swallows, stymphalides, harpies, panthers, dorcasses, or bucks, cemades, cynocephaluses, satyrs, cartasans, tarands, uri, monopses, pegasi, neades, cepes, marmosets or monkeys, presteres, bugles, musimons, byturoses, ophyri, screech owls, goblins, fairies, and griffins.

I saw Mid-Lent on horseback, with Mid-August and Mid-March holding its stirrups.

I saw some werwolves, centaurs, tigers, leopards, hyenas, camelopardels, and orixes, or huge wild goats with sharp horns.

I saw a remora, a little fish called echineis by the Greeks, and near it a tall ship, that did not get ahead an inch, though she was in the offing with top and topgallants spread before the wind. I am somewhat inclined to believe that it was the very numerical ship in which Periander the tyrant happened to be, when it was stopped by such a little fish in spite of wind and tide. It was in this land of Satin, and in no other, that Mutianus had seen one of them.

Friar John told us that, in the days of yore, two sort of fishes used to abound in our courts of judicature, and

rotted the bodies and tormented the souls of those who were at law, whether noble or of mean descent, high or low, rich or poor; the first were your April fish or mackerel, the others your beneficial remoras, that is, the eternity of lawsuits; the needless lets that keep them undecided.

I saw some sphynges, some raphes, some ounces, and some cepphi, whose fore-feet are like hands, and their hind-feet like men's feet.

Also some crocutas and some eali as big as sea-horses with elephants' tails, boars' jaws and tusks, and horns as pliant as an ass's ears.

The leucrocutes, most fleet animals, as big as our asses of Mirabelais, have necks, tails, and breasts like a lion's, legs like a stag's, the mouth up to the ears, and but two teeth, one above and one below; they speak with human voices, but when they do they say nothing.

Some people say that none ever saw an aery, or nest of sakers; if you will believe me, I saw no less than eleven, and I am sure I reckoned right.

I saw some left-handed halberts, which were the first that I had ever seen.

I saw some manticores, a most strange sort of creatures, which have the body of a lion, red hair, a face and ears like a man's, three rows of teeth which close together, as if you joined your hands with your fingers between each other; they have a sting in their tails like a scorpion's, and a very melodious voice.

I saw some catablepases, a sort of serpents, whose bodies are small, but their heads large without any proportion, so that they have much ado to lift them up; and their eyes are so infectious, that whoever sees them dies upon the spot, as if he had seen a basilisk.

I saw there some milch craw-fish, creatures that I never heard of before in my life; these moved in very good order, and it would have done your heart good to have seen them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

How in the Land of Satin we saw Hearsay, who kept a School of Vouching.

We went a little higher up into the country of Tapestry, and saw the Mediterranean Sea open to the right and left down to the very bottom; just as the Red Sea very fairly left its bed at the Arabian gulf to make a lane for the Jews, when they left Egypt.

There I found Triton winding his silver shell instead of a horn, and also Glaucus, Proteus, Nereus, and a thousand other godlings and sea monsters.

I also saw an infinite number of fish of all kinds, dancing, flying, vaulting, fighting, eating, breathing, billing, shoving, milting, spawning, hunting, fishing, skirmishing, lying in ambuscado, making truces, cheapening, bargaining, swearing and sporting.

In a blind corner we saw Aristotle holding a lantern, in the posture in which the hermit uses to be drawn near St. Christopher, watching, prying, thinking, and setting everything down in writing.

Behind him stood a pack of other philosophers, like so many bums by a head bailiff; as Appian, Heliodorus, Athenæus, Porphyrius, Pancrates, Archadian, Numenius, Possidonius, Ovidius, Oppianus, Olympius, Seleucus, Leonides, Agathocles, Theophrastus, Damostratus, Mutianus, Nymphodorus, Ælian, and five hundred other such plodding dons, who were full of business, yet had little to do; like Chrysippus or Aristarchus of Soli, who for eight-and-fifty years together did nothing in the world but examine the state and concerns of bees.

When we had long beheld everything in this land of Satin, Pantagruel said, "I have sufficiently fed my eyes, but my belly is empty all this while, and chimes to let me know it is time to go to dinner: let us take care of the body,

lest the soul abdicate it; and to this effect, let us taste some of these anacampserotes that hang over our heads." "Pshaw," cried one, "they are mere trash, stark naught on my word, they are good for nothing."

I then went to pluck some myrobolans off of a piece of tapestry, whereon they hung, but never a bit I could chew or swallow them; and had you had them betwixt your teeth, you would have sworn they had been thrown silk; there was no manner of savour in them.

One might be apt to think Heliogabalus had taken a hint from thence, to feast those whom he had caused to fast a long time, promising them a sumptuous, plentiful and imperial feast after it; for all the treat used to amount to no more than several sorts of meat in wax, marble, earthenware, painted and figured tablecloths.

While we were looking up and down to find some more substantial food, we heard a loud various noise, like that of paper-mills, or women bucking of linen: so with all speed we went to the place whence the noise came, where we found a diminutive, monstrous, misshapen old fellow called Hearsay. His mouth was slit up to his ears, and in it were seven tongues, each of them cleft into seven parts. However, he chattered, tattled, and prated with all the seven at once, of different matters, and in divers languages.

He had as many ears all over his head, and the rest of his body, as Argus formerly had eyes; and was as blind as a beetle, and had the palsy in his legs.

About him stood an innumerable number of men and women, gaping, listening, and hearing very intensely; among them I observed some who strutted like crows in a gutter, and principally a very handsome-bodied man in the face, who held them a map of the world, and with little aphorisms compendiously explained everything to them; so that those men of happy memories grew learned in a trice, and would most fluently talk with you of a world of prodigious things, the hundredth part of which would take up a man's whole life to be fully known.

Among the rest, they descanted with great prolixity on the pyramids and hieroglyphics of Egypt, of the Nile, of Babylon, of the Troglodytes, the Himantopodes, or crump-footed nation, the Blemiæ, people that wear their heads in the middle of their breasts, the Pigmies, the Cannibals, the Hyperborei and their mountains, the Ægipanes with their goat's feet, every individual word of it by hearsay.

I am much mistaken if I did not see among them Herodotus, Pliny, Solinus, Berosus, Philostratus, Pomponius Mela, Strabo, and God knows how many other antiquaries.

Then Albert, the great Jacobin friar, Peter Tesmoin, alias Witness, Pope Pius the Second, Volaterranus, Paulus Jovius the valiant, Jacques Cartier, Chaiton the Armenian, Marco Polo the Venetian, Ludovico Romano, Pedro Alvarez, and forty cartloads of other modern historians, lurking behind a piece of tapestry, where they were at it, ding-dong, privately scribbling the Lord knows what, and making rare work of it; and all by hearsay.

Behind another piece of tapestry (on which Naboth and Susanna's accusers were fairly represented), I saw close by Hearsay, good store of men of the country of Perce and Maine, notable students, and young enough.

I asked what sort of study they applied themselves to; and was told that from their youth they learned to be evidences, affidavit-men, and vouchers; and were instructed in the art of swearing; in which they soon became such proficients, that, when they left that country, and went back into their own, they set up for themselves, and very honestly lived by their trade of evidencing; positively giving their testimony of all things whatsoever, to those who fee'd them most roundly to do a job of journey-work for them: and all this by hearsay.

You may think what you will of it, but I can assure you they gave some of us corners of their cakes, and we merrily helped to empty their hogsheads. Then, in a friendly manner, they advised us to be as sparing of truth as possibly we could, if ever we had a mind to get court preferment.

CHAPTER XXXII.

How we came in Sight of Lantern-land.

HAVING been scurvily entertained in the land of Satin, we went on board, and having set sail, in four days came near the coast of Lantern-land. We then saw certain little hovering fires on the sea.

For my part I did not take them to be lanterns, but rather thought they were fishes, which lolled their flaming tongues on the surface of the sea; or lampyrides, which some call cicindelas or glow-worms, shining there as ripe barley does of nights in my country.

But the skipper satisfied us that they were the lanterns of the watch, or, more properly, lighthouses, set up in many places round the precinct of the place, to discover the land, and for the safe piloting in of some outlandish lanterns, which, like good Franciscan and Jacobin friars, were coming to make their personal appearance at the provincial chapter.

However, some of us were somewhat suspicious that these fires were the forerunners of some storm, but the skipper assured us again they were not.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

How we landed at the Port of the Lychnobians, and came to Lantern-land.

SOON after we arrived at the port of Lantern-land, where Pantagruel discovered, on a high tower, the lantern of Rochelle, that stood us in good stead, for it cast a great light. We also saw the lantern of Pharos, that of Nauplion, and that of the Acropolis, at Athens, sacred to Pallas.

Near the port, there is a little hamlet inhabited by the Lychnobians, that live by lanterns; they are studious people,

and honest men. Demosthenes had formerly lanternized there.

We were conducted from that place to the palace by three obeliscolichnys, military guards of the port, with high-crowned hats, whom we acquainted with the cause of our voyage and our design: which was to desire the queen of the country to grant us a lantern to light and conduct us during our voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle.

They promised to assist us in this, and added that we could never have come in a better time: for then the lanterns held their provincial chapter.

When we came to the royal palace we had audience of her highness the Queen of Lantern-land, being introduced by two lanterns of honour, that of Aristophanes and that of Cleanthes. Panurge, in a few words, acquainted her with the causes of our voyage, and she received us with great demonstrations of friendship; desiring us to come to her at supper-time, that we might more easily make choice of one to be our guide; which pleased us extremely. We did not fail to observe intensely everything we could see, as the garbs, motions, and deportments of the queen's subjects, principally the manner after which she was served.

The bright queen was dressed in virgin crystal of Tutia, wrought damaskwise, and beset with large diamonds.

The lanterns of the royal blood were clad partly with bastard-diamonds, partly with diaphanous stones; the rest with horn, paper, and oiled cloth.

The cresset-lights took place according to the antiquity and lustre of their families.

An earthen dark lantern, shaped like a pot, notwithstanding this, took place of some of the first quality; at which I wondered much, till I was told it was that of Epictetus for which three thousand drachmas had been formerly refused.

Martial's polymix lantern made a very good figure there; I took particular notice of its dress, and more yet of the

icosimyx, formerly consecrated by Canopa, the daughter of Tisias.

I saw the pensile lantern, formerly taken out of the temple of Apollo Palatinus at Thebes, and afterwards by Alexander the Great carried to the town of Cymos.

I saw another that distinguished itself from the rest by a bushy tuft of crimson silk on its head. I was told it was that of Bartolus, the lantern of the civilians.

When it was supper-time, the queen's highness first sat down, and then the rest, according to their rank and dignity. For the first course, they were all served with large Christmas candles, except the queen, who was served with a hugeous, thick, flaming taper of white wax; and the royal family, as also the provincial lantern of Mirebalais, who were served with nut-lights; and the provincial of Lower Poitou, with an armed candle.

After that, God wot, what a glorious light they gave with their wicks: I do not say all, for you must except a parcel of junior lanterns, under the government of a high and mighty one. These did not cast a light like the rest, but seemed to me dimmer than any long-snuff farthing candle, whose tallow has been half melted away in a hot-house.

After supper we withdrew to take some rest, and the next day the queen made us choose one of the most illustrious lanterns to guide us; after which we took our leave.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How we arrived at the Oracle of the Bottle.

Our glorious lantern lighting and directing us to our heart's content, we at last arrived at the desired island, where was the Oracle of the Bottle. As soon as friend Panurge landed, he nimbly cut a caper with one leg for joy, and cried to Pantagruel, "Now we are where we have wished ourselves

long ago. This is the place we have been seeking with such toil and labour." He then made a compliment to our lantern, who desired us to be of good cheer, and not be daunted or dismayed, whatever we might chance to see.

To come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, we were to go through a large vineyard, in which were all sorts of vines, as the Falernian, Malvesian, the Muscadine, those of Taige, Beaune, Mirevaux, Orleans, Picardent, Arbois, Coussi, Anjou, Grave, Corsican, Vierron, Nerac, and others. This vineyard was formerly planted by the good Bacchus, with so great a blessing, that it yields leaves, flowers, and fruit, all the year round, like the orange-trees at Suraine.

Our magnificent lantern ordered every one of us to eat three grapes, to put some vine-leaves in his shoes, and take a vine-branch in his left hand.

At the end of the close we went under an arch built after the manner of those of the ancients. The trophies of a toper were curiously carved on it.

First, on one side was to be seen a long train of flagons, leathern bottles, flasks, cans, glass bottles, barrels, nipperkins, pint-pots, quart-pots, pottles, gallons, and old-fashioned semaises (swinging wooden pots, such as those out of which the Germans fill their glasses): these hung on a shady arbour.

On another side was store of garlic, onions, shallots, hams, botargos, caviare, biscuits, neats' tongues, old cheese, and such like comfits, very artificially interwoven, and packed together with vine-stocks.

On another were a hundred sorts of drinking glasses, cups, cisterns, ewers, false cups, tumblers, bowls, mazers, mugs, jugs, goblets, talboys, and such other bacchic artillery.

On the frontispiece of the triumphal arch, under the zoophore, was the following couplet:

> You, who presume to move this way,
> Get a good lantern lest you stray.

"We took special care of that," cried Pantagruel, when

he read them; "for there is not a better or a more divine lantern than ours in all Lantern-land."

This arch ended at a fine large round alley, covered over with the interlaid branches of vines, loaded and adorned with clusters of five hundred different colours, and of as many various shapes, not natural, but due to the skill of agriculture; some were golden, others bluish, tawny, azure, white, black, green, purple, streaked with many colours, long, round, triangular, cod-like, hairy, great-headed, and grassy. That pleasant alley ended at three old ivy-trees, verdant, and all loaden with rings. Our most illustrious lantern directed us to make ourselves high-crowned hats with some of their leaves, and cover our heads wholly with them, which was immediately done.

"Jupiter's priestess," said Pantagruel, "in former days, would not, like us, have walked under this arbour." "There was a mystical reason," answered our most perspicuous lantern, "that would have hindered her. For had she gone under it, the wine, or the grapes of which it is made, that is the same thing, had been over her head, and then she would have seemed overtopped and mastered by wine. Which implies that priests, and all persons who devote themselves to the contemplation of divine things, ought to keep their minds sedate and calm, and avoid whatever may disturb and discompose their tranquillity; which nothing is more apt to do than drunkenness.

"You also," continued our lantern, "could not come into the Holy Bottle's presence after you have gone through this arch, did not that noble priestess Bacbuc first see your shoes full of vine-leaves; which action is diametrically opposite to the other, and signifies that you despise wine, and having mastered it, as it were, tread it under foot."

"I am no scholar," quoth Friar John, "for which I am heartily sorry, yet I find, by my breviary, that in the Revelation a woman was seen with the moon under her feet, which was a most wonderful sight. Now, as Bigot

explained it to me, this was to signify that she was not of the nature of other women; for they have all the moon at their heads, and, consequently, their brains are always troubled with a lunacy: this makes me willing to believe what you said, dear Madam Lantern."

CHAPTER XXXV.

How we went Underground to come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, and how Chinon is the oldest City in the World.

We went underground through a plastered vault on which was coarsely painted a dance of women and satyrs, waiting on old Silenus, who was laughing on his ass. This made me say to Pantagruel, that this entry put me in mind of the painted cellar, in the oldest city in the world, where such paintings are to be seen, and in as cool a place.

"Which is the oldest city in the world?" asked Pantagruel. "It is Chinon, sir, or Cainon in Touraine," said I. "I know," returned Pantagruel, "where Chinon lies, and the painted cellar also, having myself drunk there many a glass of cool wine; neither do I doubt but that Chinon is an ancient town—witness its blazon. I own it is said twice or thrice:

Chinon,
Little town,
Great renown,
On old stone
Long has stood;
There's the Vienne, if you look down;
If you look up, there's the wood.

"But how," continued he, "can you make it out that 'tis the oldest city in the world? Where did you find this written?" "I have found it in the sacred writ," said I, "that Cain was the first that built a town; we may then reasonably conjecture that from his name he gave it that of

Cainon. Thus, after his example, most other founders of towns have given them their names: Athena, that is Minerva in Greek, to Athens; Alexander to Alexandria; Constantine to Constantinople; Pompey to Pompeiopolis in Cilicia; Adrian to Adrianople; Canaan, to the Canaanites; Saba, to the Sabæans; Assur, to the Assyrians; and so Ptolemais, Cæsarea, Tiberias, and Herodium in Judæa got their names."

While we were thus talking, there came to us the great flask whom our lantern called the philosopher, her holiness the Bottle's governor. He was attended with a troop of the temple-guards, all French bottles in wicker armour; and seeing us with our javelins wrapped with ivy, with our illustrious lantern, whom he knew, he desired us to come in with all manner of safety, and ordered we should be immediately conducted to the Princess Bacbuc, the Bottle's lady of honour, and priestess of all the mysteries; which was done.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

How we went down the Tetradic Steps, and of Panurge's fear.

We went down one marble step underground, where there was a resting, or, as our workmen call it, a landing-place, then, turning to the left, we went down two other steps, where there was another resting-place; after that we came to three other steps, turning about, and met a third; and the like at four steps which we met afterwards. "There," quoth Panurge, "is it here?" "How many steps have you told?" asked our magnificent lantern. "One, two, three, four," answered Pantagruel. "How much is that?" asked she. "Ten," returned he. "Multiply that," said she, "according to the same Pythagorical tetrad." "That is, ten, twenty, thirty, forty," cried Pantagruel. "How much is the whole?" said she. "One hundred," answered Panta-

gruel. "Add," continued she, "the first cube—that is eight: at the end of that fatal number you will find the temple gate; and pray, observe, this is the true psychogony of Plato, so celebrated by the academics, yet so little understood; one moiety of which consists of the unity of the two first numbers full of two square and two cubic numbers. We then went down those numerical stairs, all underground; and I can assure you, in the first place, that our legs stood us in good stead; for had it not been for them we had rolled just like so many hogsheads into a vault. Secondly, our radiant lantern gave us just so much light as is in St. Patrick's hole in Ireland, or Trophonius's cavern in Bœotia; which caused Panurge to say to her, after we had got down some seventy-eight steps:

"Dear madam, with a sorrowful, aching heart, I most humbly beseech your lanternship to lead us back. I am half dead with fear; my heart is sunk down into my hose; I freely consent never to marry. You have given yourself too much trouble on my account; the Lord shall reward you in His great rewarding-place; neither will I be ungrateful when I come out of this cave of Troglodytes. Let us go back, I pray you. I am very much afraid this is Tænarus, the low way to hell, and methinks I already hear Cerberus bark. Hark! I hear the cur, or my ears tingle; I have no manner of kindness for the dog, for there never is a greater tooth-ache than when dogs bite us by the shins: and if this be only Trophonius's pit, the lemures, hob-thrushes, and goblins will certainly swallow us alive: just as they devoured formerly one of Demetrius's halberdiers, for want of luncheons of bread. Art thou here, Friar John? Prithee, dear, dear friend, stay by me; I am almost dead with fear. Hast thou got thy bilbo? Alas! poor pilgarlic is defenceless: I am a naked man thou knowest: let us go back." "Zoons, fear nothing," cried Friar John, "I am by thee, and have thee fast by the collar; eighteen devils shall not get thee out of my clutches, though I were unarmed.

Never did a man yet want weapons who had a good arm with as stout a heart; heaven would sooner send down a shower of them; even as in Provence, in the fields of La Crau, near Marianes, there rained stones (they are there to this day) to help Hercules, who otherwise wanted wherewithal to fight. But whither are we bound?"

Here our splendid lantern interrupted them, letting us know this was the place where we were to be silent; bidding us not despair of having the word of the Bottle before we went back, since we had lined our shoes with vine-leaves.

"Come on, then," cried Panurge, "we can but perish, and that is soon done: however, I thought to have reserved my life for some mighty battle. Move, move, move forwards; I am as stout as Hercules, my breeches are full of courage: my heart trembles a little, I own, but that is only an effect of the coldness and dampness of this vault: it is neither fear nor ague. Come on, move on, push on! My name is William Dreadnought."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How the Temple Gates in a Wonderful Manner opened of Themselves.

After we were got down the steps, we came to a portal of fine jasper, of Doric order, on whose front we read this sentence in the finest gold, ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ: that is, In wine, truth. The two folding doors of the gate were of Corinthian-like brass, massy, wrought with little vine-branches, finely embossed and engraven, and were equally joined and closed together in their mortise without any padlock, key-chain, or tie whatsoever. Where they joined, there hanged an Indian loadstone as big as an Egyptian bean, set in gold, having two points, hexagonal, in a right line; and on each side, towards the wall, hung a handful of scordium.

There our noble lantern desired us not to take it amiss that she went no farther with us, leaving us wholly to the conduct of the priestess Bacbuc: for she herself was not allowed to go in, for certain causes rather to be concealed than revealed to mortals. However, she advised us to be resolute and secure, and to trust to her for the return. She then pulled the loadstone that hung at the folding of the gates, and threw it into a silver box fixed for that purpose: which done, from the threshold of each gate she drew a twine of crimson silk, about nine feet long, by which the scordium hung, and having fastened it to two gold buckles that hung at the sides, she withdrew.

Immediately the gates flew open without being touched; not with a creaking, or loud harsh noise, like that made by heavy brazen gates; but with a soft pleasing murmur that resounded through the arches of the temple.

Pantagruel soon knew the cause of it, having discovered a small cylinder or roller that joined the gates over the threshold; and, turning like them towards the wall, on a hard well-polished ophites stone, with rubbing and rolling, caused that harmonious murmur.

I wondered how the gates thus opened of themselves to the right and left, and after we were all got in, I cast my eye between the gates and the wall, to endeavour to know how this happened; for one would have thought our kind lantern had put between the gates the herb aethiopis, which they say opens some things that are shut; but I perceived that the parts of the gates that joined on the inside were covered with steel; and just where the said gates touched when they were opened, I saw two square Indian loadstones, of a bluish hue, well polished, and half a span broad, mortised in the temple wall. Now, by the hidden and admirable power of the loadstones, the steel plates were put into motion, and consequently the gates were slowly drawn; however, not always, but when the said loadstone on the outside was removed, after which the steel was freed

from its power, the two bunches of scordium being at the same time put at some distance, because it deadens the magnet, and robs it of its attractive virtue.

On the loadstone that was placed on the right side, the following iambic verse was curiously engraven in ancient Roman characters:

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.
Fate leads the willing, and the unwilling draws.

The following sentence was neatly cut in the loadstone that was on the left:

ALL THINGS TEND TO THEIR END.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Of the Temple's admirable Pavement.

When I had read those inscriptions, I admired the beauty of the temple, and particularly the disposition of its pavement, with which no work that is now, or has been under the cope of heaven, can justly be compared: not that of the Temple of Fortune at Praeneste in Sylla's time; or the pavement of the Greeks, called asarotum, laid by Sosistratus in Pergamus. For this here was wholly in compartments of precious stones, all in their natural colours. One of red jasper, most charmingly spotted. Another of ophites. A third of porphyry. A fourth of lycophthalmy, a stone of four different colours, powdered with sparks of gold, as small as atoms. A fifth of agate, streaked here and there with small milk coloured waves. A sixth of costly chalcedony. And another of green jasper, with certain red and yellowish veins. And all these were disposed in a diagonal line.

At the portico, some small stones were inlaid, and evenly joined on the floor, all in their native colours, to embellish the design of the figures; and they were ordered in such a

manner that you would have thought some vine leaves and branches had been carelessly strewed on the pavement; for in some places they were thick, and thin in others. That inlaying was very wonderful everywhere: here were seen, as it were in the shade, some snails crawling on the grapes; there, little lizards running on the branches; on this side, were grapes that seemed yet greenish; on another, some clusters that seemed full ripe, so like the true, that they could as easily have deceived starlings and other birds as those which Zeuxis drew.

Nay, we ourselves were deceived; for where the artist seemed to have strewed the vine-branches thickest, we could not forbear walking with great strides, lest we should entangle our feet, just as people go over an unequal stony place.

I then cast my eyes on the roof and walls of the temple, that were all pargeted with porphyry and mosaic work; which, from the left side at the coming in, most admirably represented the battle in which the good Bacchus overthrew the Indians; as followeth.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How we saw Bacchus's Army drawn up in Battalia in Mosaic Work.

At the beginning, divers towns, hamlets, castles, fortresses, and forests were seen in flames; and several mad and loose women, who furiously ripped up and tore live calves, sheep, and lambs, limb from limb, and devoured their flesh. There we learned how Bacchus, at his coming into India, destroyed all things with fire and sword.

Notwithstanding this, he was so despised by the Indians, that they did not think it worth their while to stop his progress; having been certainly informed by their spies that his camp was destitute of warriors, and that he had only with him a crew of drunken females, a low-built, old,

effeminate, sottish fellow, continually addled, with a pack of young clownish doddipoles, always skipping and frisking up and down, with tails and horns like those of young kids.

For this reason the Indians had resolved to let them go through their country without the least opposition, esteeming a victory over such enemies more dishonourable than glorious.

In the meantime, Bacchus marched on, burning everything; for, as you know, fire and thunder are his paternal arms; Jupiter having saluted his mother Semele with his thunder so that his maternal house was ruined by fire. Bacchus also caused a great deal of blood to be spilt; which when he is roused and angered, principally in war, is as natural to him as to make some in time of peace.

Thus the plains of the island of Samos are called Panæma, which signifies all bloody, because Bacchus there overtook the Amazons, who fled from the country of Ephesus, and there let them blood, so that they all died of phlebotomy. This may give you a better insight into the meaning of an ancient proverb than Aristotle has done in his problems: viz., Why it was formerly said, "Neither eat nor sow any mint in time of war." The reason is, that blows are given in time of war without any distinction of parts or persons; and if a man that is wounded has that day handled or eaten any mint, it is impossible, or at least very hard, to stanch his blood.

After this, Bacchus was seen marching in battalia, riding in a stately chariot, drawn by six young leopards. He looked as young as a child, to show that all good topers never grow old: he was as red as a cherry, and had no more hair on his chin than there is in the inside of my hand: his forehead was graced with pointed horns, above which he wore a fine crown or garland of vine-leaves and grapes, and a mitre of crimson velvet, having also gilt buskins on.

He had not one man with him that looked like a man; his guards, and all his forces, consisted wholly of Bassa

rides, Evantes, Euhyades, Edonides, Trieterides, Ogygies, Mimallones, Mænades, Thyades, and Bacchides, frantic, raving, raging, furious, mad women, begirt with live snakes and serpents instead of girdles, their dishevelled hair flowing about their shoulders, with garlands of vine-branches instead of forehead-cloths, clad with stag's or goat's-skins, and armed with torches, javelins, speais, and halberts, whose ends were like pine-apples: besides, they had certain small light bucklers, that gave a loud sound if you touched them never so little, and these served them instead of drums; they were just seventy-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-seven.

Silenus, who led the van, was one on whom Bacchus relied very much, having formerly had many proofs of his valour and conduct. He was a diminutive, stooping, palsied, plump, gorbellied, old fellow, with a sharp Roman nose, large rough eyebrows, mounted on a well-hung ass; in his fist he held a staff to lean upon, and also bravely to fight, whenever he had occasion to alight; and he was dressed in a woman's yellow gown. His followers were all young, wild, clownish people, as hornified as so many kids, and as fell as so many tigers, naked, and perpetually singing and dancing country dances: they were called tityri and satyrs; and were in all eighty-five thousand one hundred and thirty-three.

Pan, who brought up the rear, was a monstrous-sort of a thing: for his lower parts were like a goat's, his thighs hairy, and his horns bolt upright; a crimson fiery phiz; and a beard that was none of the shortest. He was a bold, stout, daring, desperate fellow, very apt to take pepper in the nose for yea and nay.

In his left hand he held a pipe, and a crooked stick in his right. His forces consisted also wholly of satyrs, ægipanes, agripanes, sylvans, fauns, lemures, lares, elves, and hobgoblins; and their number was seventy-eight thousand one hundred and fourteen. The signal or word common to all the army was Evohé.

CHAPTER XL.

How the Battle, in which the good Bacchus overthrew the Indians, was represented in Mosaic Work.

In the next place we saw the representation of the good Bacchus's engagement with the Indians. Silenus, who led the van, was sweating, puffing, and blowing, belabouring his ass most grievously; the ass dreadfully opened its wide jaws, drove away the flies that plagued it, winced, flounced, went back, and bestirred itself in a most terrible manner.

The satyrs, captains, sergeants, and corporals of companies, sounding the orgies, with cornets, in a furious manner went round the army, skipping, capering, bounding, jerking, flying out at heels, kicking and prancing like mad, encouraging their company to fight bravely; and all the delineated army cried out Evohé!

First, the Mænades charged the Indians with dreadful shouts, and a horrid din of their brazen drums and bucklers: the air rung again all around, as the mosaic work well expressed it. And pray, for the future do not so much admire Apelles, Aristides the Theban, and others who drew claps of thunder, lightnings, winds, words, manners, and spirits.

We then saw the Indian army, who had at last taken the field, to prevent the devastation of the rest of their country. In the front were the elephants, with castles well garrisoned on their backs. But the army and themselves were put into disorder; the dreadful cries of the Bacchides having filled them with consternation, and those huge animals turned tail, and trampled on the men of their party.

There you might have seen gaffer Silenus on his ass, putting on as hard as he could, striking athwart and alongst, and laying about him lustily with his staff, after the old fashion of fencing. His ass was prancing and making after the elephants, gaping and martially braying, as it were to sound a charge.

There you might have seen Pan frisk it with his goatish shanks about the Mænades, and with his rustic pipe excite them to behave themselves like Mænades.

A little further you might have blessed your eyes with the sight of a young satyr who led seventeen kings his prisoners; and a Bacchis, who with her snakes hauled along no less than two-and-forty captains; a little faun, who carried a whole dozen of standards taken from the enemy; and good-man Bacchus on his chariot, riding to and fro fearless of danger, making much of his dear carcase, and cheerfully toping to all his merry friends.

Finally, we saw the representation of his triumph, which was thus. First, his chariot was wholly covered with ivy, gathered on the mountain Meros: this for its scarcity, which you know raises the price of everything, and principally of those leaves in India. In this, Alexander the Great followed his example at his Indian triumph. The chariot was drawn by elephants joined together, wherein he was imitated by Pompey the Great, at Rome, in his African triumph. In it the good Bacchus was seen drinking out of a mighty urn, which action Marius aped after his victory over the Cimbri, near Aix in Provence. All his army were crowned with ivy; their javelins, bucklers, and drums were also wholly covered with it; there was not so much as Silenus's ass but was betrapped with it.

The Indian kings were fastened with chains of gold close by the wheels of the chariot; all the company marched in pomp with unspeakable joy, loaded with an infinite number of trophies, pageants, and spoils, playing and singing merry epinicia, songs of triumph, and also rural lays and dithyrambs.

At the farthest end was a prospect of the land of Egypt; the Nile with its crocodiles, marmosets, ibides, monkeys, trochiloses, or wrens, ichneumons, or Pharaoh's mice, hippopotami, or sea-horses, and other creatures, its guests and neighbours. Bacchus was moving towards that country under the conduct of a couple of horned beasts, on one of which was written in gold Apis, and Osiris on the other; because no ox or cow had been seen in Egypt till Bacchus came thither.

CHAPTER XLI.

How the Temple was Illuminated with a wonderful Lamp.

BEFORE I proceed to the description of the Bottle, I will give you that of an admirable lamp, that dispensed so large a light over all the temple, that, though it lay under ground, we could distinguish every object as clearly as above it at noonday.

In the middle of the roof was fixed a ring of massive gold as thick as my clenched fist. Three chains somewhat less, most curiously wrought, hung about two feet and a half below it, and in a triangle supported a round plate of fine gold, whose diameter or breadth did not exceed two cubits and half a span. There were four holes in it, in each of which an empty ball was fastened, hollow within, and open at the top, like a little lamp; its circumference about two hands' breadth: each ball was of precious stone; one an amethyst, another an African carbuncle, the third an opal, and a fourth an anthracite; they were full of burning water, five times distilled in a serpentine limbeck, and inconsumptible, like the oil formerly put into Pallas's golden lamp at the Acropolis of Athens by Callimachus. In each of them was a flaming wick, partly of asbestine flax, as of old in the temple of Jupiter Ammon, such as those which Cleombrotus, a most studious philosopher, saw; partly of Carpasian flax, which was rather renewed than consumed by the fire.

About two feet and a half below that gold plate, the three chains were fastened to three handles, that were fixed to a large round lamp of most pure crystal, whose diameter was a cubit and a half, and opened about two hands' breadth on the top; by which open place a vessel of the same crystal, shaped somewhat like the lower part of a gourd-like limbeck, was put at the bottom of the great lamp, with such a quantity of the aforementioned burning water, the flame of asbestine wick reached the centre of the great lamp. This made all its spherical body seem to burn and be in a flame, because the fire was just at the centre and middle point, so

that it was not more easy to fix the eye on it than on the disc of the sun, the matter being wonderfully bright and shining, and the work most transparent and dazzling, by the reflection of the various colours of the precious stones, whereof the four small lamps above the main lamp were made, and their lustre was still variously glittering all over the temple. Then this wandering light being darted on the polished marble and agate, with which all the inside of the temple was pargeted, our eyes were entertained with a sight of all the admirable colours which the rainbow can boast, when the sun darts his fiery rays on some dropping clouds.

The design of the lamp was admirable in itself, but, in my opinion, what added much to the beauty of the whole was that round the body of the crystal lamp there was carved, in cataglyphic work, a lively and pleasant battle of naked boys, mounted on little hobby-horses, with little whirligig lances and shields, that seemed made of vine-branches with grapes on them; their postures generally were very different, and their childish strife and motions were so ingeniously expressed, that art equalled nature in every proportion and action. Neither did this seem engraved, but rather hewed out and embossed in relief, or, at least, like grotesque, which, by the artist's skill, has the appearance of the roundness of the object it represents; this was partly the effect of the various and most charming light, which, flowing out of the lamp, filled the carved places with its glorious rays.

CHAPTER XLII.

How the Priestess Bacbuc showed us a fantastic Fountain in the Temple, and how the Fountain-water had the taste of Wine, according to the Imagination of those who drank of it.

WHILE we were admiring this incomparable lamp, and the stupendous structure of the temple, the venerable priestess Bacbuc and her attendants came to us with jolly smiling

looks, and seeing us duly accoutred, without the least difficulty took us into the middle of the temple, where, just under the aforesaid lamp, was the fine fantastic fountain. She then ordered some cups, goblets, and talboys of gold, silver, and crystal to be brought, and kindly invited us to drink of the liquor that sprang there, which we readily did; for, to say the truth, this fantastic fountain was very inviting, and its materials and workmanship more precious, rare, and admirable than anything Plato ever dreamt of in limbo.

Its basis or groundwork was of most pure and limpid alabaster, and its height somewhat more than three spans, being a regular heptagon on the outside, with its stylobates or footsteps, arulets, cymasults or blunt tops, and Doric undulations about it. It was exactly round within. On the middle point of each angle brink stood a pillar orbiculated, in form of a circle of ivory or alabaster. These were seven in number, according to the number of the angles.

Each pillar's length, from the basis to the architraves, was near seven hands, taking an exact dimension of its diameter through the centre of its circumference and inward roundness; and it was so disposed, that, casting our eyes behind one of them, whatever its cube might be, to view its opposite, we found that the pyramidal cone of our visual light ended at the said centre, and there, by the two opposites, formed an equilateral triangle, whose two lines divided the pillar into two equal parts.

That which we had a mind to measure, going from one side to another, two pillars over, at the first third part of the distance between them, was met by their lowermost and fundamental line, which, in a consult line drawn as far as the universal centre, equally divided, gave, in a just partition, the distance of the seven opposite pillars in a right line, beginning at the obtuse angle on the brink, as you know that an angle is always found placed between two others in all angular figures odd in number.

This tacitly gives us to understand that seven semi-diameters are in geometrical proportion, compass, and distance,

somewhat less than the circumference of a circle, from the figure of which they are extracted; that is to say, three whole parts, with an eighth and a half, a little more, or a seventh and a half, a little less, according to the instructions given us of old by Euclid, Aristotle, Archimedes, and others.

The first pillar, I mean that which faced the temple gate, was of azure, sky-coloured sapphire.

The second, of hyacinth, a precious stone, exactly of the colour of the flower into which Ajax's choleric blood was transformed; the Greek letters A I being seen on it in many places.

The third, an anachite diamond, as bright and glittering as lightning.

The fourth, a masculine ruby ballais (peach-coloured) amethystizing, its flame and lustre ending in violet or purple, like an amethyst.

The fifth, an emerald, above five hundred and fifty times more precious than that of Serapis in the labyrinth of the Egyptians, and more verdant and shining than those that were fixed instead of eyes in the marble lion's head, near King Hermias's tomb.

The sixth, of agate, more admirable and various in the distinctions of its veins, clouds, and colours, than that which Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, so mightily esteemed.

The seventh, of syenites, transparent, of the colour of a beryl, and the clear hue of Hymettian honey; and within it the moon was seen, such as we see her in the sky, silent, new, and in the wane.

These stones were assigned to the seven heavenly planets by the ancient Chaldeans; and that the meanest capacities might be informed of this, just at the central perpendicular line, on the chapiter of the first pillar, which was of sapphire, stood the image of Saturn in elutian lead, with his scythe in his hand, and at his feet a crane of gold very artfully enamelled, according to the native hue of the saturnine full bird.

On the second, which was of hyacinth, towards the left,

Jupiter was seen in Jovetian brass, and on his breast an eagle of gold enamelled to the life.

On the third was Phœbus in the purest gold, and a white cock in his right hand.

On the fourth was Mars in Corinthian brass, and a lion at his feet.

On the fifth was Venus in copper, the metal of which Aristonidas made Athamas's statue, that expressed in a blushing whiteness his confusion at the sight of his son Learchus, who died at his feet of a fall.

On the sixth was Mercury in hydrargyre: I would have said quicksilver, had it not been fixed, malleable, and unmovable; that nimble deity had a stork at his feet.

On the seventh was Luna in silver, with a greyhound at her feet.

The size of these statues was somewhat more than a third part of the pillars on which they stood, and they were so admirably wrought, according to mathematical proportion, that Polycletus's canon (or rule) could hardly have stood in competition with them.

The basis of the pillars, the chapiters, the architraves, zoophores, and cornices, were Phrygian work of massy gold, purer and finer than any that is found in the rivers Leede near Montpellier, Ganges in India, Po in Italy, Hebrus in Thrace, Tagus in Spain, and Pactolus in Lydia.

The small arches between the pillars were of the same precious stone of which the pillars next to them were. Thus, that arch was of sapphire which ended at the hyacinth pillar, and that was of hyacinth which went towards the diamond, and so on.

Above the arches and chapiters of the pillars, on the inward front, a cupola was raised to cover the fountain; it was surrounded by the planetary statues, heptagonal at the bottom, and spherical on the top, and of crystal so pure, transparent, well polished, whole and uniform in all its parts, without veins, clouds, flaws, or streaks, that Zenocrates never saw such a one in his life.

Within it were seen the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve months of the year, with their properties, the two equinoxes, the ecliptic line, with some of the most remarkable fixed stars about the Antarctic Pole, and elsewhere, so curiously engraven, that I fancied them to be the workmanship of King Necepsus, or Petosiris, the ancient mathematician.

On the top of the cupola, just over the centre of the fountain, were three noble long pearls, all of one size, pear fashion, perfectly imitating a tear, and so joined together as to represent a flower-de-lys or lily, each of the flowers seeming above a hand's breadth. A carbuncle jetted out of its calyx or cup, as big as an ostrich's egg, cut seven square, (that number so beloved of Nature), and so prodigiously glorious, that the sight of it had like to have made us blind, for the fiery sun, or the pointed lightning, are not more dazzling and insufferably bright.

Now were some judicious appraisers to judge of the value of this incomparable fountain, and the lamp of which we have spoken, they would undoubtedly affirm it exceeds that of all the treasures and curiosities in Europe, Asia, and Africa put together. For that carbuncle alone would have darkened the pantarbe of Iarchus, the Indian magician, with as much ease as the sun outshines and dims the stars with his meridian rays.

Now let Cleopatra, that Egyptian queen, boast of her pair of pendants, those two pearls, one of which she caused to be dissolved in vinegar, in the presence of Antony the Triumvir, her gallant!

Or let Pompeia Plautina be proud of her dress covered all over with emeralds and pearls curiously intermixed, she who attracted the eyes of all Rome, and was said to be the grave-pit and magazine of the conquering robbers of the universe.

The fountain had three tubes or channels of right pearl, seated in three equilateral angles already mentioned, extended on the margin, and those channels proceeded in a snail-like line, winding equally on both sides.

We looked on them awhile, and had cast our eyes on another side, when Bacbuc directed us to watch the water; we then heard a most harmonious sound, yet somewhat stopped by starts, far distant, and subterranean, by which means it was still more pleasing than if it had been free, uninterrupted, and near us, so that our minds were as agreeably entertained through our ears with that charming melody, as they were through the windows of our eyes, with those delightful objects.

Bacbuc then said, "Your philosophers will not allow that motion is begot by the power of figures; look here and see the contrary. By that single snail-like motion, equally divided as you see, and a fivefold infoliature, movable at every inward meeting, such as is the vena cava, where it enters into the right ventricle of the heart; just so is the flowing of this fountain, and by it a harmony ascends as high as your world's ocean."

She then ordered her attendants to make us drink; and, to tell you the truth of the matter as near as possible, we are not, heaven be praised! of the nature of a drove of calf-lollies, who (as your sparrows cannot feed unless you bob them on the tail) must be rib-roasted with tough crab-tree, and firked into a stomach, or, at least, into a humour to eat or drink: no, we know better things, and scorn to scorn any man's civility, who civilly invites us to a drinking bout. Bacbuc asked us then how we liked it. We answered, that it seemed to us good harmless sober Adam's liquor, fit to keep a man in the right way, and, in a word, mere element; more cool and clear than Argyrontes in Ætolia, Peneus in Thessaly, Axius in Mygdonia, or Cydnus in Cilicia, a tempting sight of whose cool silver stream caused Alexander to prefer the short-lived pleasure of bathing himself in it, to the inconveniences which he could not but foresee would attend so ill-timed an action.

"This," said Bacbuc, "comes of not considering with ourselves, or understanding the motions of the masculous tongue, when the drink glides on it in its way to the stomach. Tell me,

noble strangers, are your throats lined, paved, or enamelled, as formerly was that of Pithyllus, nicknamed Theutes, that you can have missed the taste, relish, and flavour of this divine liquor? Here," said she, turning towards her gentlewoman, "bring my scrubbing-brushes, you know which, to scrape, rake, and clear their palates."

They brought immediately some stately, swinging, jolly hams, fine substantial neats'-tongues, good hung-beef, pure and delicate botargos, venison, sausages, and such other gullet-sweepers. And, to comply with her invitation, we crammed and twisted till we owned ourselves thoroughly cured of all but thirst.

"We are told," continued she, "that formerly a learned and valiant Hebrew chief, leading his people through the deserts, where they were in danger of being famished, obtained of God some manna, whose taste was to them, by imagination, such as that of meat was to them before in reality: thus, drinking of this miraculous liquor, you will find its taste like any wine that you shall fancy to drink. Come, then, fancy and drink." We did so, and Panurge had no sooner whipped off his brimmer, but he cried, "It is vin de Baulne, better than ever was yet tipped over tongue. Oh! that to keep its taste the longer, we gentlemen topers had but necks some three cubits long or so, as Philoxenus desired to have, or, at least, like a crane's, as Melanthus wished his."

"On the faith of true lanterners," quoth Friar John, "it is gallant, sparkling Greek wine; now, sweetheart, do but teach me how you make it." "It seems to me Mirevaux wine," said Pantagruel; "for, before I drank, I supposed it to be such. Nothing can be disliked in it, but that it is cold, colder, I say, than the very ice; colder than the water of Nonacris and Diré, or the Conthoporian spring at Corinth, that froze up the stomach and nutritive parts of those that drank of it."

"Drink once, twice, or thrice more," said Bacbuc, "still changing your imagination, and you shall find its taste and

flavour to be exactly that on which you shall have pitched. Then never presume to say that anything is impossible to God." "We never offered to say such a thing," said I; "far from it, we maintain He is omnipotent."

CHAPTER XLIII.

How the Priestess Bacbuc equipped Panurge, in order to have the Word of the Bottle.

WHEN we had thus chatted and tippled, Bacbuc asked, "Who of you here would have the word of the Holy Bottle?" "I, your most humble little funnel, if it please you," quoth Panurge. "Friend," said she, "I have but one thing to tell you, which is, that when you come to the Oracle, you take care to hearken and hear the word only with one ear." "This, cried Friar John, "is wine of one ear, as Frenchmen call it."

She then wrapped him up in a gaberdine, bound his noddle with a goodly clean biggin, clapped over it a felt, such as those through which hypocras is distilled, at the bottom of which, instead of a cowl, she put three obelisks, girded him about with three bagpipes bound together, bathed his jobbernol thrice in the fountain; then threw a handful of meal on his phiz, fixed three cock's feathers on the right side of the hypocratical felt, made him take a jaunt nine times round the fountain, caused him to take three little leaps, and to bump seven times against the ground, repeating I do not know what kind of conjurations all the while in the Tuscan tongue, and ever and anon reading in a ritual or book of ceremonies, carried after her by one of her mystagogues.

For my part, may I never stir if I do not really believe, that neither Numa Pompilius, the second king of the Romans, nor the Cerites of Tuscia, nor the old Hebrew captain, ever instituted so many ceremonies as I then saw performed; nor were ever half so many religious forms used

by the soothsayers of Memphis in Egypt to Apis; or by the Euboians, at Rhamnus, to Rhamnusia; or to Jupiter Ammon, or to Faronia.

When she had thus accoutred my gentleman, she took him out of our company, and led him out of the temple, through a golden gate on the right, into a round chapel made of transparent speculary stones, by whose solid clearness the sun's light shined there through the precipice of the rock without any windows or other entrance, and so easily and fully dispersed itself through the greater temple, that the light seemed rather to spring out of it than to flow into it.

The workmanship was not less rare than that of the sacred temple at Ravenna, or that in the island of Chemnis in Egypt. Nor must I forget to tell you that the work of that round chapel was contrived with such a symmetry, that its diameter was just the height of the vault.

In the middle of it was an heptagonal fountain of fine alabaster most artfully wrought, full of water, which was so clear that it might have passed for element in its purity and simplicity. The sacred Bottle was in it to the middle, clad in pure fine crystal, of an oval shape, except its muzzle, which was somewhat wider than was consistent with that figure.

CHAPTER XLIV.

How Bacbuc, the High Priestess, brought Panurge before the Holy Bottle.

THERE the noble priestess Bacbuc made Panurge stoop and kiss the brink of the fountain; then bade him rise and dance three ithymbi. Which done, she ordered him to sit down, between two stools placed there for that purpose. Then she opened her ritual book, and, whispering in his left ear, made him sing an epileny, as follows:

BOTTLE ! whose mysterious deep
Does ten thousand secrets keep,
With attentive ear I wait ;
Ease my mind, and speak my fate.
Soul of joy, like Bacchus, we
More than India gain by thee.
Truths unborn thy juice reveals,
Which futurity conceals.
Antidote to frauds and lies,
Wine, that mounts us to the skies,
May thy father Noah's brood
Like him drown, but in thy flood.
Speak, so may the liquid mine
Of rubies or of diamonds, shine.
Bottle ! whose mysterious deep,
Does ten thousand secrets keep,
With attentive ear I wait ;
Ease my mind, and speak my fate.

When Panurge had sung, Bacbuc threw I do not know what into the fountain, and straight its water began to boil in good earnest, just for the world as doth the great monastical pot at Bourgueil, when it is high holiday there. Friend Panurge was listening with one ear, and Bacbuc kneeled by him, when such a kind of humming was heard out of the Bottle as is made by a swarm of bees bred in the flesh of a young bull, killed and dressed according to Aristæus's art, or such as is made when a bolt flies out of a cross-bow, or when a shower falls on a sudden in summer. Immediately after this was heard the word *Trinc*. "Ha!" cried Panurge, "it is broken, or cracked at least ; for even so do crystal bottles speak in our country, when they burst near the fire."

Bacbuc arose, and gently taking Panurge under the arms, said, "Friend, offer your thanks to indulgent heaven, as reason requires ; you have soon had the word of the goddess Bottle : and the kindest, most favourable, and certain word of answer that I ever yet heard her give, since I officiated here at her most sacred oracle ; rise, let us go to the chapter, in whose gloss that fine word is explained." "With all my heart," quoth Panurge "I am

just as wise as I was last year; light, where is the book? Turn it over, where is the chapter? Let us see this merry gloss."

CHAPTER XLV.

How Bacbuc explained the Word of the Goddess Bottle.

BACBUC having thrown I do not know what into the fountain, straight the water ceased to boil: and then she took Panurge into the greater temple, in the central place, where there was the enlivening fountain.

There she took out a hugeous silver book, in the shape of a half-tierce, or hogshead, of sentences; and having filled it at the fountain, said to him: "The philosophers, preachers, and doctors of your world, feed you up with fine words and cant at the ears; now, here we really incorporate our precepts at the mouth. Therefore I will not say to you read this chapter, see this gloss; no, I say to you, taste me this fine chapter, swallow me this rare gloss. Formerly an ancient prophet of the Jewish nation ate a book, and became a clerk even to the very teeth! now will I have you drink one, that you may be a clerk to your very liver. Here, open your mandibles."

Panurge gaping as wide as his jaws would stretch, Bacbuc took the silver book, at least we took it for a real book, for it looked just for the world like a breviary; but, in truth, it was a breviary, a flask of right Falernian wine, as it came from the grape, which she made him swallow every drop.

"By Bacchus," quoth Panurge, "this was a notable chapter, a most authentic gloss, on my word. Is this all that the Trismegistian Bottle's word means? In troth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk." "Nothing more," returned Bacbuc; "for *Trinc* is a panomphean word, that is, a word understood, used, and celebrated by all nations, and signifies Drink.

"Some say, in your world, that sack is a word used in all

tongues, and justly admitted in the same sense among all nations; for, as Æsop's fable hath it, all men are born with a sack at the neck, naturally needy, and begging of each other; neither can the most powerful king be without the help of other men, nor can any one that is poor subsist without the rich, though he be never so proud and insolent, nay, even were it Hippias, the philosopher, who boasted he could do everything. Much less can any one make shift without drink than without a sack. Therefore here we hold not that laughing, but that drinking is the distinguishing character of man. I do not say drinking, taking that word singly and absolutely in the strictest sense: no, beasts then might put in for a share; I mean drinking cool delicious wine. For you must know, my beloved, that by wine we become divine; neither can there be a surer argument, or a less deceitful divination. Your academics assert the same, when they make the etymology of wine which the Greeks call OINOΣ to be from vis, strength, virtue, and power; for it is in its power to fill the soul with all truth, learning and philosophy.

"If you observe what is written in Ionic letters on the temple gate, you may have understood that truth is in wine. The goddess Bottle therefore directs you to the divine liquor; be yourself the expounder of your undertaking."

"It is impossible," said Pantagruel to Panurge, "to speak more to the purpose than does this true priestess; you may remember I told you as much when you first spoke to me about it.

"Trinc then: what says your heart, elevated by Bacchic enthusiasm?"

"With this," quoth Panurge,
"Trinc, trinc;
Sing Iö pæan! loudly sing
To Hymen, who all joys will bring.
Well, Friar John, I'll take my oath,
This oracle is full of troth:
Intelligible truth it bears,
More certain than the sieve and shears."

CHAPTER XLVI.

How Panurge and the Rest rhymed with poetic Fury.

"WHAT ails the fellow?" quoth Friar John. "Stark staring mad, or bewitched, on my word! Do but hear the chiming dotterel gabble in rhyme. What has he swallowed? His eyes roll in his loggerhead, just for the world like a dying goat's. Will the addle-pated wight have the grace to sheer off? Will he take a hair of the same dog?"

Pantagruel chid Friar John, and said:

"Bold monk, forbear; this, I'll assure ye,
Proceeds all from poetic fury;
Warmed by the god, inspired with wine,
His human soul is made divine.
For without jest,
His hallowed breast,
With wine possessed,
Could have no rest,
Till he had expressed
Some thoughts at least
Of his great guest.
Then straight he flies
Above the skies,
And mollifies,
With prophecies,
Our miseries,
And since divinely he's inspired,
Adore the soul by wine acquired,
And let the tosspot be admired."

"How!" quoth the Friar, "is the fit of rhyming upon you too? Is it come to that? Then we are all peppered. What would I not give to have Gargantua see us while we are in this maggoty crambo-vein! The spirit of fustian possesses us all, I find. Well, by St. John, I will poetise, since everybody does; I find it coming. Stay, and pray

pardon me, if I do not rhyme in crimson; it is my first essay.

"Thou, who canst water turn to wine,
Transform my flesh, by power divine,
Into a lantern, that may light
My neighbour in the darkest night."

Panurge then proceeds in his rapture, and says:

"From Pythian tripos ne'er were heard
More truths, nor more to be revered.
I think from Delphos to this spring,
Some wizard brought that conjuring thing.
Had honest Plutarch here been toping,
He then so long had ne'er been groping
To find according to his wishes,
Why oracles are mute as fishes
At Delphos: now the reason's clear,
No more at Delphos they're, but here
Here is the tripos, out of which
Is spoke the doom of poor and rich.
For Athenæus does relate
This Bottle is the womb of Fate;
Prolific of mysterious wine,
And big with prescience divine;
It brings the truth with pleasure forth,
Besides you haven't a pennyworth.
So, Friar John, I must exhort you
To wait a word that may import you,
And to inquire, while here we tarry,
If it shall be your luck to marry."

"Go to," quoth Friar John, "thou old noddy, thou doddipoled ninny; I have done with rhyming. Let us talk of paying and going; come."

CHAPTER XLVII.

How we took our leave of Bacbuc, and left the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.

"Do not trouble yourself about anything here," said the priestess to the Friar; "if you be but satisfied, we are. Here below, in these circumcentral regions, we place the sovereign good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; so that we esteem ourselves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, as perhaps the sects of teachers do in your world, but rather if we impart and give much. All I have to beg of you, is that you leave us here your names, in writing, in this ritual." She then opened a fine large book, and as we gave our names, one of her mystagogues, with a gold pin, drew some lines on it, as if she had been writing; but we could not see any characters.

This done, she filled three small leather vessels with fantastic water, and giving them into our hands said: "Now, my friends, you may depart, and may that intellectual sphere, whose centre is everywhere, and circumference nowhere, whom we call GOD, keep you in His almighty protection. When you come into your world, do not fail to affirm and witness that the greatest treasures and most admirable things are hidden underground; and not without reason.

"Ceres was worshipped, because she taught mankind the art of husbandry, and by the use of corn, which she invented, abolished that beastly way of feeding on acorns; and she grievously lamented her daughter's banishment into our subterranean regions, certainly foreseeing that Proserpine would meet with more excellent things, more desirable enjoyments below, than she her mother could be blessed with above.

"What do you think is become of the art of forcing the thunder and celestial fire down, which the wise Prometheus had formerly invented? It is most certain you have lost it; it is no more on your hemisphere: but here below we have it. And, without a cause, you sometimes wonder to see whole towns burned and destroyed by lightning and ethereal

fire, and are at a loss about knowing from whom, by whom, and to what end, those dreadful mischiefs were sent. Now they are familiar and usual to us; and your philosophers, who complain that the ancients have left them nothing to write of, or to invent, are very much mistaken. Those phenomena which you see in the sky; whatever the surface of the earth affords you, and the sea, and every river contains; are not to be compared with what is hid within the bowels of the earth.

"For this reason the subterranean ruler has justly gained, in almost every language, the epithet of rich. Now, when your sages shall wholly apply their minds to a diligent and studious search after truth, humbly begging the assistance of the Sovereign God, whom formerly the Egyptians in their language called The Hidden and the Concealed, and invoking Him by that name, beseech Him to reveal and make Himself known to them, that Almighty Being will, out of His infinite goodness, not only make His creatures, but even Himself known to them.

"Thus will they be guided by good Lanterns. For all the ancient philosophers and sages have held two things necessary, safely and pleasantly to arrive at the knowledge of God and true wisdom; first, God's gracious guidance, then Man's assistance.

"So among the philosophers, Zoroaster took Arimaspes for the companion of his travels: Æsculapius, Mercury; Orpheus, Musæus; Pythagoras, Aglaophemus; and among princes and warriors, Hercules, in his most difficult achievements, had his singular friend Theseus; Ulysses, Diomedes; Æneas, Achates: you followed their examples, and came under the conduct of an illustrious Lantern; now, in God's name depart, and may He go along with you!"

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